

PHOTOPLAY

combined with
MOVIE MIRROR

SEPTEMBER

15¢



VIA de HAVILLAND
Y PAUL HESSE



Something New! Pocket-size Portraits of 12 Stars in Beautiful Color
MY WARTIME MORALS by Bonita Granville

Hearts surrender to a Lovely Skin—

See how the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET**
leaves your skin softer, fresher!

• Loveliness men cherish—the charm of a fresh, smooth complexion! And *you can* win a softer, more radiant skin. Simply go on the *Camay Mild-Soap Diet*!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, they know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier. And no wonder! For Camay is truly *mild*! Camay's MILD lather cleanses the skin . . . *without irritation* . . . leaving your complexion clearer, fresher, smoother.

Tonight . . . start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. See how soon this change to proper MILD cleansing brings a lovelier look to your skin. Day-by-day with Camay . . . your complexion's softer, smoother, clearer! Sooner than you think—the new beauty you've longed for—will be yours!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet
just one minute, night and morning

YOUR SKIN'S SOFTER, clearer, day-by-day—with Camay's *mild* care. It's easy! Simply smooth Camay lather over face! Pay special attention to nose and chin. Feel—how *mild* that lather is! Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.



The Mildest Ever!

America's Loveliest Brides follow the Mild-Soap Diet!



Save Soap—it's Patriotism

Make each cake of Camay give you
more MILD-SOAP cleansings



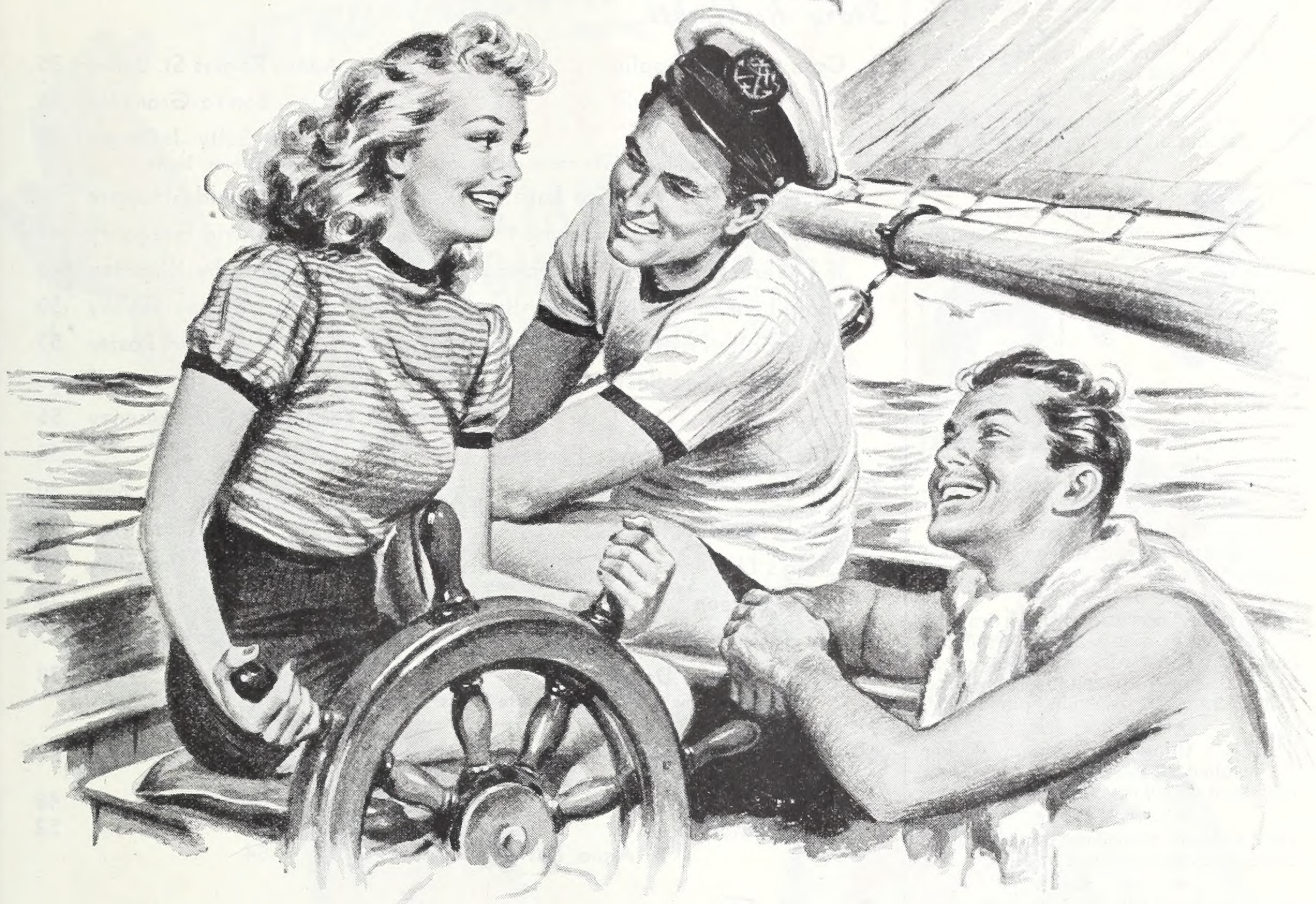
1. KEEP CAMAY DRY
After lathering, put your precious Camay in the soap. Wipe the dish dry. Wet or waste soap.



2. USE EVERY SLIVER
Make a bathmit of any washcloth—put your Camay slivers inside. Grand for evening—bath or complexion.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

capture hearts with a radiant smile!



Make your smile your lucky charm. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

OPEN YOUR EYES, plain girl. Take a look at the girls who get the most phone calls and dates. Most often they are not the prettiest in the crowd. *But they all know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a smile that is bright and appealing—that lights your face like the sunshine!

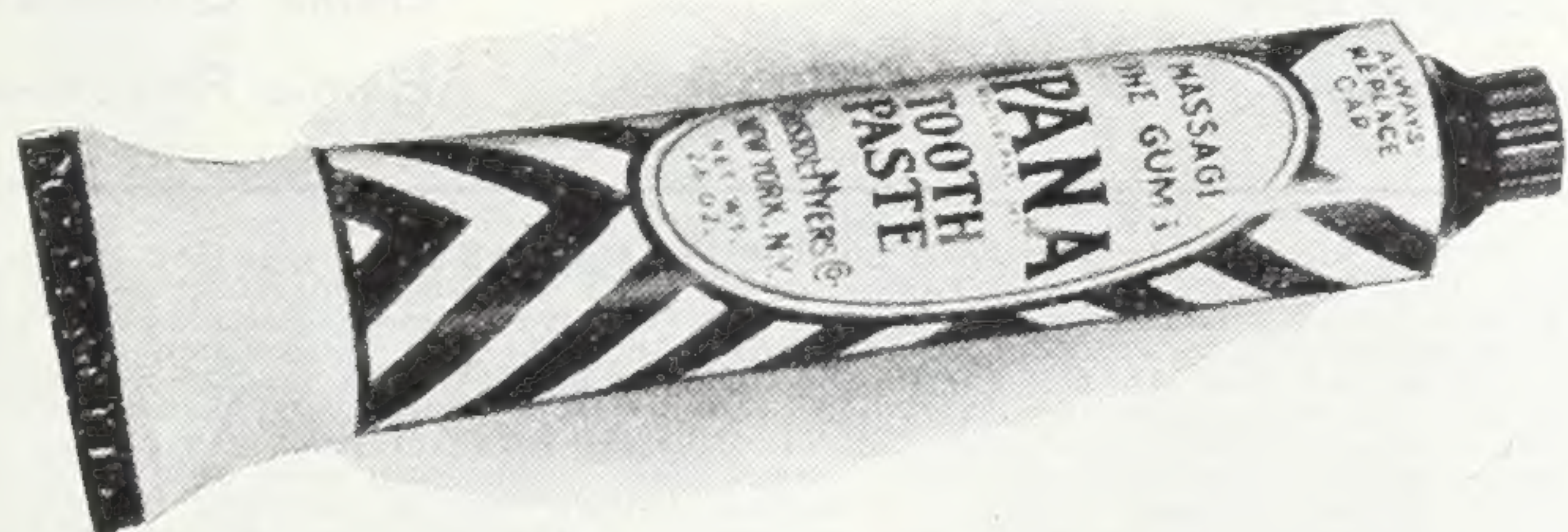
But remember, for a smile like that you need sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist*. He may say your gums have become tender and spongy—robbed of natural exercise by modern soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

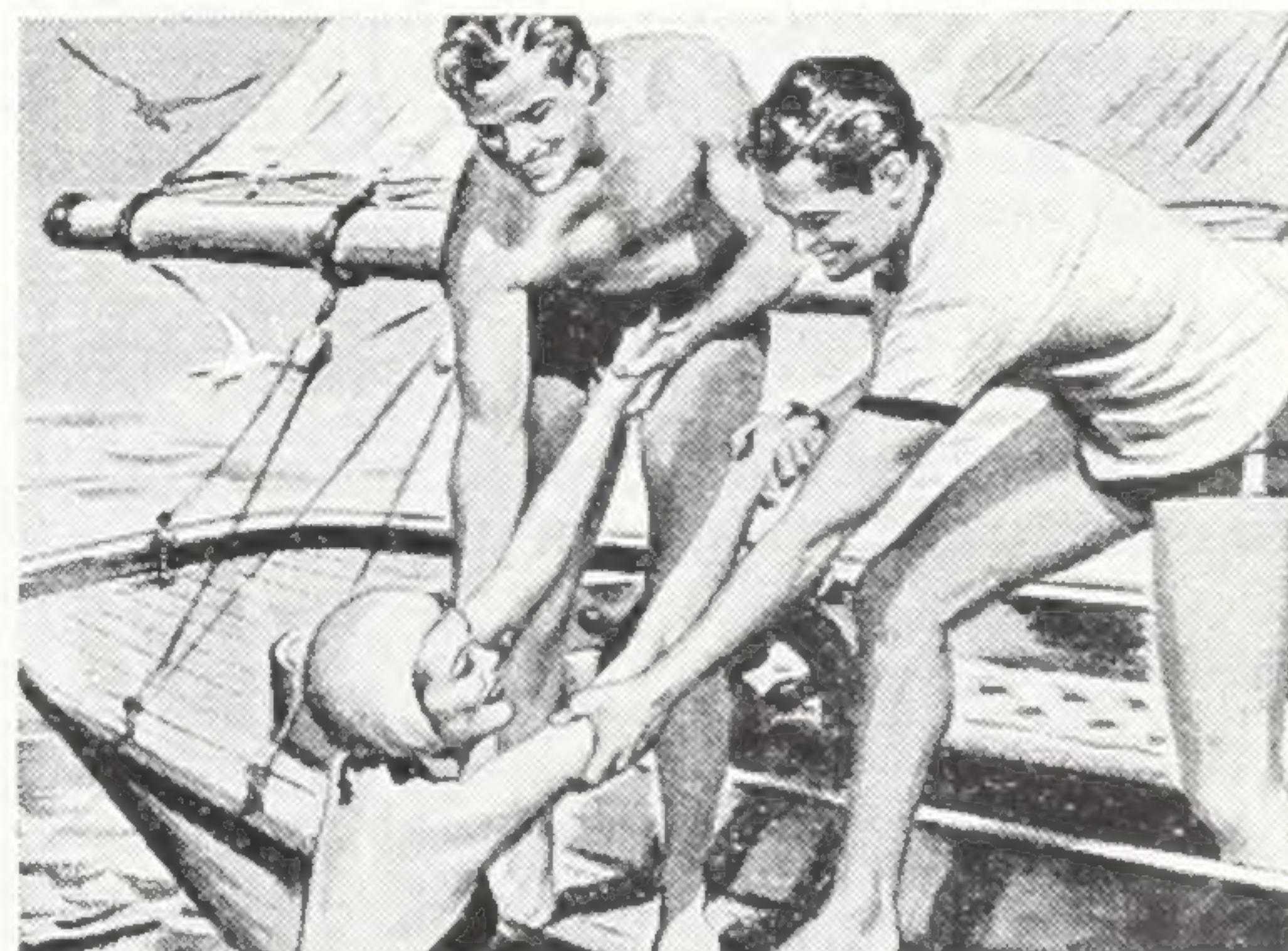
For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help your gums. Just massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



Plenty of U-mm—that's the verdict you win with a lovely smile! So keep yours at its loveliest with Ipana and massage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.



Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.



Lucille Ball, a red-headed steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

You'll like "You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Buckle Down Winsocki," "The Three B's," "Wish I May," "I Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am," and "Everytime."

Technicolor.

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.



If you're old, it makes you young.
If you're young it makes you a baby.
We're teething.

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

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MOVIE MIRROR

SEPTEMBER, 1943

VOL. 23, NO. 4

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BEST FOOT FORWARD

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S MUSICAL HONEY!

starring

LUCILLE BALL

with

WILLIAM GAXTON
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

TOMMY DIX • NANCY WALKER • JUNE ALLYSON
KENNY BOWERS • GLORIA DeHAVEN • JACK JORDAN

HARRY JAMES

and his Music Makers

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe
Book by John Cecil Holm

Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane
And Produced on the Stage by George Abbott

Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

IN TECHNICOLOR



It's the picture that was picked for a WORLD PREMIERE at Broadway's famed ASTOR Theatre, scene of the screen's greatest hits!

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE Nation of Many Nations

HOLLYWOOD discovered America in 1943. "The Human Comedy" is the result of that discovery and it's important for two especial reasons: It's the first film made on the premise that most people are good and it's the first film to create good will within our own borders.

Saroyan has written, not a story, but a scene, in which we hear America sing her varied carols and see that nobility is never so noble as when it is a part of simple, everyday living and that grace is found everywhere—in a teacher, a rich girl, an egg, even a gopher.

There was that exquisite scene between Ann Ayars and Mickey Rooney in which he brings her the news of the death of her soldier son in Manila, and she, with true Latin grace, offers him candy and then sits down in her rocker to sing "Ciolito Lindo" in a plaintively beautiful voice. Being of Spanish ancestry, I was grateful for this scene. "The Human Comedy" is America, a nation of many nations, with an American heart of many accents, but, in this great film, we of all ancestries stand identified and honored.

Ysabel Armijo
Los Angeles, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE Soldier's Say

IN THIS extremely serious business of war public moral has had, and will continue to have, a great effect on the attitude of our armed forces.

Those of us who are in the service of our country feel that the civilian populace does not, and cannot, understand what real Army life is, and as a result, often misunderstand us. I attribute this somewhat to Hollywood's misguided efforts to portray army life in some of their recent films.

A few of these war films are pertinent and carry a well-spoken message, but the majority of them are laughable when viewed by an army man.

In the first place, the average soldier is so jarred by some of the technical errors that he loses the point of the story presented. How can he believe in a hero who gives commands in such an unmilitary-like manner that the soldier audience instantly guffaws? How can he remain credulous when the buck private crashes the officers' dance and woos the wide-eyed

Colonel's daughter? How can he believe that all first sergeants are klaxon-voiced morons, when most of the top-kicks he knows are college men?

We want a mature picturization of our life, training and problems. We're just ordinary fellows who gripe a little, get homesick once in a while and believe in what we're fighting for!

At any rate, here's to the civilians who are doing such a fine job of backing us—may we understand each other better!

Corporal Darrell Roberts,
Camp Santa Anita,
Arcadia, California.

\$1.00 PRIZE Bundle-bunny Betty

THE gang was gasin' the other night and one of the little cuddle-cats pipes up with, "Hey, what gives in the old movie-town? Trying to turn our rug-cuttin' Hutton into one of them glamour dolls." So I'm writing to get the lowdown on this dirty work. We like this little bundle-bunny as is so why the changes? Listen here, pal, change Betty Hutton and you'll break every hep-cat's tom-tom, but good! Any old ickie can open their sight chasers and gander at what a mellow dish she already is. She's strictly in the groove and when it comes to giving the vocals a workout she's cooking-on-the front burner. So take it slow with young Hutton and leave our little unrationed hunk of sugar still jumping with jive and puttin' us jitterbugs in a solid mood.

Marion Warner,
Medford, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE Navy Wife Speaking

FOR FIVE years I have been corresponding with Joan Crawford. The letters that we exchange are those of an interested fan with constructive criticism and an appreciative star with a sincere interest in her public.

In her latest communication I quote her, "I have refused to do 'Cry Havoc' or any other war pictures because I feel it is our job to entertain and see nothing entertaining in war. Consequently I am on a six months' suspension."

I heartily second the statements of Joan Crawford; the public is weary of pictures of war.

I was a Navy wife, an expectant mother at Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941. For over a year I was separated from my husband while he fought in the South Pacific. Every hour and minute of those days were filled with anguish, wondering if he was safe, hoping to God he was, but not knowing.

I've experienced the terrors of war but I don't want to be reminded of them from the motion-picture screen. Instead of death and destruction give us stories of love, simplicity and the fulfillment of our dreams.

We want to laugh now, not cry.

Marlene Shea,
New York, N. Y.



If you don't know what a bundle-bunny is give a quick look at Betty Hutton; then read the winning letter from Marion Warner

\$1.00 PRIZE Do You?

DON'T you just adore:

Perfect pictures like "Casablanca" and "Now, Voyager"—that you can't, no matter how you try, find any fault with?

Mooning over George Montgomery, even though you know that's exactly what his press agent intends you to do?

Hissing George Sanders on the screen, when you know all the time that his convincing performance is making you hate him so?

Gene Tierney's being naturally different? Paul Henreid's face which seems to carry the burden of the world?

The striking resemblance of Henry Fonda to that boy you met in the country?

Failing to worry about the tragedies which stars bring on themselves by not using common horse-sense?

Hollywood's generosity in doing so much for our war effort? Those who have said that Hollywoodians fail to set a good example are forming a new and more just opinion.

Elizabeth Graves Campbell,
Nashville, Tenn.

\$1.00 PRIZE Special to Photoplay

HAVE just finished reading your column in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. 'Pears to me it's more or less a verbal free-for-all, therefore I'd like to sling a couple of punches, if no one objects.

I feel quite safe in saying that mine is the voice of a greater percent of the men that are in like circumstances.

Dinah Shore: In her instance, I would like to relate an incident, which I think does far more in (Continued on page 26)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



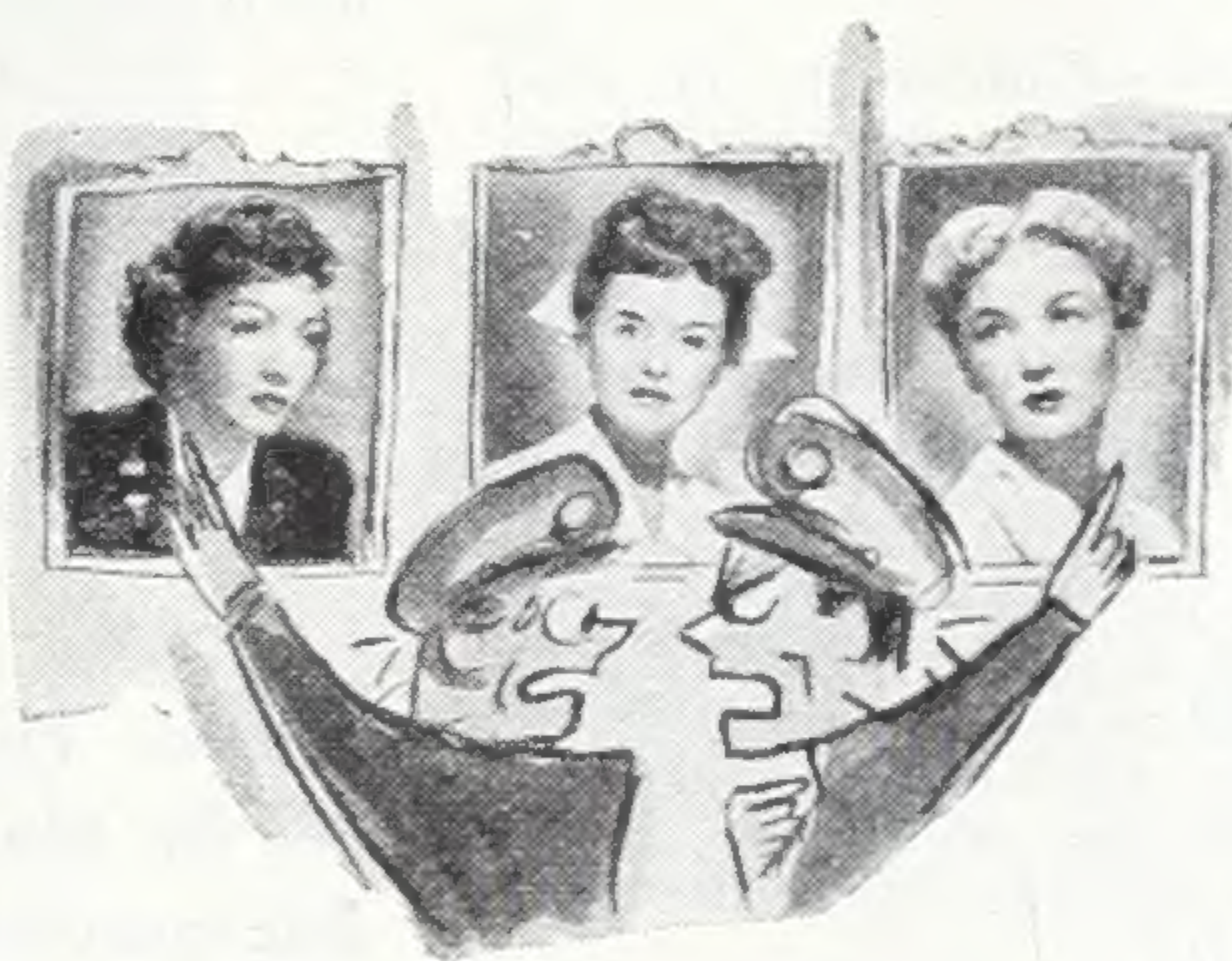
WHEE-E-E-E! here they come! I've just seen these 3 adorable girls in an advance screening of "So Proudly We Hail," and I think it's the greatest "woman's picture" ever! It's the first dramatic love story of **OUR WOMEN AT WAR** . . . makes you feel like joining the Waves, Waacs, Red Cross—anything to help destroy the enemy—Quick!



It's all about a bunch of lovely girls who are right in the thrilling thick of things at the front, and believe me you've never seen **SUCH EXCITEMENT** as these girls get into—fighting through rough 'n tough sequences black and blue.

Seeing 3 **STARS** as famous as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake in 3 great romances in one picture certainly puts a lot of ideas in your head . . . (Stop fighting, boys—you can have the three of them—that is, for your walls!)

They have to snatch love on the run and there are parts and partings that will just about break your heart . . . so don't forget to bring your hankies, especially when Paulette—Boo Hoo! gulp.



That's what I call a **TERRIFIC ROMANCE!** I mean between Claudette and George Reeves. She borrows a skirt from "Ma" McGregor to get married in—thought dungarees might be confusing. And they spend their wedding night in a fox-hole, of all things!



And Paulette — if you don't mind—goes around wearing a black sheer nightgown as an evening dress—to keep up her *Morale* she says. And watch for that scene where she and Veronica have **A REAL FIGHT**—WoW!



THE LAKE IS WONDERFUL—specially when she screams—"Sure I'm a nurse—an angel of mercy. But I want to kill . . . Yes, **KILL!** every blood-stained Jap I can lay my hands on!"



Now take a good look at this, girls . . . It's Sonny Tufts, Paramount's **NEW STAR** on the male list . . . A big, tall, good-natured guy, handsome and blond, with a very interesting chest expansion and line.

Take the part where Sonny tells Paulette "If you don't wait for me I'll break your neck!" Mmmmm, **HE'S WONDERFUL!** . . . And in another scene Georgie Reeves has to be bathed by Paulette. Says George—"No female is going to bathe Me!" But Claudette teaches him different!

Director Mark Sandrich has put in loads of wonderful touches like the bit where one of the girls receives a package from home—a big picture hat. Not what the well-dressed warrior will wear at the battlefield! . . . But this picture is so full of interesting and exciting things I can't begin to tell them all. Just **SEE IT!**

Melisse



Claudette
COLBERT • GODDARD • LAKE
Paulette
"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"
Veronica

A **MARK SANDRICH** PRODUCTION • with George Reeves • Barbara Britton • Walter Abel
And Introducing Sonny Tufts

DIRECTED BY MARK SANDRICH • Written by Allan Scott • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS



Two "talked-about"—Margaret O'Brien and James Craig—in "Lost Angel"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ **ABOVE SUSPICION**—M-G-M—A well-rounded, well-constructed movie, with Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray a pair of honeymooners who land in Germany seeking the one man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British. With elements of excitement and suspense, it's good, absorbing movie stuff. (July)

✓✓ **ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC**—Warner Brothers: A splendid exciting picture about the experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy to Russia, dogged by submarines. Raymond Massey is the captain of one of the ships, Humphrey Bogart, his first mate. All the crew is perfectly cast. It's packed with action and suspense and is a fine salute to the heroism of the Merchant Marine. (Aug.)

AERIAL GUNNER—Paramount: The enmity between Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is intensified when they find themselves in the same gunnery school, Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor; and they both court the same girl. But when they both go into action on the same plane, their heroism heals all hatred. (July)

✓✓ **AIR RAID WARDENS**—M-G-M: You'll laugh steadily as you watch Laurel and Hardy try to enlist in every branch of the service, only to be turned down, until they return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys until, on their own, they finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form. (June)

✓✓ **ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY**—M-G-M: An interesting new personality, Pierre Aumont proves himself a hit as the Free French soldier who impersonates a native (pro-Nazi) of a Brittany village in order to locate a Nazi sub base for the English. His betrothed, Susan Peters, is fooled by the impersonation, but he's exposed by the flirtatious Signe Hasso. It's an exciting story. (June)

✓✓ **BATAAN**—M-G-M: This story of thirteen men in a Bataan fox hole, ready to give their lives to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge, is living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Robert Walker is outstanding; Bob Taylor, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy, Desi Arnaz, Thomas Mitchell and the others are also excellent. (Aug.)

✓✓ **BOMBARDIER**—RKO-Radio: Both instructive and entertaining, this tells how boys are trained to become bombardiers. Pat O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombsight devotee who wins his fight over Randy

Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardier. Eddie Albert, Barton MacLane, Robert Ryan and Anne Shirley are very good and the climax is a whiz-dinger. (Aug.)

BUCKSKIN FRONTIER—U. A.: This Western telling of the early fights for railway supremacy out West stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Cobb is outstanding. Albert Dekker very good, and Jane Wyatt is a lovely heroine. The flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed. (June)

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN—Universal: A mad scientist transforms an ape into a gorgeous girl. The transformed being has strange powers to subdue animals in a circus into submission, but the old gorilla habits return to possess the girl. Acquannetta is stunning as the ape girl, Evelyn Ankers is the heroine, and John Carradine plays the cracked scientist. (July)

CHATTERBOX—Republic: Joe E. Brown deserves better than this silly tale of a radio cowboy who fails to make good masquerades as a woman in order to lure Judy Canova into films, and finally plays hero in a teeter-totter mountain cabin. Rosemary Lane, John Hubbard, Gus Schilling and the Mills Brothers are tangled up in the mess. (July)

✓✓ **CHINA**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese until he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. Loretta Young is a schoolteacher who, with her brood of Chinese children, is rescued by Ladd and Bill Bendix is Ladd's truck driver. All their performances are excellent. (June)

✓✓ **CONEY ILASND**—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of entertainment in this Technicolor musical, with Cesar Romero owner of a Coney Island cafe and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Then George Montgomery becomes Romero's partner. Both men are in love with Betty, and they doublecross each other consistently till the final clinch. The songs are gay and tuneful. (July)

CORREGIDOR—P. R. C.: Elissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island of Manoi to marry scientist Otto Kruger, but then Pearl Harbor is bombed and they make their way to Corregidor where Elissa meets her former fiance Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is killed. (June)

COWBOY FROM MANHATTAN—Universal: Walter Catlett talks a group of Texas hotel men into angeling a Broadway show with Frances Langford as its singing star. When Robert Paige comes along attempting to sell cowboy songs, Catlett grabs him for a wild exploitation stunt. Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments. (July)

✓✓ **CRASH DIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is the commander of a submarine and Tyrone Power his chief officer in the exciting picture which shows the work of the submarine in warfare. The climax, in which the sub steals into a Nazi base, and destroys it, is magnificent. Anne Baxter is the girl who causes the rivalry between the two men. (July)

✓✓✓ **DESERT VICTORY**—20th Century-Fox: The most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far, this was filmed by the British during actual combat in Africa. Starting in El Alamein, it gives you a complete picture of how the Eighth Army routed Rommel and shows you the magnitude of the African effort. It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive. (June)

✓✓ **DESPERADOES, THE**—Columbia: Beautifully filmed in technicolor, this story tells of Glenn Ford, a bad man of the early 1860's, who rides into town to rob a bank but finds someone else had already done the job, so he stays in town to see more of Evelyn Keyes. When the town decides Ford is really guilty, Sheriff Randy Scott warns him and the result leads to a rousing climax. (June)

✓✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE**—M-G-M: Lionel Barrymore, always splendid as *Dr. Gillespie*, takes intern Van Johnson with him to a prison to visit homicidal maniac John Craven, former suitor of Donna Reed. They get there just in time to become involved in a jail break. Keye Luke is another intern, Margaret O'Brien a patient in the children's ward and Bill Lundigan a war veteran. (Aug.)

✓✓ **DU BARRY WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: Comedy and music in Technicolor with Red Skelton a hat check boy who dreams he's King Louis XV and Lucille Ball is Du Barry. Rags Ragland, Virginia O'Brien, Zero Mostel, and Gene Kelly all add to the gaiety and nonsense and the dream sequences are so funny. The music's provided by Tommy Dorsey's band and Cole Porter's songs. (July)

✓✓ **EDGE OF DARKNESS**—Warner Brothers: Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against their Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England the revolt flares into action after rape and murder have made life unbearable for the Norwegians. Helmut Dantine is very good as the Nazi leader and the excellent cast includes Ruth Gordon, Nancy Coleman and Charles Dingle. (June)

FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE—RKO-Radio: Tom Conway plays the amateur sleuth who becomes the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom, which leads to thieves using his car to effect a huge bond theft and leaving Conway in a fine spot. But with the help of Jane Randolph, reporter, and his stooge, Cliff Edwards, Conway digs in and solves the crime. (June)

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SHADOW STAGE

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He tried to divide his heart...
and Broke Theirs!



WARNER BROS.
NOW PRESENT THE MOST UNUSUAL LOVE STORY IN YEARS AND YEARS
CHARLES BOYER • JOAN FONTAINE
AND ALEXIS SMITH

Another
Academy Award
Role for Joan!

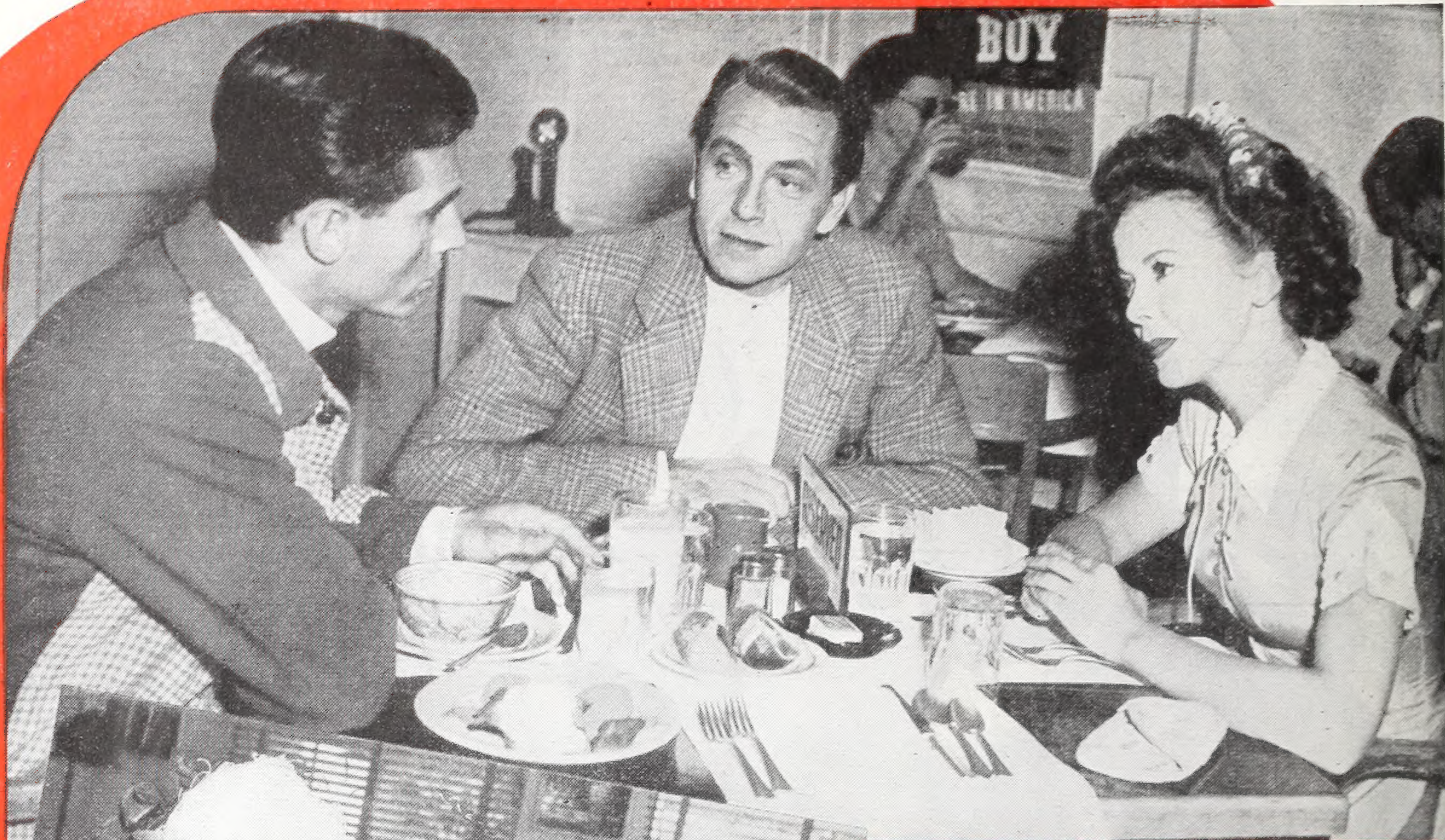
"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

THE MOST EXCITING "OTHER WOMAN" YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

with **CHARLES COBURN** **PETER LORRE • BRENDA MARSHALL**
Directed by **EDMUND GOULDING** **DAME MAY WHITTY** • Screen Play by Kathryn
Scola from the Novel and Play by Margaret Kennedy
and Basil Dean • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT
PICTURE THAT
YOU SIMPLY
HAVE TO SEE!

"tra-la-la" - soon you'll be seeing Irving Berlin's "THIS IS THE ARMY"
(with colors flying in Technicolor) watch! wait! wheeeeee



Red-letter table in Warners' Green Room was this: Helmut Dantine, Paul Henreid and Ida Lupino tete-a-teting



All dressed up and no place to go but lunch: Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper on time off from "Saratoga Trunk"

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Tidbits: Paul Henreid carries a picture of his newly adopted baby Monica in a locket attached to his money clip . . .

The two little girls adopted by the Ameches, as sort of a refining influence on the four boys, are lucky little girls indeed . . .

Linda Darnell's husband, cameraman Pev Marley, is out of the Army—past the age limit . . .

Martha Raye, who has been very ill, has had one piece of good luck. Months ago Martha posed for an ad for a shoe company and just received 120 pairs of shoes as a gratuity . . .

No truth to the report Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth are separating now, according to close friends, although Bette saw Harmon Nelson (former husband) several times in New York.

Those Friendly Neighbors: The friendship of the Alan Ladds and Bill Bendixes is one of Hollywood's grandest stories. There just isn't anything these two men wouldn't do for each other—and what's more they prove it.

The other day Bill dropped across the street to Alan's house. Sue was knee-deep in the usual domestic problem—no help and the new baby to care for as well as the home.

"What's more," Sue told Bill, "the laundress didn't show up."

"Forget it," answered Bill and marched home with an armful of diapers, baby dresses and blankets. An hour later a neighbor passing the Bendix home stopped in amazement. There in the backyard was the he-man star, his mouth full of clothes pins, hanging up the newly washed diapers.

No greater love hath any man.

Who Pays Whom? Rita Hayworth, glamour girl of Hollywood, is being sued by her former husband, "wealthy oil man" Ed Judson, and for guess what—back alimony or whatever is called the \$500 monthly agreed upon.

At the time of the divorce Rita agreed to pay a considerable sum to Judson because, according to the papers, he had supported her during their marriage and promoted her to stardom, advancing the money for clothes, etc. At that time, too, Rita "transferred and conveyed" to Judson (who married her when she was a very young girl) property "of considerable value" and in addition she promised to pay him \$12,000 at the rate of \$500 a month.

Now Mr. Judson is suing for several back payments—plus seven percent interest.

The girl who's winning the "best wit" title of Hollywood—to wit, June Havoc—has a dine-date at Ciro's with the Air Corps' John Payne



Happy-marriage corner at the Florentine Gardens: Don and Honore Ameche give Fink a twosome grin

H-m corner at Ciro's: Alan and Sue Carol Ladd celebrating first night-out after the birth of small Alana

Concerning the Heart Department: It's a double divorce for Greer Garson. Three years ago, in Los Angeles, Greer divorced Edward Alec Abbott Snelson, British Government employee, whom she married in India. Now comes word Snelson Esq. has just divorced her in England, all of which makes it doubly legal for Greer to wed Ensign Richard Ney any time he should come home. They still have an unused license dated last November fourth. John Wayne and his wife have definitely parted. A certain noted siren is said to have come between the actor and his family. They patched up their difficulty for a while, but the damage was done—"Duke" and Josie never recaptured their first happiness. The couple have four children—Michael, eight; Tony, seven; Patrick, five; and Melinda, two.

The Price Was High: "Everything in this world has a price," Helmut Dantine told Cal over the wire. "The price for success came awfully high for me and Gwennie." The actor was referring to the announcement of the contemplated divorce between him and his wife, the New York actress Gwen Anderson, star of the Broadway hit, "Janie." As matters stand now, Mrs. Dantine plans to go to Reno after a vacation from the play. It seems that the fact that the actress's work would keep her in New York indefinitely was a decisive factor in the divorce issue. And so comes the end for two young people, who dreamed dreams together, who worked and struggled for success and found it at the price of heartache and separation for both.

To Wed Or Not to Wed: The "mystery" romance of the moment is that of Maria Montez and John Pierre Aumont. The amazing statements of French Aumont to the effect that Maria is an unselfish, misunderstood, self-sacrificing little woman has the town with mouths agape. They can't believe their ears. What makes it even more confusing are Maria's statements about where she is going (to the top) and how she is going to get there. "I want to be the beegest star in Hollywood," she candidly explains. Recently we encountered Maria in the Universal Commissary. "Come out to the back lot," she urged us, "and see my passionate love scenes with Jon Hall in my picture 'Cobra Woman.' (Leave it to Montez to get in the picture's title!) It ees wonderful."

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**MEN WHO
KNEW NO LAW—
WOMEN WHO
KNEW NO FEAR!**



Far beyond the reach of man-made justice...they live and love and fight for survival! Their story—told against backgrounds of epic grandeur—is a drama you'll never forget!

HEADIN' FOR GOD'S COUNTRY

with
**WILLIAM LUNDIGAN
VIRGINIA DALE
HARRY DAVENPORT
HARRY SHANNON
ADDISON RICHARDS**



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

BUY WAR
BONDS AND
STAMPS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Pleasure diners: Errol Flynn comes to the fore and takes Miss Nora Eddington to dinner at Mocambo



Business lunchers: Dennis Morgan breaks commissary bread with his co-star Irene Manning of "The Desert Song"



And then she suddenly grew thoughtful. "But there ees one thing I can't understand yet. Jon resists me all the way through the picture. Can you beat it?"

Aumont is off to join the Free French Army after his picture, "Thousands Shall Fall," is finished. Where and when he and Maria will culminate their romance is still the mystery.

Lou and Bud: In the two years Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have been in Hollywood they made eleven pictures, scores of weekly radio broadcasts, extensive bond tours and continuous personal appearances.

During their long partnership they longed for a time when they could take a vacation and enjoy their newly acquired wealth in a long, lazy, do-nothing period.

Ironically, their vacation came sooner than they expected.

When Costello was stricken with rheumatic fever following their recent trip to New York, work came to a sudden halt for the comedians. Abbott declined to do any more film, stage

or radio appearances without Lou. "We came up together," Bud loyally explained, "and when Lou can't work, neither will I."

While Costello has been convalescing, Abbott planned to do all the things he had dreamed about—play golf, go fishing, read books, enjoy himself. Now he's done them all and pines for the "good old days" when his day was busy from 6 a.m. to well after dark.

"This vacation stuff isn't what it's cracked up to be," Abbott says. "I'm glad Lou is getting back in shape. If this loafing kept up much longer, I'd go nuts."


Incidentally, Lou is rapidly improving and will be back with us in no time flat.

Our Men on Duty: More news of our Hollywood boys as promised last month:

Eddie Albert is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy and is on duty in the East.

Louis Hayward is a Marine captain on duty in New Zealand.

Ray MacDonald is a private in the Signal Corps at the Santa Ana Base



THE GREAT
PERSONAL DRAMA
OF WAR-TORN
LOVERS!

I am Yours Allan"

Merle
OBERON
Brian
AHERNE

First Comes Courage

with **CARL ESMOND • ISOBEL ELSOM • ERIK ROLF**

Screen Play by Lewis Meltzer and Melvin Levy • Story by Elliott Arnold

Directed by **DOROTHY ARZNER** • Produced by **HARRY JOE BROWN** • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Soft luxurious waves

AGLOW *with Color!*



DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

LIQUID RINSE

Double Duty for the ★
Beauty of your Hair!

Deep, soft, long lasting waves and a rich natural looking color with gleaming highlights make a woman's hair her most fascinating point of beauty. So, at your beauty salon, ask to have your permanent wave created with Duart Infusium Solution.

Infusium is an exclusive Duart oil compound that helps make stronger, longer lasting waves, yet treats the hair more gently, leaves it delightfully silky-soft.

And for Color . . . color that rinses in quickly, stays 'til it's shampooed out . . . color that adds glowing beauty to your hair, ask for a Duart Liquid Rinse. Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd., San Francisco, New York.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Marital mixup at Mocambo: Robert Taylor chins with Mrs. Ray Milland at the table while . . .



. . . Mrs. Barbara Stanwyck Taylor cuts some calm capers on the dance floor with Mr. Ray Milland



in California.

Cesar Romero is a seaman in the Coast Guard and is stationed at Alameda, California.

John Sheppard is an Army private under his real name of Sheppard Strudwick.

Robert Taylor is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy Air Corps and is training in a Western camp.

John Garfield is a civilian on duty at any hour of the day or night for appearance at camp shows.

Bob Hope and Gang are civilians touring American camps.

Jon Hall is in the State Coast Guard Auxiliary and is on duty on the West Coast.

Adolphe Menjou is a civilian entertaining in foreign camps.

Clark Gable is now a captain and is on duty in England.

John Payne is at Alameda, Cal., for advanced Air Corps training.

This Month in Hollywood: The farewell party given by director Walter Lang and his wife for Cesar Romero, who was off to the Coast Guard, was an all time high in fun. In a way it was a revelation, too. Members of the high-priced orchestra relinquished their instruments to the guests with amazing results. Fred MacMurray was, of course, a riot on the saxophone, having once played that instrument in a band in his good old pre-Hollywood days.

But it was Annabella's performance on the drums that startled everyone. Annabella proved sensational. Even the regular drummer was astounded. Where do you suppose she learned to play like that?

Cesar, by the way, is a panic minus those long black curls and still wearing that fancy mustache. Incidentally, Cesar is taking orders now from First Class Seaman Gig Young. Both are



**BOY SEES GIRL...
(AND WHAT A GIRL!)**

Fred's a 'Flying Tiger' on leave from the front—and on the loose for laughs and love!



**GIRL SEES BOY...
(AND WHAT A LOOK!)**

Joan's a lovely . . . something to behold, with wings on her feet and her heart!

**SO THEY JUST HAD
TO GET TOGETHER!**



**FRED
ASTAIRE
JOAN
LESLIE**
teamed up to
thrill you, in

'The Sky's the Limit'

with **ROBERT BENCHLEY**
ROBERT RYAN • ELIZABETH PATTERSON • MARJORIE GATESON
FREDDIE SLACK and his ORCHESTRA



Produced by DAVID HEMPSTEAD • Directed by E. H. GRIFFITH • Original Screen Play by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root • Lyrics by Johnny Mercer • Music by Harold Arlen



Singable,
Dance-able hits!
'My Shining Hour'
'I've Got A Lot In
Common With You'
'One For My Baby'

P
M
M



Permanent date: Martha O'Driscoll and childhood sweetheart and fiance Lt. Commander Richard Adams being very tete-a-tete at Mocambo



Marital date: Husband Dick Powell and wife Joan Blondell being very gay at The Masquers

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



New duet-date: Twosome Marguerite Chapman and Bill Lundigan being very happy during a handholding session at Mocambo

stationed in Northern California.

The cheek-to-cheek dancing at Mocambo between Judy Garland and her ex-husband, Dave Rose, had everyone guessing. It needn't have. It was just one of those things. Judy had gone to the night spot with Van Johnson, who is almost well again after his accident. Dave had a beautiful girl of his own.

Georgie Jessel and his ex-wife, Lois Andrews, shot up eyebrows all over town when they appeared together three times in a week.

While we're on the subject of reunions of old loves, a foursome lately has been Bonita Granville with Jack Tavelman and Jackie Cooper with June Horne.

Night spots are literally packed every night in the week, but the movie celebrities present are still few and far between. Married couples, such as the Coopers, the Bennys, George and Gracie, the David Selznicks, are the usual people seen about.

Dorothy McGuire, neither beautiful nor glamorous, is the girl of the hour. More men have more yens for the little McGuire gal who sprang to fame playing the lead in the stage play "Claudia" than any girl who has come

to town in ages. Even Laird Cregar confessed to old Cal that Dorothy was the one girl he'd gone overboard for. And what a splash it made! Laird won't mind our telling his secret now that he's at last wangled a date. But, boy oh boy, what competition he has among the males of Twentieth Century-Fox!

A Warner comer has all but separated an executive and his wife which gives that young lady a very black mark that won't be easily erased. The engagement of an amazing twosome is said to cover up the "fiancee's" heart-ypen for a famous outdoor hero who recently left his wife. Such gossip! But you know how Hollywood loves to chit-chat over the back fences.

Universal has a good bet on its hands and doesn't quite know what to do about it in a young Turkish actor called Turhan Bey. Women by the droves spotted him in minor roles in "Arabian Nights" and "White Savage" and immediately bombarded the studio with demands for more and more and more of the handsome Turk. Wait till they glimpse him in Warners' "Background To Danger." If you haven't seen him, get any ideas of him in fez and bloomers right out of your

head—Turhan is as sophisticated as an initialed gold-banded cigarette.

Down to the last hard-boiled press agent, Lon McAllister of "Stage Door Canteen" fame is Hollywood's pet. Never has one little boy (Lon stands a mere five feet five and a half) so completely conquered a town as he with his naturalness.

Adolphe Menjou was suddenly, out of the blue, sent overseas in Fred Astaire's place. No one knows why. Hints have been hinted.

June Havoc is voted the funniest girl in all Hollywood. People gather near her table at night spots to hear those priceless quips. Take our word for it, she's a panic.

Serviceman's View of Ty Power: "Tyrone Power," a movie critic once wrote, "possesses the consummate quality of being able to subjugate his own personality to the role he plays." We took this to mean that when the actor portrayed a character, he actually became that character, and forgot he had ever been anyone else. Today, as a second lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve, Tyrone Power makes the critic's words ring true as ever.



Do your best . . . and

BE AT YOUR BEST



THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves:

No matter what your job or your share in the war effort, give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to *be* at your best in appearance and personality. Don't let down. Keep cheerful. Keep going. Put your best foot forward. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action

which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC . . . Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that this trustworthy antiseptic is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



These two were not together:
Simone Simon and George
Raft meet for a two-
minute talk at Mocambo



These two were together: Jane
Withers and best-beau A. C.
Lyles celebrate Jane's gradu-
ation at the Mar-Ken School

This lady was alone:
Greer Garson dines
quietly at The Players



Usually a casting director is responsible for the part an actor plays in any production. But being cast as a U. S. Marine was Power's own selection. And as surely as in any film creation, he has subjugated his own personality to that of his role.

Tyrone Power enlisted in the Marine Corps on August 24, 1942. What made him select the Leathernecks is difficult even for him to say. "I thought they were a great bunch," he stated simply, "and I still think so." It was just about that time that stories of Marines landing on Guadalcanal hit the front pages of the country's newspapers.

Power was intending to enter the service and had been shopping around a bit, not for any special consideration, but he didn't want to miscast himself in his most important role. He wanted action; and stories of the Marines' achievements couldn't help but be an influencing factor.

He was accepted for enlistment in Washington, D. C., and shipped off to the West Coast training center at the Marine Barracks of San Diego, California.

Such training centers are known as "Boot Camps" throughout the Marine Corps. The most charitable thing one

can say about them is that they are not easy. Power smiles a little in remembrance. Rifles are high and holy objects to Marines and when Power inadvertently referred to his as a "gun," he committed an unforgivable sin. To assist his memory, the instructors made him write "My rifle is not a gun" some five thousand times. And as a further mnemonic device, the recruit shared his narrow bunk at night with the weapon.

"But it wasn't too tough," Power said. "It was just about what I expected it would be."

At Boot Camp the recruit played his role to perfection. He gave a good performance, as is attested by the reports of his professional critics, hard-boiled Marine drill sergeants. These drill instructors are reputed to be more difficult to please than is the most exacting screen critic. Their demands are uncompromising and no matter who the recruit may have been before he enlisted, he is reduced to the common denominator of "Boot Marine" so far as the instructors are concerned.

The progress of each recruit platoon is carefully watched. Every man is individually graded and one of them

is selected as the "honor man" of the platoon. Competition is keen and the accolade is not lightly bestowed. It means that the recipient, on his own merit, was outstanding all through recruit training, from the school of the soldier to marksmanship on the target ranges. Pvt. T. E. Power was selected as honor man of his platoon.

It wasn't until after he had enlisted and was undergoing instruction that Power learned of the possibilities of becoming an officer by attending the Candidates Class. He had come into the service asking nothing more than the chance to be a Marine. It was his instructors who considered him for the Candidates Class.

Qualified as a candidate for commission, Power was transferred to Quantico, Virginia, where the class is held. Upon arrival he was appointed private first class and assigned to his company, which is the normal procedure.

As a member of Company H, 26th Candidates Class, Power found himself in fast competition. Most of his fellow students were college graduates, which Power is not. To overcome this academic handicap, he studied harder and longer and he applied himself strictly to the business at hand. The result was that on June 2, when the class was graduated and commissioned, Power ranked seventeenth, a worthy accomplishment in such company. He is now attending the Reserve Officers Class for further instruction, after which he may be assigned to duty with the

Short Cuts to Social Success

by **BOB HOPE**



1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success... looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front... well, I didn't exactly put it on... I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like... "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."



Only Pepsodent
contains Irium

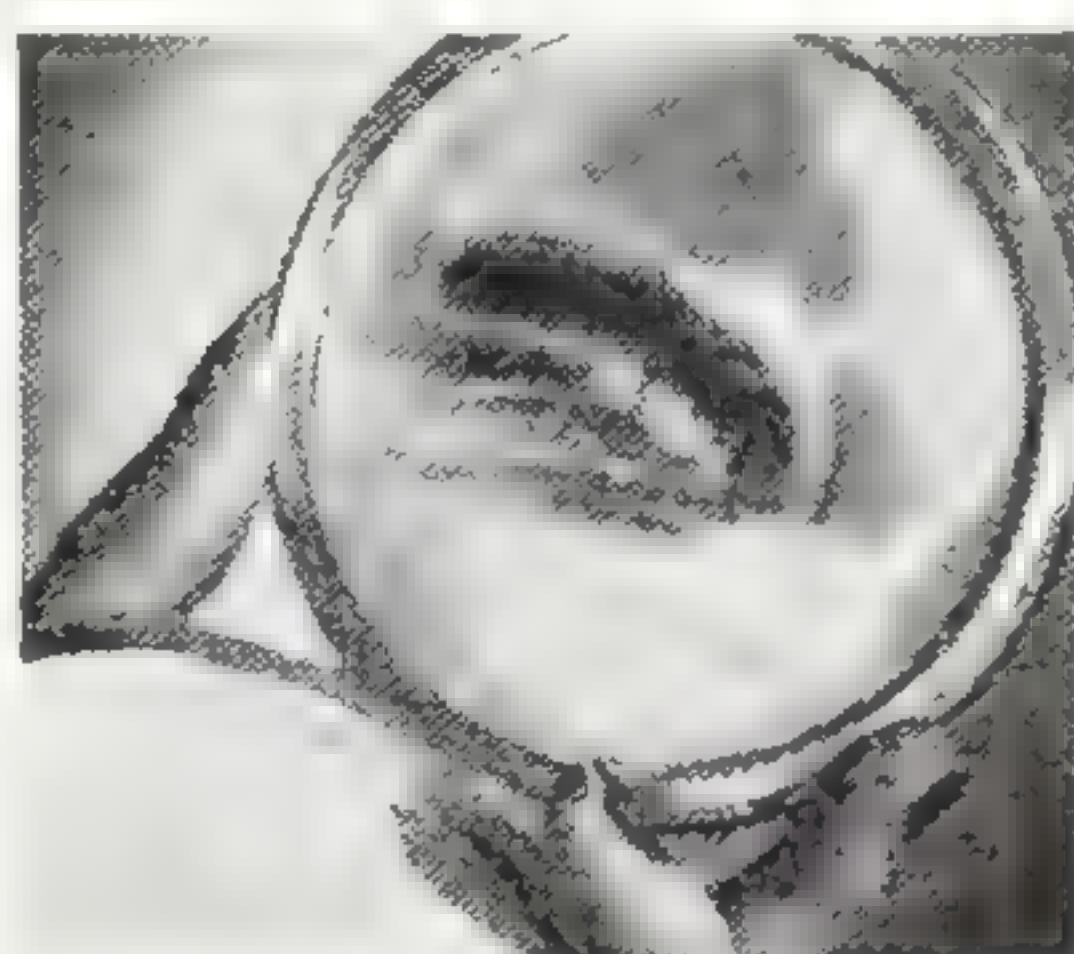
4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

5. Above all, watch your manners. For example... when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point... unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.

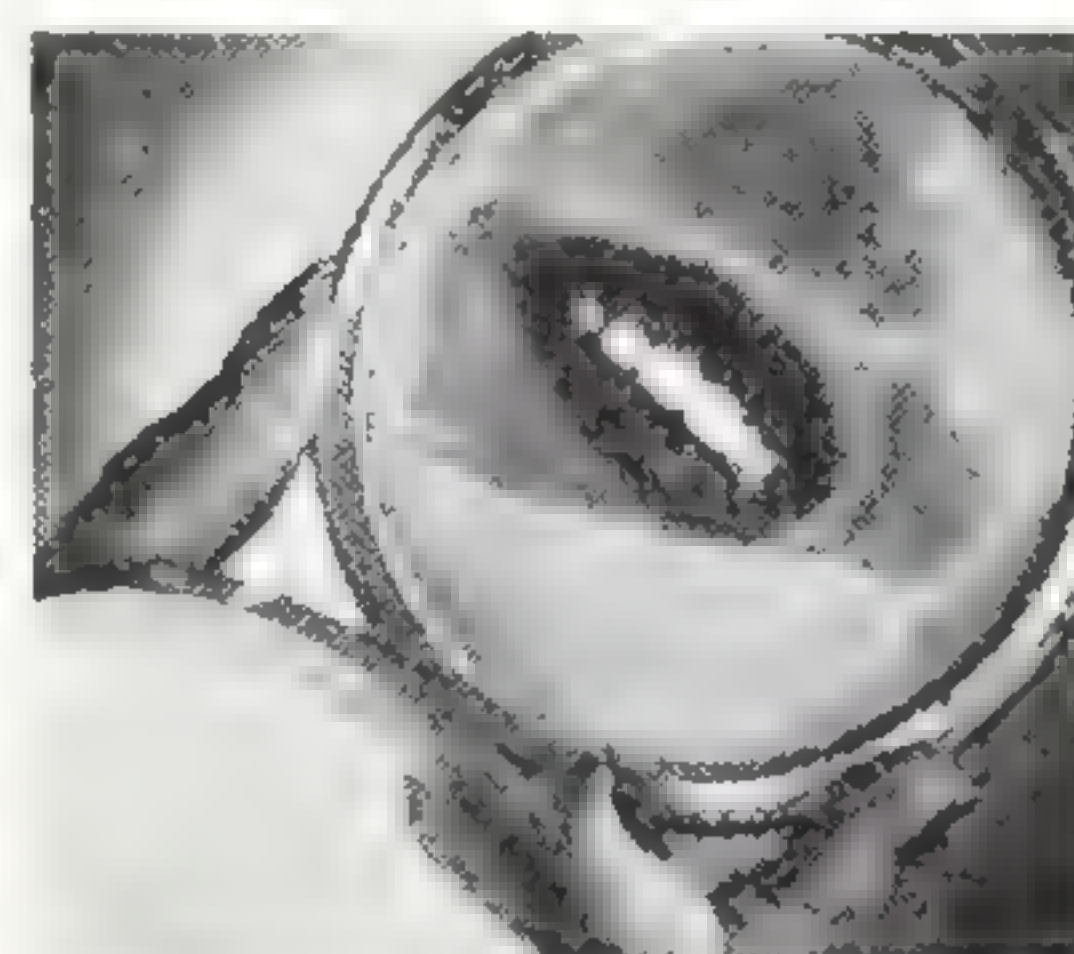
How PEPSODENT
with IRIUM
uncovers
brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



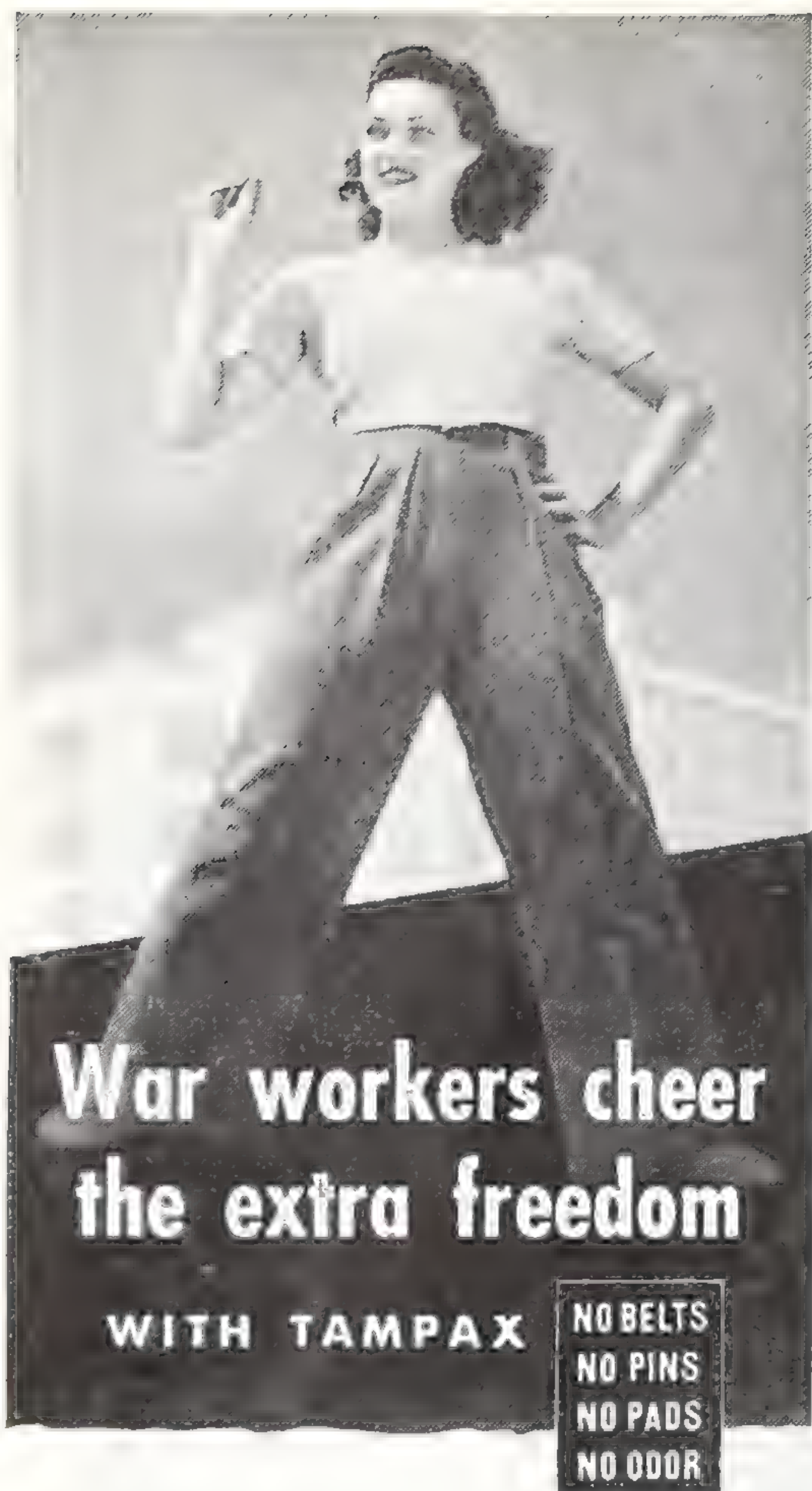
This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... safely, gently.



Things move fast in war time. Changes that might take years now happen in weeks... Jammed buses, overtime hours, crowded rest-rooms—and great numbers of these slack-wearing girls find Tampax practically a necessity... For Tampax is sanitary protection that you wear *internally*. No bulging or bunching under the slacks, and you can change it "quick as a wink!" No belts, pins or pads. And wonder of wonders, no odor!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor for smart, modern women, for dainty sensitive women, for war workers, nurses, housewives, office girls, college girls—for active mothers and daughters... Easy disposal; no sanitary deodorant needed. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes in neat patented applicator, so your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which has about 50% extra absorbency. At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain economy package lasts 4 months' average. Don't wait till *next* month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Strict-attention picture of Ann Sheridan and Sgt. Alan Manson very busy concentrating on each other at Mocambo



Have-fun picture of Deanna Durbin doing her charming derndest to entertain visitor at the Hollywood Canteen

troops or to some other school for additional training.

When an officer completes his training at the ROC, there are several paths he may follow. Each requires qualifications of its own. But the one Lieutenant Power hopes to achieve requires a combination of them all.

"I'll go anywhere they think I'm best fitted, of course," he said, "But I am particularly interested in becoming a glider pilot, or anything else in the air service for that matter. I used to fly, you know."

Under controlled physical conditioning, Power has grown lean and lithe, with a face as brown as an old gunsling. He has developed a military bearing. His uniform has long lost it recruit-like appearance.

"He's beginning to look like a Marine," somebody remarked a few weeks ago.

"Mister," the sergeant major snorted, "that man is a Marine!"

And when anyone wrings that kind of compliment from a sergeant major, he must be delivering the goods.

Frank H. Rentfrow,
Marine Gunner, USMC

Tip-the-hat Department: Cal winds up this month tipping his derby to his bosses, the smart guys. The romantic occasion is the wedding of Betty Grable

and Harry James that took place per the specifications in the exclusive August PHOTOPLAY story. In this, Harry James had admitted that he and Betty had definite plans. Whereupon the editors had read the romantic handwriting on the wall and drawn the smart conclusion that if Harry could manage a quick divorce he and Betty would marry; if not, the romance would probably end. That's why, when news came through of the wedding in Las Vegas in the early hours of a July morning, the editors weren't surprised.

As for the details—well, Betty wore a blue street-length dress and a blue flower in her hair. The Methodist minister married them in the parlor of the Las Vegas hotel with Betty's admonition, "Make it short—three minutes by the stopwatch," ringing in his ears.

After the ceremony came the wedding breakfast—ham, fried potatoes and champagne, and a call to Betty's mother who had been too ill to accompany her daughter.

The couple's in Hollywood now, Harry working on "Mr. Coed" and Betty on "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." It may be that Harry will soon leave to join Uncle Sam's forces, since his divorce placed him in the immediate draft.

So congratulations to Betty and Harry—and to PHOTOPLAY's editors!

The Men

BEHIND

The Girl

ON THE COVER



Scene at Douglas Aircraft: Olivia de Havilland being posed for Photoplay's cover by artist Paul Hesse



Now's the time to show how much you love him!

SOMEHOW, on Bill's last leave, you sensed it was going to be goodbye. And suddenly—in that fearful moment—you knew how much you really loved him!

Loved him? Why, your sun rises and sets on that big overgrown boy who's gone across the seas. Nobody ever loved anyone else more than you love your Bill. Nobody could.

And here's how you can prove your love—and show how deep it goes!

Watch your spending. Give up things you don't need. Save a quarter here. Deny yourself a dollar's worth there.

And put the money you save—every bit of it—into War Bonds!

War Bonds will speed our tanks from the assembly lines to the battle lines... planes from blueprints to blue skies.

War Bonds will help to plan the peace that will make victory stick.

War Bonds are a part payment for the privilege of being a free American—and a down payment on your future joy and happiness with Bill.

You don't have to consult a banker to know what a safe investment they are.

They're secured by fertile fields and bustling mills—by all the wealth and enterprise that spell out U. S. A.!

There's nothing better, for anybody's money. Buy more War Bonds today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You:

- 1 They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
- 2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
- 3 They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years... accumulate interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
- 4 The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But, remember, if you need the money you may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.
- 5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world; the United States of America.

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

P
M
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"Beauty
IS MY
BREAD and BUTTER"



says lovely

Sally Siegmund

"Why do photographers ask me to pose so often? Because the glamour they seek is enhanced by perfect grooming of my hair. No matter how lovely one's features, glamour vanishes with untidy hair. Naturally, I use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins to insure the loveliness of my coiffure."

HOLD-BOB BOB PINS

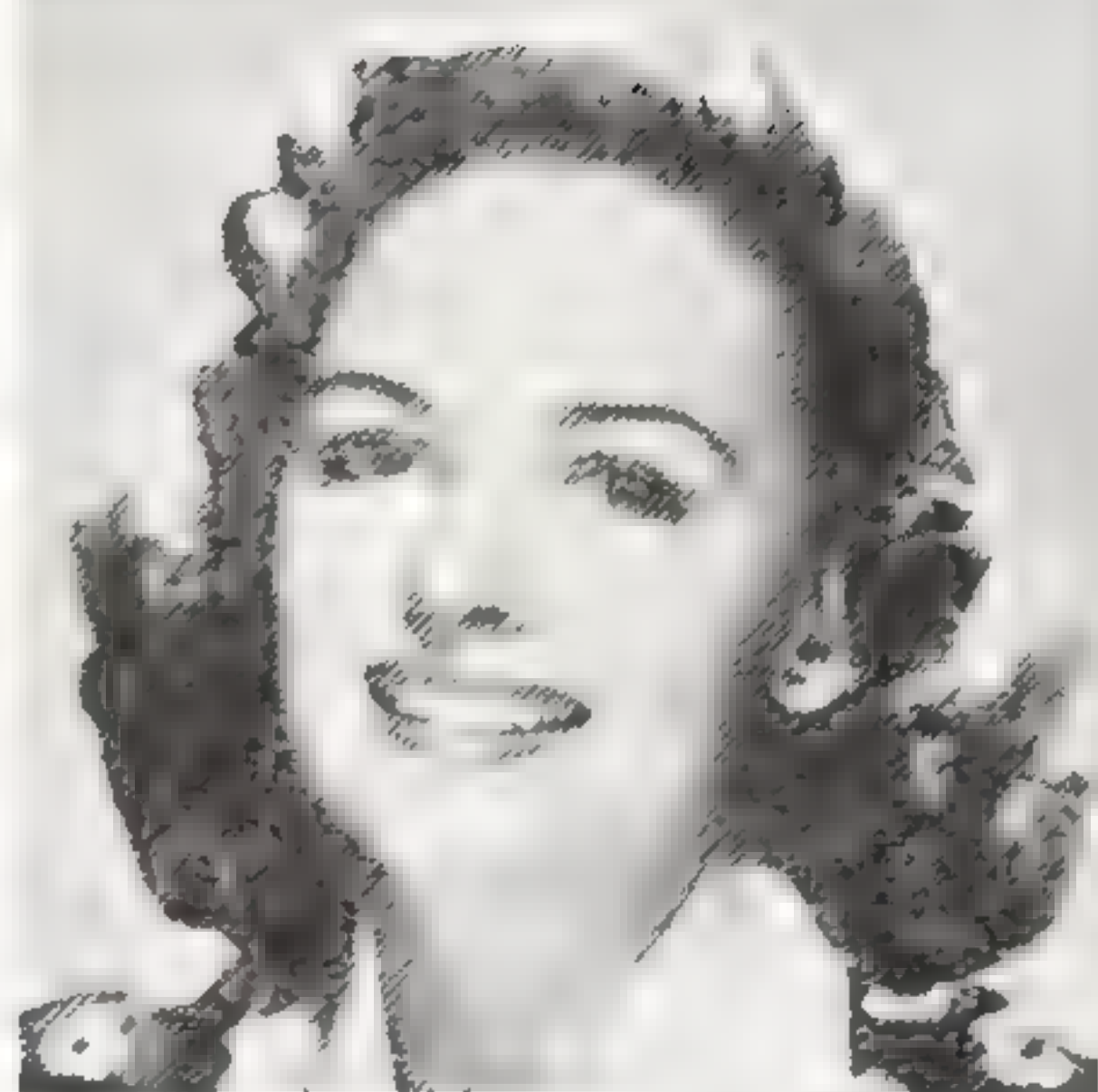


HOLD-BOB Bob Pins assure lasting loveliness for your coiffure. They hold better because they're stronger . . . firmer . . . don't show because of round, invisible heads. Finish is satin-smooth. Ends are rounded, too. Because they're scarce—now, more than ever, use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. They last longer. Genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins come on a card as shown, plainly priced 10c.

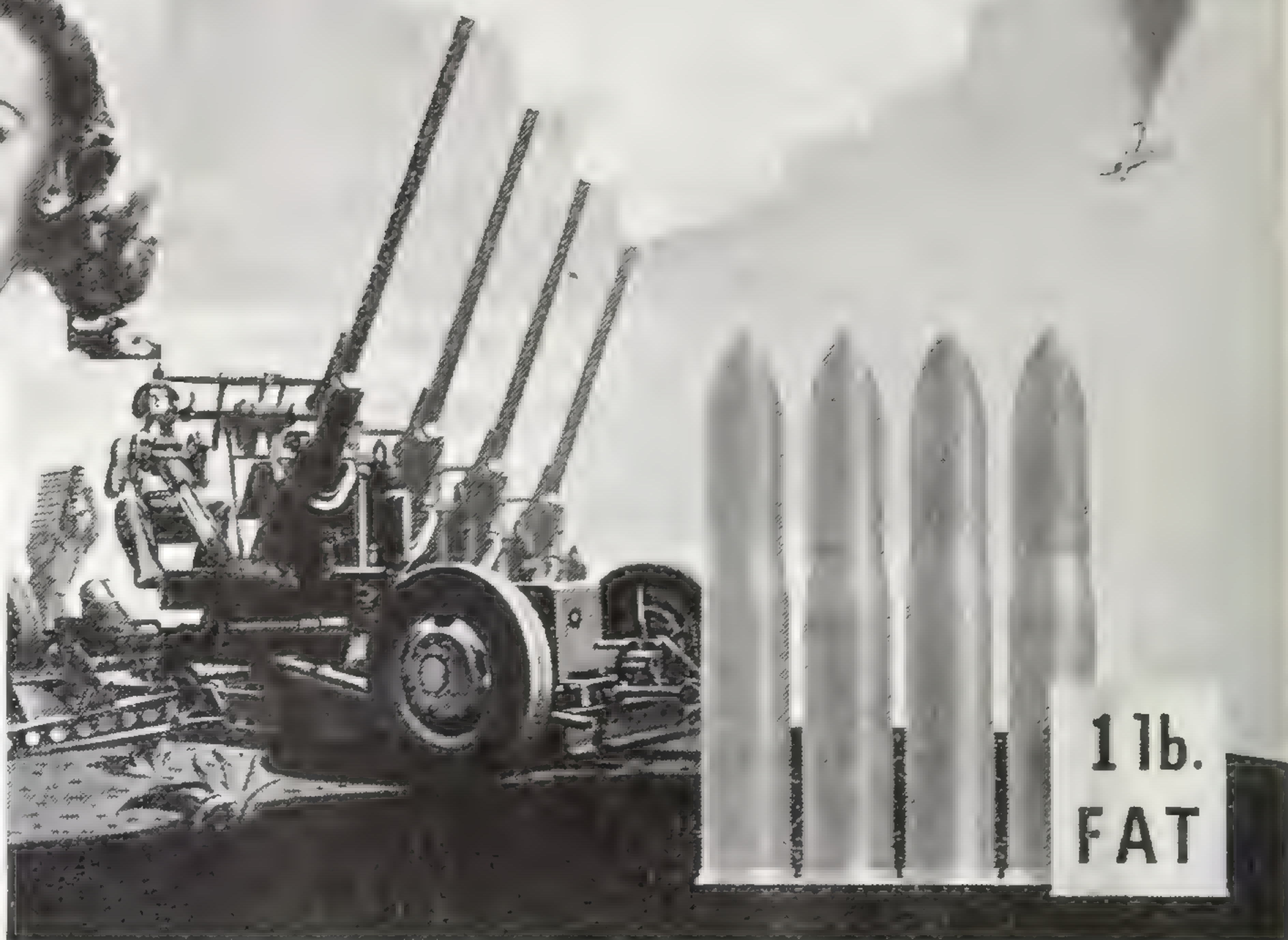


THE HUMP
HAIRPIN MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SAVE THAT FAT!



Donna Reed, star housewife who does a big war-time job in a small apartment



1 lb.
FAT

You've heard a lot of "pro-and-con" on whether you should save kitchen fats. Here are the honest facts about it

YOU want to go to war. You want to get into uniform, be a nurse,

BY ANN HAMILTON

been a hardship for Donna, because her mother taught her to cook back on the

Wave, Wac or Spar or even a welder wearing one of those coal-scuttle, out-of-this-world hats. Maybe you will and maybe you won't—but if you don't wear a uniform don't fool yourself that you aren't in this war, because you are.

How? Well, one way is to conserve and salvage fat. Conserve it—that is save drippings and re-use them in later cooking—because fat is an important source of food energy. Conserve it, because that will help relieve the demand on commercial products which then can be used for our men in service and to ship to our Allies who are suffering an even greater fat and food shortage than our own.

Salvage waste fat for the glycerine it contains. Glycerine is an essential ingredient in making drug and medical supplies; coatings for shells, tanks and battleship turrets; textiles and adhesives; compass floats, mechanisms for field and naval gun recoils and depth charge releases—and explosives. These are all vital in the war effort. In our own kitchens we can salvage pound after pound of fat which formerly we threw away—and every pound of salvaged kitchen fat contains enough glycerine to fire four anti-aircraft shells.

Saving fat may be a new story to you, but take it from Donna Reed it is a good old American custom. Donna, you know, is the up-and-coming star who is now playing opposite Charles Laughton in "The Man From Down Under" and who recently married Bill Tuttle, of M-G-M's make-up department.

Donna and Bill are living in a small apartment now. Donna says proudly that Bill is the best vacuum chauffeur in town and Bill says she is the best cook!

As a matter of fact, cooking never has

farm in Iowa.

"I save every bit of fat," she says. "I wouldn't waste a spoonful of it for anything and I believe every other woman in the country will feel the same way as soon as she realizes how important it is and how much she can help by saving fat."

Donna saves the fat trimmed from roasts, chops, steak and poultry, cuts it into small pieces and renders it by simmering over a low heat and straining off the liquid fat as it rises. She uses this, also bacon drippings and the drippings from broiler and roasting pans (all strained), for cooking. She also strains and re-uses lard and vegetable shortenings for deep fat frying.

She includes in her salvage fats all those which can no longer be used for cooking, fats from fish or in which fish has been cooked, and the fats which rise to the surface of gravies, soups and stews. She strains these into a clean one-pound coffee can which she keeps in the refrigerator and when the can is full she turns it in to her butcher.

"It's only a little bit, of course," she says. "but with every woman in the country saving on the same scale the millions of pounds of fat which we used to waste will help us win the war."

If you want to make your own fat conservation and salvage as 100 percent effective as Donna's, keep in mind these tips from her. In preparing fats for home use of salvage, be sure to use a low temperature. If fat gets above the boiling point it will be too rancid for cooking and the glycerine content will be reduced. If you have trouble with top of the stove rendering, try melting the fat in the top of a double boiler. And remember that for salvage purposes dark fat has just as much glycerine as light.

vice verse

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

ROUNDELAY TO VIGOR

*Sleek Rosalind, thou peerless Russell
Your art is wrought of trap steel
muscle;*

*Whatever problems you embrace
You do so always with your face,
Your ears grow restive, mouth awry
And boredom smolders in your eye,
Your eyebrows climb with simian
speed*

*At merest hint of overt deed
And when you've found an under-
standing*

*The eyebrows make a dubious landing;
It's art, of course, but who can know
What trials your features undergo?*

BIOGRAPHICAL BOY

*A gifted wight is Don Ameche
(My Aunt Amelia calls him peachy)
If anyone should need a speech, he
Delivers it instanter.*

*His ample talents run to traffic
In matters largely biographic
(In Hollywood he's called tarraffic!)*

*He's also sharp at banter.
He'll someday give us Diminet (Abbe)
Or Don Quixote, or Hammurabi
Or even good old Ali Babi*

*With motives quite asthetic.
He's won the gal and also loster
As Samuel Morse and Stephen Foster
For lives of great men are his oyster
(The license is poetic).*

ODE TO WOOLLEY

*Hirsute sensation of the screen,
Such indignation and such spleen
As only you, untrammeled, can
Emblazon on the human pan
Invests us with the humble awe
We once reserved for Bernard Shaw.
We do obeisance to your choler,
Inevitable as a house dick's bowler.
Irascible, undaunted Monty,
Here's bottoms up. Au votre santé!*



BEAUTY HELP FOR "HOME FRONT" HANDS!

TOUSHAY

Beforehand lotion guards hands even in hot, soapy water

Lots of extra little soap-and-water chores nowadays! So guard soft, lovely hands with Toushay! Smooth on this creamy "beforehand" lotion *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Toushay's made to a special formula—helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep busy hands soft. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.



Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

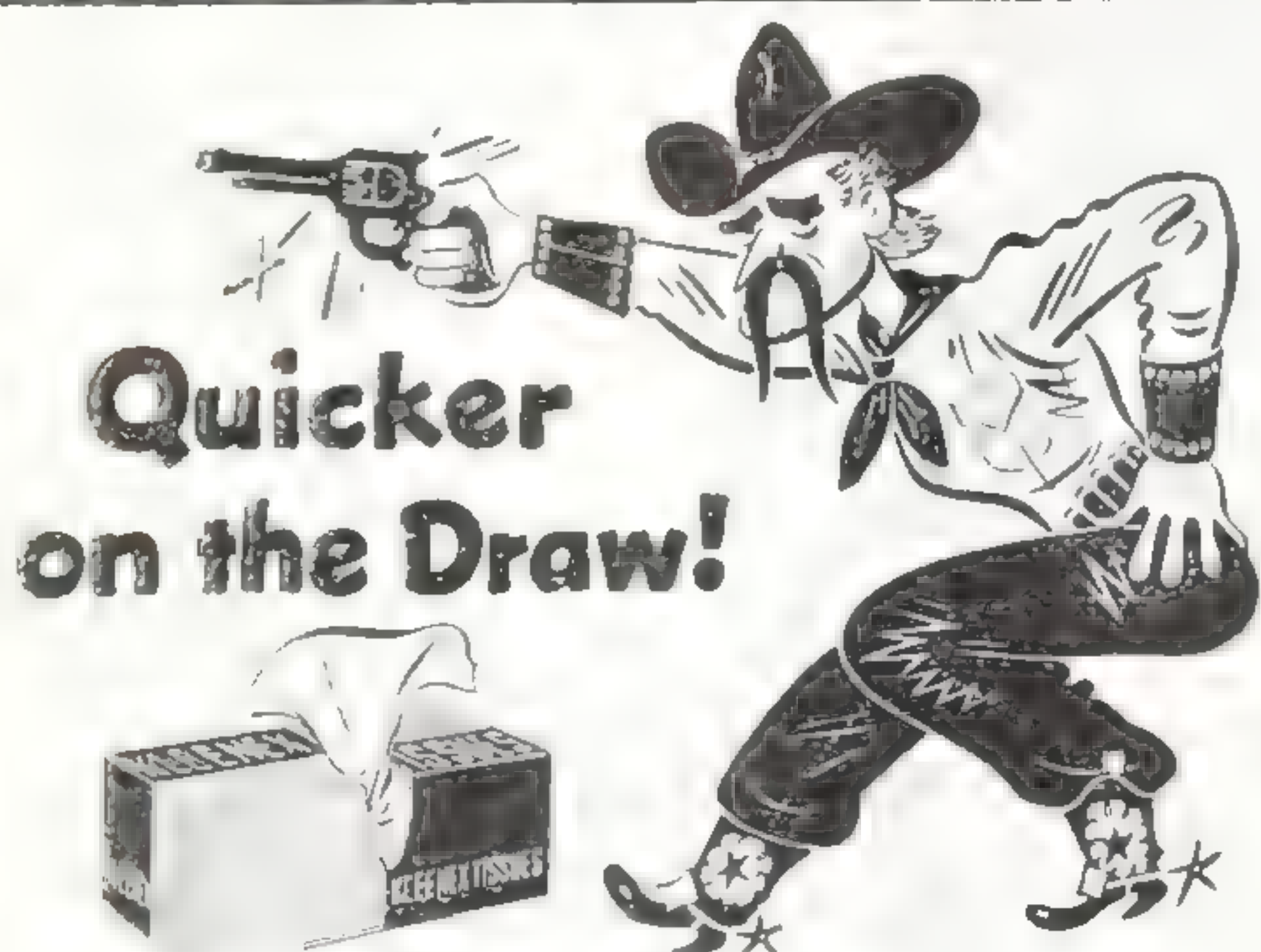
(Continued from page 6)

Absent^{le}-minded



But **KLEENEX*** TISSUES help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (from a letter by P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!



With the **KLEENEX** Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues—saves money! (from letter by B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS Kleenex

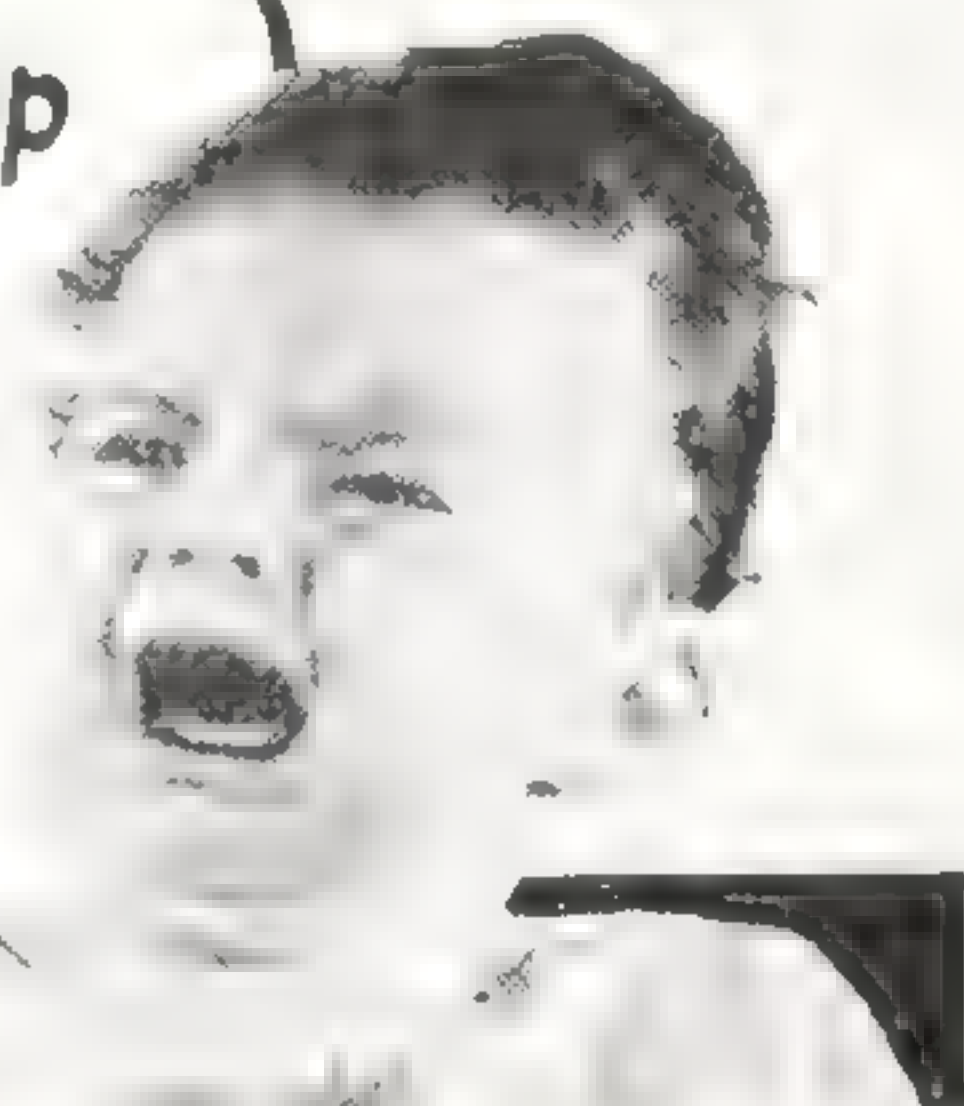
AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois

TEST FOR TISSUES!



HOLD **KLEENEX** UP TO A LIGHT—YOU WON'T FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN **KLEENEX** QUALITY IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

An' I won't stop 'till I get Delsey* again—it's soft like Kleenex



*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

✓**FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO**—Paramount: Franchot Tone, British soldier in Tobruk, impersonates a dead German waiter in the pay of the Nazis in a small hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From Field Marshal Rommel, superbly played by Erich von Stroheim, Tone learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Peter Van Eyck scores heavily as Rommel's aid and Anne Baxter is more than competent. (Aug.)

GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY—RKO-Radio: When well-meaning Gildersleeve, as a member of a jury, works to set the accused man free and then is accused of bribery, all heck breaks loose with a whirl of puffing Gildersleeves midst a wild series of chases. Jane Darwell, Nancy Gates and Charles Arnt get mixed up in the thing. (Aug.)

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE—Universal: This tries very hard to be funny and has Dennis O'Keefe as a music publisher being sued for plagiarism with Louise Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. This leads to many doings which are supposed to be very amusing. Mary Beth Hughes is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections. (July)

HARRIGAN'S KID—M-G-M: Bobby Readick looks like a good bet in his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. Gargan, as always, is splendid in his role, and J. Carol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale. (June)

HE HIRED THE BOSS—20th Century-Fox: There's an appealing, homey quality in this story about an office worker, Stuart Erwin, who plods along year after year getting nowhere, until, finally, through a property deal, Stuart takes over the business and hires his boss to work for him. Evelyn Venable is Stuart's girl, Thurston Hall the boss, and William Orr, the boss's son. (June)

✓✓**HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye is lovelier than ever in this Gay Nineties musical as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Jack Oakie, with his inimitable singing and strutting, and June Havoc are also entertainers. The music will evoke nostalgic memories and if you miss this you'll be sorry. (June)

✓**HE'S MY GUY**—Universal: The ribald clowning of talented Joan Davis does much to make this picture a hit. Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, as the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several songs delightfully and Gertrude Niesen puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers and Fuzzy Knight contribute a lot of entertainment. (June)

HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount: Chester Morris, an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker takes on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. When Jane's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by his own bravery. It's a fast-moving little picture. (June)

✓**HIT PARADE OF 1943**—Republic: Susan Hayward, songwriter, is out to seek revenge on John Carrol, who has deliberately stolen one of her numbers, but you know what happens then. Love. Eve Arden is swell with her smart-dame chatter and Gail Patrick is the jealous female. The tunes are so tuneful and Susan does a swell job of singing. (June)

HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—U. A.: Brave and handsome Hopalong, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of brigands who manage to cross the state border. But Hopalong, using a disguise, follows them and traps them back over the border. A fight to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. (June)

I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO—Monogram: Dean Jagger, an American forger in prison is extricated by the Gestapo who need him in their counterfeiting scheme. They set him to work for them behind a beach concession which is a front to gather information. Finally his patriotism is aroused and he gets a message through to the F.B.I. With John Carradine, Bill Henry, and Mary Brian. (July)

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: Allen Jones and Andy Devine pose respectively as native chief and beachcomber of an island paradise which they attempt to sell to wealthy Ernest Truak and Marjorie Gatenon and almost succeed until the return of the natives breaks up the scheme. Lovely Aquanetta, Jane Frazee and Mary Wickes are neatly written into this tale of song and nonsense. (June)

IT AIN'T HAY—Universal: Abbott and Costello, the funny ones, steal a champion race horse thinking it's worthless and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun. Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department, Patsy O'Connor sings, and Eugene Palette is 400 pounds of frustrated efficiency. (June)

✓**I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE**—RKO-Radio: Frances Dee is the nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. The natives proclaim the woman a zombie and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Tom Conway is the husband, Jimmy Ellison his younger brother, and Sir Lancelot and Edith Barrett complete the cast. (June)

JITTERBUGS—20th Century-Fox: In order to recover money stolen by crooks, Laurel and Hardy run riot in this not very funny movie. First they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets; then they become involved in an impersonation contest, Hardy as a Southern Colonel and Laurel first as his valet and then as Vivian Blaine's aunt. (Aug.)

KING OF THE COWBOYS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who joins a carnival in order to get first hand information on thieves who operate through a mind-reading act. Smiley Burnett is as funnible as ever, and Peggy Moran is cute. (July)

✓**LADY OF BURLESQUE**—U. A.: When murder occurs behind a stage in a burlesque theater, Barbara Stanwyck, star of the show, Michael O'Shea the comic, Pinky Lee, J. Edward Bromberg the theater manager, and burlesque girls Marian Martin, Gloria Dickson, Iris Adrian, and Victoria Faust are all involved. Charles Dingle is the police inspector, and the cast are very good. (July)

LADIES' DAY—RKO-Radio: Eddie Albert's fine acting talents are wasted in this potpourri of nonsense in which he's cast as a baseball player whose wife, Lupe Velez, interferes with his work. As a result, the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in line. Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

LEATHER BURNERS—U. A.: Hopalong Cassidy, played by Bill Boyd, and his pal, Andy Clyde, join a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. When they find where the stolen cattle are hidden, a fine free-for-all results. Victor Jory is the bad man. It's not quite up to the standard of former Hopalong stories. (July)

LEOPARD MAN, THE—RKO-Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, publicity man, gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl, whereupon other murders occur which are made to look like a leopardish deed. Margo, Isobel Jewell, Abner Biberman, a leopard trainer, and Ben Bard, police chief, all prowl along with the cat. (Aug.)

✓✓**MISSION TO MOSCOW**—Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of understanding Russia, it's beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story takes former ambassador Davies, played by Walter Huston, prior to the war, through the factories, intrigues, and length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth about Hitler and Russia. It's definitely a picture to see. (Aug.)

✓**MISTER BIG**—Universal: Here's the student body group again who want to put on a hot musical for their class play, but the faculty says no. Guess who wins? Anyway, Donald O'Connor is a personality and a great little performer. Gloria Jean sings old-style and new-style the songs written by Buddy Pepper and Inez James, and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. (Aug.)

✓✓**MORE THE MERRIER, THE**—Columbia: This mad-cap caricature of overcrowded Washington is delightful farce, packed with hilarious antics. It starts when stenographer Jean Arthur decides to rent out half her small apartment, and Charles Coburn insists upon moving in and then rents out half of his half to Joel McCrea, and everything gets hectic. The more of this kind of picture the merrier. (July)

✓**MR. LUCKY**—Columbia: Cary Grant is the owner of a gambling ship, and in order to get some much-needed money he attempts to horn in on a War Relief Committee. There he meets and falls in love with Laraine Day and is finally regenerated. So much so that he renounces his love and sails his ship away with medical supplies to the Greeks. Not up to the usual Grant standard. (July)

✓**MY FRIEND FLICKA**—20th Century-Fox: Roddy McDowall roams his father's Wyoming ranch with little sense of responsibility until he chooses the horse Flicka for his very own. Then Flicka becomes ill, and through the boy's loyalty to his horse is born a new understanding between him and his father, Preston Foster. You'll love it all. (July)

✓✓**NEXT OF KIN**—Universal—This British film is a vivid and terrifying portrayal of how loose talk can lose lives of loved ones. A German spy sent to England manages through the tragically innocent betrayers of England to get a complete picture of a secret British plan to wipe out a German submarine base and through this information costs many unnecessary lives of brave soldiers. You must see it. (June)

✓**PILOT No. 5**—M-G-M: Four pilots on the island of Java reveal to their Major the life story of the pilot who has just taken off for a suicidal attempt against the Japs. Franchot Tone as the pilot who is so believable, and Gene Kelly as his political partner, Van Johnson, Steve Garay, and Marsha Hunt all give top-notch performances. (July)

✓✓**PRELUDE TO WAR**—War Department film: Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this graphic and pulse-stirring account of why we're where we are today. It shows the causes of the present war, beginning when the Japs attacked Manchuria. The picture, culled from news shots and captured enemy films, is a master job of editing by Frank Capra as one of his first jobs for the Army. (Aug.)

✓✓**PRESENTING LILY MARS**—M-G-M: A honey of a musical, with Judy Garland a stage-struck

miss from Indiana who pesters stage producer Van Heflin to give her a job. When she refuses to be discouraged and follows him to New York, he's forced to give in and give her a role. Judy is delightful and Heflin is, as always, very good. (July)

REAR GUNNER, THE—Warners: You'll see Ronald Reagan again, this time as an actor for Uncle Sam in this picture of how the U. S. Army trains aerial gunners. But the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith, playing the part of the farm lad who joins up just "to be around" a Flying Fortress. (July)

SALUTE FOR THREE—Paramount: Press agent Marty May tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio job by linking her name with war hero Macdonald Carey, but the publicity stunt backfires. Dona Drake leads her girl orchestra and Betty sings pleasingly. Macdonald Carey is wasted. (Aug.)

SARONG GIRL—Monogram: Ann Corio, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in, is not yet competent enough to handle a leading role. "Scat" Davis and his music and the comedy team of Tim and Irene Ryan brighten it up, but it's still an inept picture. (Aug.)

SHANTYTOWN—Republic: Here's little Mary Lee as a poor kid who arranges for a garage mechanic to live with her folks in Shantytown. When she learns a racketeer has him in a bad spot her chivalry is aroused and she manages to save him. John Archer and Marjorie Lord are a handsome couple, and Harry Davenport, Billy Gilbert, and Matty Malneck and his orchestra lend a lot to the show. (July)

✓✓SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M-G-M: Romance in the comedy manner, with Lana Turner as a small-town shopgirl who goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads to an impersonation. Robert Young is the boy in love with Lana. (June)

SONG OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who allows an old cowhand to pretend to be owner of Roy's ranch in order to impress the old fellow's daughter, Sheila Ryan and her pal Arline Judge. Before things right themselves, kind-hearted Roy almost loses his ranch altogether. (Aug.)

✓✓SPITFIRE—Goldwyn-U. A.: A film you will remember is this story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire, told in the picture by David Niven, test pilot. Leslie Howard plays Mitchell, who cuts short a holiday in Germany when he listens to Hitler's officers, to return to England and remodel his plane. Because this is a true story, you will find it twice as moving and exciting. (Aug.)

✓✓✓STAGE DOOR CANTEEN—Sol Lesser-U. A.: A colossal parade of top names in the theater and in orchestras lend their talent to this picture of New York's Stage Door Canteen. The story has ambitious actress Cheryl Walker meeting soldier William Terry at the Canteen and their love story unfolding amidst glittering top-star entertainment. (Aug.)

✓✓STORMY WEATHER—20th Century-Fox: Crammed to the brim with entertainers who can entertain, this all-Negro revue is a singing, dancing feast. Bill Robinson, veteran tap dancer and master of them all, reviews the fictional events that have shaped his life, his love and marriage to beautiful Lena Horne, their separation and reunion. With Cab Calloway and Dooley Wilson. (Aug.)

SWING SHIFT MAISIE—M-G-M: Ann Sothorn, as *Maisie*, is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig gets a job in a defense plant. That's where *Maisie* lands in deep trouble when Jean Rogers betrays her. It's average fare. (Aug.)

TAXI, MISTER—Roach-U. A.: Bill Bendix and Joe Sawyer are a pair of taxi drivers whose success story is told in flashbacks of how Bendix met and fell in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and how gangster Sheldon Leonard's interference eventually led to their success in business and love. All three principals are a hit trio and Jack Norton is an amusing drunk. (Aug.)

✓THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA—20th Century-Fox: All about the German training of saboteurs to be sent to America, with George Sanders as the American-born German who goes to Germany to study at the Nazi school for saboteurs at the instigation of the FBI. It's an informative story packed with suspense; and Poldy Dur, Anna Sten, and Ward Bond round out the excellent cast. (July)

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO-Radio: Charles Laughton as the timid schoolmaster overridden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen. Una O'Connor as his mother is terrific. Maureen O'Hara is the schoolteacher Laughton loves, George Sanders her fiance who turns traitor, and Kent Smith her brother. They, as well as Walter Slezak as a Nazi, deserve applause. (June)

WHITE SAVAGE—Universal: A melee of murder, fabulous jewels, greedy men, earthquakes and Maria Montez in a sarong—all in Technicolor. Maria is a South Sea princess and Jon Hall a white fisherman who falls in love with her. Sabu, sly and comical, is most amusing. (July)

✓YOUNG MR. PITT, THE—20th Century-Fox: As pure entertainment, this biographical tale of the career of the English prime minister leaves much to be desired. It is however, beautifully acted and historically interesting. Robert Donat plays the conscientious Pitt, Robert Morley his opponent, Phyllis Calvert the girl he loves. (June)

I'll stay *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening...thanks to my "30 second" secret



Do you ever forget that simple, unsuspected body staleness can be the real cause of a wrecked romance? Once I forgot, and it brought me heartbreak! But then I discovered a lucky secret...and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrantly dainty all evening! And here's how...



"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself gently...just barely patting those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!

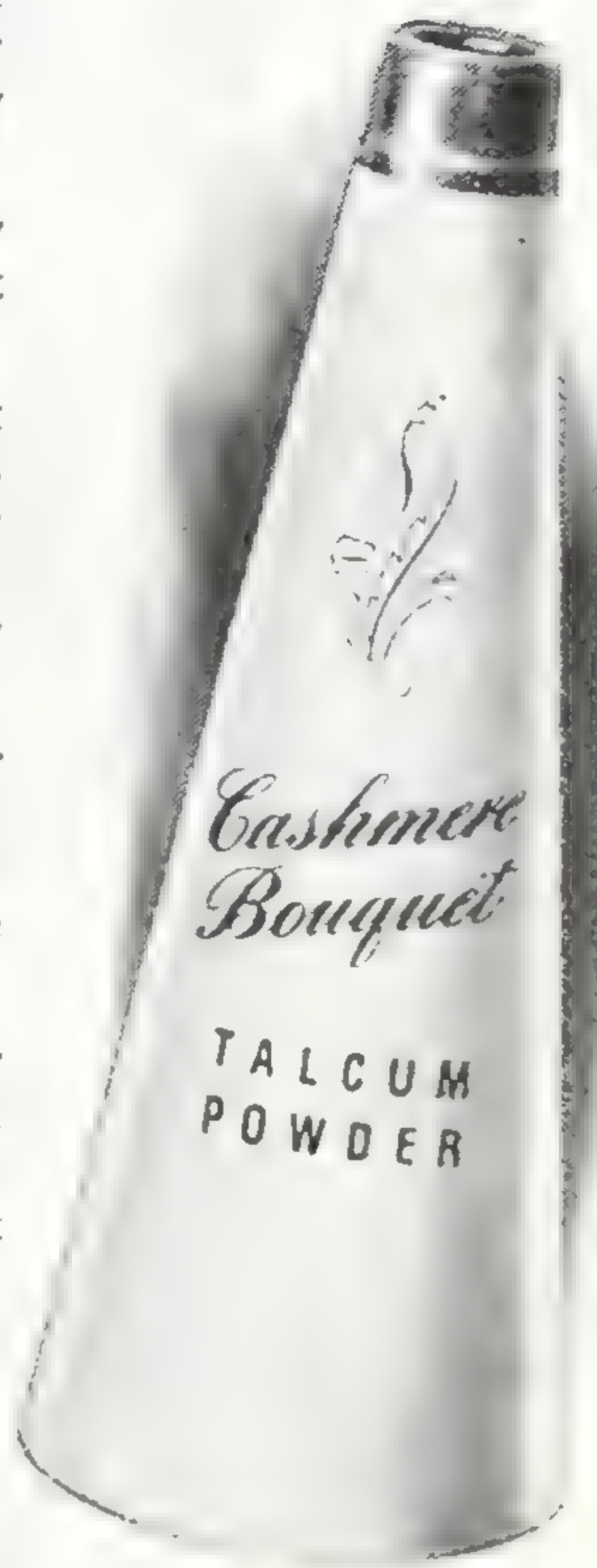


"THEN, I caress my whole body with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe, its soothing coolness cascades over my skin with a silky-smoothness. Quickly, the tiny traces of moisture I missed are absorbed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...knowing now why they call it—the fragrance men love!



"AH, AND NOW, how luxurious I feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! I'm confident and at ease, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection will last the whole evening through—and so will the fragrance men love!"

Make Cashmere Bouquet Talcum *your* secret of daintiness! Discover for yourself its long-clinging softness and alluring fragrance...all the superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"My job calls for glamour!"
says lovely *FRANCES DONELON*

"I've appeared on twelve covers of one popular national magazine alone," says alluring Frances Donelon. "But first, I had to learn how to stay 'picture-lovely' under the wilting heat of photographer's lights.

"I had to find a deodorant that *really* kept my underarms dry. Both for glamour—and to protect the expensive clothes I model in. I found perfect underarm protection in Odorono Cream!

"Here's the reason. It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. Your underarm is kept dry and odorless because it simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days!

"It will not irritate—even after shaving. It contains emollients actually soothing to the skin.

"And I have proved that it will not rot delicate fabrics. I just follow directions. You can use it every day if you like. And you get up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams give you.

"If you are concerned about your personal daintiness—do try this wonderful Cover-Girl deodorant—Odorono Cream."



Beautiful Frances Donelon



Hi, Hollywood!

Reader Harold Gould goes to the film capital on no capital and turns up with this capital gossip



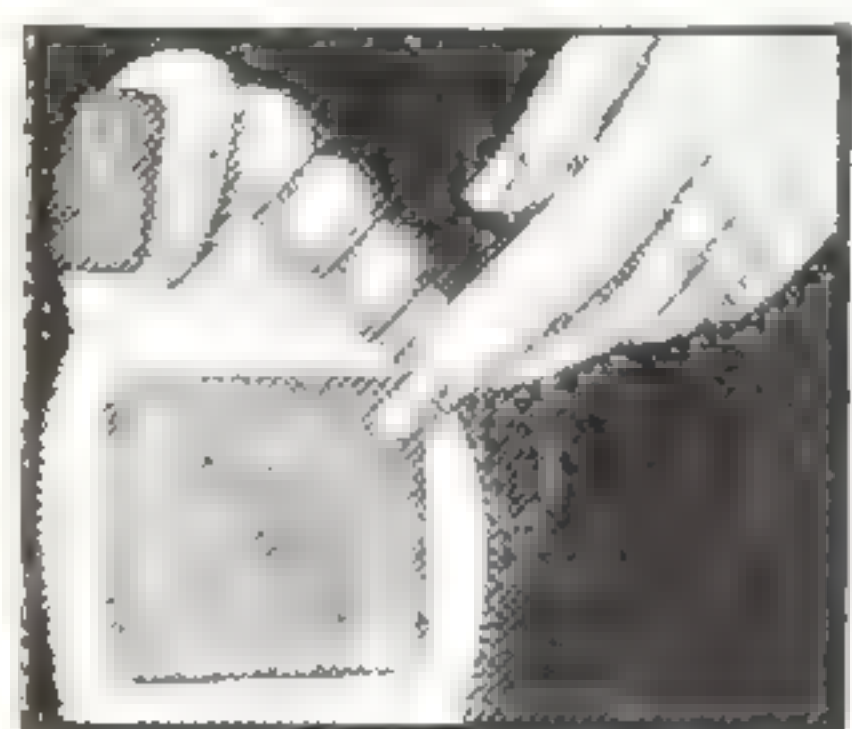
THIS must be a wonderful dream," I kept telling myself as I stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street with my mouth ajar. Many times I had vowed to make the trip to the West Coast and when the opportunity came for me to help a neighbor woman drive out on business I could not turn it down.

I walked down the street for a whole block before I finally saw what I was searching for—a real live movie star! It was Cary Grant! My first impulse was to secure his autograph, so I dashed down the street after him. He was very obliging.

The fact that I had exactly ten dollars between me and starvation and no place to lay my head at night failed to disturb me in the least. On the first Sunday of my visit, I went to the West Hollywood Baptist Church with the express purpose of finding a Christian home to board in and I was not disappointed; the choir director took me home with her and her husband with the understanding that inasmuch as I was the son of a Baptist clergyman I was welcome to live there as long as I liked. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks treated me as though I were their own son.

THE fact that Hollywood is a land of opportunity presented itself to me very strongly on Monday, when a beautiful convertible sedan picked me up. In my conversation with the driver I mentioned that I wanted to see a motion-picture studio. He said quite casually, "Come over to Paramount any time and I'll show you through the place." He was David Lewis, who had produced "Dark Victory" and "Kings Row"! It seemed impossible that that very afternoon through his kindness I was standing within whispering distance of Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, but I guess I was.

One evening Major Williams, a friend of a relative of mine, took his family and me night-clubbing. Our first stop was at The Pirates' Den. The floor show was novel, so were the



New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, calluses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



Easily cut to any size or shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing - Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

"I never dreamed a bath could be

so relaxing!"

Feel like a lady of leisure as you bathe in the exquisitely perfumed, billowy bubbles of Bathasweet Foam. It softens the water, and your body skin actually gets cleaner, stays radiantly dainty long after your bath!



Listen gals!

Send 3¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 11, 1911 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



49¢

at department & drug stores

Bathasweet Foam

prices—a plain, ordinary soft drink cost forty cents. Our second and last stop was at the renowned Mocambo, the stomping ground of the movie celebrities. The captain's wife with whom I was dancing was amused when we followed Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, Patricia Morison, Carol Bruce and Ann Miller and their partners around the floor, but she became hilarious when we actually rubbed elbows with them. I was thrilled with the whole situation, and said so, much to the interest of a director from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, who was sitting at our table. He introduced himself as Norman Z. McLeod and promised to arrange for an interview with a casting director at the studios for me. I returned to my room that morning—for it was early morning—a thoroughly exhausted, but excited young fellow.

Meanwhile a telegram came from home, stating that if I desired to enlist in the Naval Reserves, I must return home at once and enroll in college. Sufficient funds to pay my board and my fare were forwarded, and my dream castle, as though constructed of clay, crumbled to earth. I had, however, five more days in which to see Hollywood!

I kept my interview with the casting director at Metro and I shall always be thankful that I did; because although I was unable to accept his offers to cast me in Mr. McLeod's next picture, I could accept with thanks his promise to place me under contract if and when the war is ended.

THE next day I was taken through Warner Brothers' Studios by Milo Anderson, their head clothes designer, who had given me a ride the night before. First, Milo introduced me to Olivia de Havilland; then he took me to watch production on "The Desert Song." I was fascinated by Ethel Waters, whom I met. At noon he took me to lunch in the commissary; at the next table sat Bruce Cabot and Errol Flynn.

Finally, Milo took me into the dressing room of Brenda Marshall. I visited with her for over an hour. Even with her hair set with bobby pins, her figure draped in a housecoat and with very few cosmetics on her face, she was ravishing.

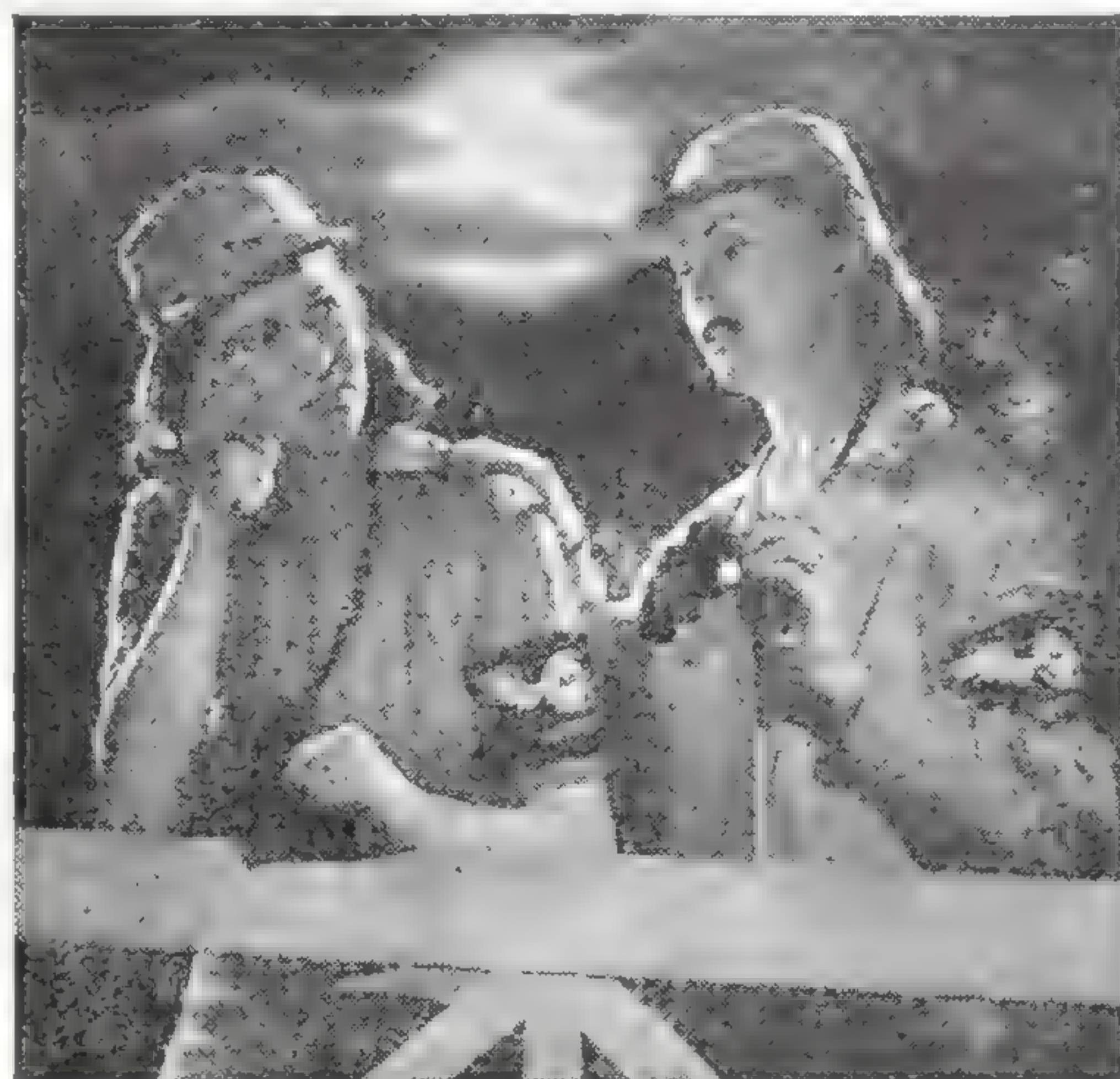
Among numerous other celebrities who gave me rides while I was in screenland were Wynn Rocamora, the agent of both Misses Lamour and Morison, Tom Lewis, the husband of Loretta Young, and Actor Richard Fraser and his wife who would have invited me to their home for supper some night had I been able to stay in Hollywood longer.

Considering the fact that I was in Hollywood exactly two weeks and that my total expenditures for that time amounted to fifteen dollars and eighty cents, I feel that my accomplishments were significant. Indeed, to say that Hollywood treated me wonderfully would be an understatement. Perhaps someday, when Mr. Hitler has been duly rewarded for his tyranny, I may be permitted to return to the land of sunshine, cool nights and alimony!

"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"



1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!



2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND . . . I can't complain about any love shortage now!



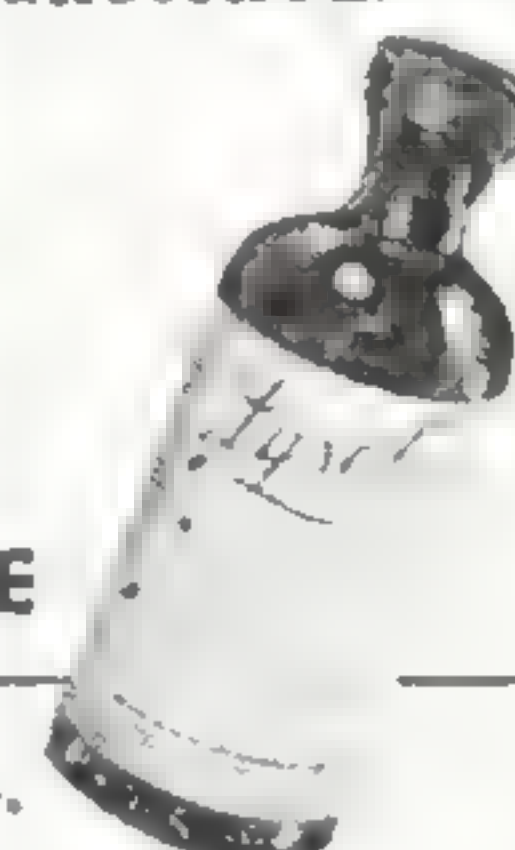
Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is **not** carbolic acid.

Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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For new **FREE** booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-943. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4) praise of her than flowery phrases. I am at present confined to a hospital and in the ward in which I am a patient there is an old recording player which is wont to wheeze along most of the day. We have two recordings by the inimitable Dinah and regardless of the proceedings or diversion, when one of the two records happen to be played the ward is predominated by a deathly hush broken only by the lovely voice of Miss Shore.

Olivia de Havilland: We have never held a contest on the girl we would like to be cast away on a desert island with—but this fact does not mean that they are out of our minds or absent from our conversations. In the case of Miss de Havilland, the greater majority of us heartily agree that she is quite the personification of loveliness. So to all those upon whom rests the privilege—Give us more of "Livvie."

Pvt. Hack Glasby,
APO 918,
Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

One-sentence Thoughts

"AS TIME GOES BY" I hope that:

Lana Turner will find her pursuit of happiness.

Olivia de Havilland will find a fine man worthy of her.

Laraine Day and Linda Darnell will be given better roles.

Mickey Rooney finds some sweet young thing who loves him and not his name!

George Raft receives his freedom.

Loretta Young gets her just rewards as a grand actress and person.

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby will do more "Road" pictures for more laughs.

Ronald Colman and Greer Garson do another picture together as inspiring as "Random Harvest."

There will be less divorces and more happy marriages in Hollywood!

Adolf, Benito and the little chap with all the teeth get it in the neck!

Marilyn Handren,
Lynn, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

DID you ever feel like kicking yourself all over for something you did? Well, that's just the way I feel about something I didn't do. Three positively super-luscious pictures of Alan Ladd, and I had to pick to see him for the first time in his fourth and last important picture for the duration, "China."

He's the most dynamic package of T. N. T. to hit the screen yet. He can pull the trigger on me anytime. He's the kind of poison I love.

Kitty Stirwalt,
Terre Haute, Ind.

I'M writing this in reference to a letter concerning Red Skelton in the July issue. For my money Red Skelton is tops; as for his being a lame-brain—all I can say is bring on more like him! In these days what we all need is fun, fun and more fun!

Nick Ferguson,
Richland, Ind.

I DO not know who is to blame—the operator at the theater, or the maker of the film. In any event the cast of characters is run off so quickly that it is impossible to note "Who is Who" except for the well-known leads.

For example, the lonesome Nazi officer in "The Moon Is Down" gave an outstanding and poignant performance. I had no time to place him in the cast of characters.

E. D. A. Goertz,
San Rafael, Cal.

HE IS a little guy who never has a starring part, but he really gets around—playing everything from soup to nuts.

Nine out of ten movie-goers couldn't tell you his name, but they know it when he appears on the screen. I think somebody ought to blow a trumpet for George E. Stone; he has something on the ball!

Virginia Shelby,
Dallas 16, Tex.

SOMEDAY each and every one of us in the service will come face to face with tanks, planes and bullets—for some of us—death. For myself whether it be a fox hole in the Solomons or a sand pit in Africa my memory will stray to the grand people and stars of Hollywood. I recently spent a short furlough in Hollywood. My greatest thrill was the famed "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN" music by Kay Kyser, entertainment by Mickey Rooney, a dance with Deanna Durbin, a chat with Loretta Young, a cup of coffee with Irene Dunne, a heart-to-heart talk with that wonderful Martha Raye, and a motherly blessing from Fay Holden. Yes, some day from "No Man's Land" my memory will go drifting back to those people who took away the loneliness of a soldier 3,000 miles from home and sent me forward to what I have to face with a lighter heart. For those happy days "God Bless You, Hollywood."

Corporal Louis A. Lyne,
Fall River, Mass.

Hollywood Horoscope

Right now you're wondering what the future holds for these three question-mark stars. Here's one answer

BY MATILDA TROTTER

ON reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given

month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made.

Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Clark Gable: Clark must be especially careful of hazardous undertakings this month. The fiery Mars, Uranus, planet of

the unexpected, and Neptune, ruler of the ocean, liquids, gases and all explosives, warn him of danger.

Use caution during all of September, Clark, and curb that tendency toward recklessness and unnecessary risk.

Rita Hayworth—Victor Mature: Even though, at the present writing, these two are supposed to have ended romance, Jupiter going through Vic's house of marriage, and Saturn, planet of responsibility, in his house of love affairs, indicate marriage during September.

Rita's chart suggests that publicity concerning marriage or a love affair will be brought into the open in September. Will these two, who are truly mated according to the stars, marry each other? It looks like it.

IRRESISTIBLE... as always!

We dedicate to the WAACS...

IRRESISTIBLE *Yankee Red* LIPSTICK

Irresistible answers the call to color with Yankee Red... a bewitching, vibrant accent to Khaki or any costume for wear on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are smoother... stay on longer. A most important consideration when time is precious and beauty essential to the morale. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

... off duty... a touch of
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
assures glamour 10c



P
M
M

THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Powerful: George Reeves, Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail"



Good music, nice romance: Joseph Cotten, Deanna Durbin in "Hers To Hold"



A love story to love: Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine in "The Constant Nymph"

✓✓✓ So Proudly We Hail (Paramount)

It's About: The heroism of the nurses on Bataan.

SELDOM has a picture packed the power of this one, based on the factual experiences of the nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. Without undue heroics or corny melodrama, the story begins with the sailing of the nurses to Hawaii. The Pearl Harbor disaster sends them on to Bataan where the misery, horror and shame of defeat mingle with the devastating and almost constant bombings. Finally the nurses escape to Corregidor and are eventually sent home. With her heart left behind, Claudette Colbert is taken from the island dazed and broken. She has married and left behind Lt. John Sumners, played so naturally by handsome George Reeves.

Claudette gives a great performance, heightened by authority and dignity; Sonny Tufts, as *Kansas*, the boy who falls for Paulette Goddard, is a find. Paulette herself gives the performance of her career. Veronica Lake is not to be overlooked as the self-sacrificing nurse, nor is Mary Servoss as *Capt. "Ma" McGregor*. But greater than the personalities of the picture is the message itself—a proud reminder of what Americans have done and are still doing in this war.

Your Reviewer Says: Blood, sweat and tears.

✓✓ Hers To Hold (Universal)

It's About: A wealthy girl who joins defense work for love of her man and country.

DEANNA DURBIN is back in a charming love story as modern as the whirr of a plane motor. In fact, the theme song is the buzz of a drill against steel, the rasping whirr of a rivet and the hum of motors in a large defense plant.

Joe Cotten, a Flying Tiger who works in the plant while waiting for his orders, meets wealthy Miss Durbin, Pasadena blue-blood, at a local blood bank (not blue). Mr. Cotten, pretending to be a doctor, gets fresh and follows her to her home where Miss Durbin succumbs completely to his charms.

Joe pretends to be indifferent so, in order to be near him, Deanna gets a job as riveter in a defense plant. And love gallops up hill and down whilst her parents, Charles Winninger and Nella Walker, look on sympathetically.

The two other smart girls grew up and got married, if you remember an earlier Durbin film of which this is a continuation.

Flashbacks of Deanna in her early films, scenes in the huge plant where Deanna sings for the workers at the noon hour and scenes at the blood bank are highly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: A boy, a girl, a war, a dandy.

✓✓ The Constant Nymph (Warners)

It's About: The love of a young girl for a musician.

'FOR WOMEN ONLY' could very well be the trademark signature of this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older man. Women will weep and love it.

Margaret Kennedy's famous novel is brought vividly to life by an excellent cast. Jean Muir, older sister, attempts to bring some semblance of order out of the confusion of the *Sanger* family but with the passing of the father, the brood is scattered. One of the sisters, Brenda Marshall, marries wealthy Peter Lorre and goes to Paris. The two younger children, Joan Fontaine and Joyce Reynolds, are placed in the care of their mother's brother, Charles Coburn and his daughter, Alexis Smith. From babyhood, Joan has loved musician Charles Boyer, but he marries Alexis. When Joan and her sister Joyce run away from school and return to Boyer and Alexis, the truth of the beautiful love of this child dawns upon him.

Miss Fontaine is so believable as the little girl who matures through her love. Boyer is very good. Alexis Smith gives a fine performance. For those who love a love story, this is the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Tears from the heart.

(Continued on page 31)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performance See Page 31

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 108

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6

Girls who serve in Navy blue
Have shining, lovely tresses too!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*



PRETTY SMOOTH... and mighty smart!
A wonderful hair-do for the girl to
whom short hair is becoming. It gives
you that alert, alive look you want
these days—in or out of uniform!
Hair shampooed with Special Drene
—for extra sheen and smoothness!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Whether you're wearing a uniform or not—
shining hair is standard equipment for the
loveliness every girl wants!

So don't dull the lustre of your hair by using
soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dra-
matic difference after your first shampoo...
how gloriously it reveals all the lovely
sparkling highlights, all the natural color
brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far
silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...
right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-
ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately,
you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special
Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask
your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of
shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous
and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film
dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap!
Switch to Special Drene. It
never leaves any dulling film, as
all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene
reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

HAPPY SONGS! HAPPY SONJA! HAPPY HILARITY!...
IN THE HAPPY PLAYLAND OF THE NORTH!

*Hotter than a snowball in
Hades... with romance,
rhythm and revelry. It all
happens on ice... and it's
happiness all the way!*



**SONJA
HENIE**



Winter time

with

JACK OAKIE

CESAR ROMERO

CAROLE LANDIS



and
S.Z. SAKALL • CORNEL WILDE

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by John Brahm • Produced by William Le Baron • Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn
Storling and Lillie Hayward • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown • Dances
Staged by James Gonzales and Carlos Romero • Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon

Watch for
these other
big ones from

20th

CENTURY-FOX

The Biggest
figure in
entertainment!

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" ★ "SONG OF BERNADETTE" ★ "JANE EYRE"

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 28)

✓ Hit The Ice (Universal)

It's About: *The tangle of two photographers and crooks.*

ABBOTT and Costello romp, stomp, ski, skate, clown, mug and go round in circles to the tune of audiences' loud guffaws. Little of it makes sense, but who cares? It's good clean fun, isn't it?

The boys are sidewalk photographers who are mistaken by gangster Sheldon Leonard for a couple of Detroit gunmen when the boys innocently use the gangster password. Thinking he's hiring a couple of thugs, Leonard hires the boys to cover him while he robs a bank. When the boys discover they've been rooked and the police are on their trail, they leave town with an orchestra and follow the robber to Sun Valley where things really get going.

Ginny Simms sings beautifully. Elyse Knox is so lovely. Patric Knowles and Marc Lawrence mingle with the slap-happy throng.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh your fill.

✓ Background To Danger (Warners)

It's About: *Too many agents after one set of plans.*

HERE'S a story that goes overboard so thoroughly in its spy-ring doings it actually becomes enjoyable, like a mystery novel on a rainy night. It's fun just to sit back, relax and watch the various groups play button, button, who's got the button. When spy stories can reach this pleasant nirvana, they've gone some place and accomplished something—sheer relaxing entertainment.

George Raft, an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe, is slipped an envelope by Osa Massen on a Syrian-Turkey express. The envelope is full of maps whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. Miss Massen is murdered, George accused and the spies gather like flies over honey to get them thar papers. It's more fun.

Sydney Greenstreet, as bad and big as they come, Peter Lorre, cute and scheming, his partner Brenda Marshall, and a couple dozen others join in the mix-up. That handsome Turk, Turhan Bey, creates a stir. What is it about these foreigners?

Your Reviewer Says: A movie that is just that—a moving story.

Two Tickets To London (Universal)

It's About: *A merchant seaman accused of being a traitor.*

NOT so good, McGee, not so good. Wobbly as all get out and insecurely constructed, this little house that Universal built needs a lot of going over. For one thing, the foundation is wrong. Alan Curtis, who wasn't in the mood for it, is arrested as a traitor as he leaves his ship and starts back to London in handcuffs. A bomb that hits the train carrying him, his captor and night-club singer Michele Morgan provides Curtis with an escape and off he flees, carrying Miss Morgan with him. Together they become fugitives from justice until Curtis abruptly gives up and proves his innocence just as easy as rolling off a log.

Miss Morgan's make-up is fantastic. So is the story, despite the efforts of C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Gordon and Oscar O'Shea.

Dooley Wilson sings several songs with feeling.

Your Reviewer Says: Make it three tickets, please.

Get Going (Universal)

It's About: *The attempts of a girl in Washington to land a beau.*

GRACIE McDONALD comes down from Vermont to crowded Washington, D.C., in search of (1) a job; (2) a room; (3) a beau. She gets all three. The job is easy. The room she manages to obtain when it's discovered her clothes will fit the other three occupants, Vera Vague, Lois Collier and Maureen Cannon. The beau she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent.

It's all cute, cozy and harmless and not a bit dull to watch. Gracie McDonald in her first straight role (no singing or dancing) does right well, bless her heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot-weather cologne.

The Kansan (U. A.)

It's About: *A marshal who refuses to carry out a banker's orders.*

ALWAYS, always in movies it's the rich banker of the frontier town who is the villain, a promoter of schemes and bad man behind the quick-trigger boys. This time it's banker Albert Dekker who elects peace-loving Richard Dix as marshal, expecting Dix to carry out orders. Only Dix doesn't. He exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick schemes and the result is a shootin', tootin' mix-up of bad men, dance-hall girls, natives and—oh, just everything. Fights that wreck barrooms (cheers from Carrie Nation's ghost), cattle stampedes, dynamited bridges and all the usual claptrap fairly explode from the screen.

Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. Willie Best, a scared-to-death Negro, is very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Old-timey.

Best Pictures of the Month

So Proudly We Hail
Heaven Can Wait
Dixie
Hers To Hold
The Constant Nymph

Best Performances

Joan Fontaine in "The Constant Nymph"
Alexis Smith in "The Constant Nymph"
Charles Coburn in "The Constant Nymph"
Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail"
Paulette Goddard in "So Proudly We Hail"
Sonny Tufts in "So Proudly We Hail"
Gene Tierney in "Heaven Can Wait"
Don Ameche in "Heaven Can Wait"

All By Myself (Universal)

It's About: *A mix-up of couples.*

NEIL HAMILTON is head of an advertising agency. Evelyn Ankers is the beautiful career girl who loves Hamilton and loses him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. Attempting to get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her fiance and he in turn announces they're married. So it's all a jumble of hearts and misunderstanding and none of it means a single solitary thing to anybody.

Your Reviewer Says: They can have it all by themselves.

Ghosts On The Loose (Monogram)

It's About: *A gang of kids trap a Nazi spy.*

THE Dead End Kids have now become the East Side kids, creating as much disturbance as usual. The fun starts when the sister of Huntz Hall gets married and moves into a bungalow next to a house occupied by Bela Lugosi, Nazi agent. When Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan finish with that nasty Nazi there is only enough left to say:

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey!

Hitler's Madman (M-G-M)

It's About: *The murder of Heydrich and the awful consequences.*

THIS is a pretty poor memorial to the tragedy that shocked the world, The Murder of Lidice. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison struggle like trapped animals with the romantic leads and so do the couple who aid Ralph Morgan in killing Heydrich, played well by John Carradine. In fact, he was about the only bright and shining thing in the picture and after his death things got awfully boring.

Your Reviewer Says: They hanged the wrong guy.

Alaska Highway (Paramount)

It's About: *Two brothers employed in the construction of the great highway.*

RICHARD ARLEN and Bill Henry are brothers working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway. Both love the same girl, Jean Parker, and the rivalry plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer form a basis for some lively goings-on. A spectacular forest fire, a landslide and a fallen giant tree keep the action high.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely.

Submarine Alert (Paramount)

It's About: *The recovery of a lost radio transmitter.*

RICHARD ARLEN, an engineer, loses his job and finds himself employed by Axis agents while still under the watchful eye of the F.B.I. It seems a powerful radio transmitter, through which messages of our sailings are relayed to the Japs, has been stolen. The trick is to get it back.

Wendy Barrie is cute as the girl. Nils Asther, Marc Lawrence and Abner Biberman are the spies.

Your Reviewer Says: More of the same.



The Famous 3-WAY Glover's Treatment

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands — three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE — recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair since 1876. Easy to apply — you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

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GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS — Non-Alcoholic and Antiseptic! A new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home. Use after application of Glover's Mange Medicine — or before shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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with massage, for

DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR



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Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

Henry Aldrich Swings It (Paramount)

It's About: Henry takes music lessons.

OOH, what a pretty music teacher has Henry Aldrich! Even Henry's papa thinks so. And Mother Aldrich ups and leaves him in a rage.

Then a famed violinist comes to town and Henry picks up his Stradivarius by mistake and Henry gets caught in a raided night club and, heavens to Betsy, it's awful.

So, if you ask us, is the picture.

Jimmy Lydon is Henry, Charles Smith is Dizzy. John Litel and Olive Blakeney are Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich and Marion Hall the music teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: Neighborhood fare.

Colt Comrades (Sherman-U. A.)

It's About: Hopalong tries to settle down.

WITH \$5,000 reward money in his cowboy jeans, Hopalong Cassidy and his two pals, California (Andy Clyde) and Johnny (Jay Kirby), decide to buy a ranch and settle down with no more Hopalong along.

Like most land owners, Hoppy immediately runs into trouble. A meanie ties up the water rights, which nearly puts the three comrades out of house and home until they fortunately strike water on their own ranch. But when meanie Victor Jory almost succeeds in framing the boys as cattle rustlers, they find out what trouble really is.

There's lots of gun play, fast riding and Western atmosphere to please the customers.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough Cassidy story.

Heaven Can Wait (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The life story of a philanderer told in retrospect.

IT'S delicious! Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times is this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled but well-meaning husband.

Not since his very first days in movies has Don Ameche been given the chance to reveal what a splendid character actor he is, going from youth to old age with remarkable agility.

It's a double celebration, really, for Gene Tierney for the first time is given a worthy role and emerges—an actress. Gene has never been better or looked prettier.

Because so many people requested him, in his lifetime, to go there, Don dies and goes to Hades.

There he tells his life story to an elegant, frockcoated devil, played superbly by Laird Cregar, who listens attentively and decides Don's fate. There is, so many, many people will be relieved to hear, a sort of special place for halfway sinners. Don finds that place.

Marjorie Main and her meat-packing husband Eugene Palette are typical and ridiculous as the too-rich-for-their-own-good parents of Gene. Spring Byington and Louis Calhern as Don's adoring parents are so "life with fatherish," and Charles Coburn, as the grandfather, is an out-sized riot. Signe Hasso, ze naughty Mademoiselle, Allyn Joslyn, the jilted suitor, Dickie Moore, as the adolescent Don, are all beautiful.

We loved them every one. The dialogue, pretty and cute, preens and primps all over the place. In fact, here's the very thing you've been shopping for in that get-away-from-war-stuff movie.

Your Reviewer Says: A shiny bauble.

Dixie (Paramount)

It's About: How a singer and songwriter rose to success.

BING CROSBY plays Dan Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South, and this story of his loves, struggles and final success is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment and lavishly filmed in Technicolor.

Crosby, as the struggling songwriter, is in love with Marjorie Reynolds. When he accidentally burns down her father's home he leaves the small town to earn enough money to marry her.

When Billy De Wolfe, an actor and gambler, cheats him of his little horde of money on a steamboat, Bing follows him to New Orleans. There the two form an act, along with Lynne Overman and Eddie Foy, Jr., and they inaugurate the then startling innovation of appearing on stage in black-face. Dorothy Lamour is the daughter of a boardinghouse keeper, Raymond Walburn, and Bing falls in love with her. But when he returns to break his engagement with Marjorie, he finds her a hopeless cripple and through pity marries her.

Bing has never been in better voice and his portrayal of the minstrel is a fine one. The songs, especially the famous "Dixie," are all tuneful and melodious. Marjorie Reynolds gives a charming, sympathetic portrayal of his wife and Dorothy Lamour is also excellent in a colorful non-singing role. Billy De Wolfe is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Escapist entertainment for all.

Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)

It's About: A movie star who causes pandemonium in a boys' military school.

FOR verve, vim and Harry James this little hurricane set to music should mechanize young and old alike because you'll find it extremely difficult to keep your feet still when "Best Foot Forward" swings into action.

The kids are good, the music is solid and Lucille Ball in Technicolor is something to put words into the mouth of the Great Stone Face.

The story deals with a brash young upper-classman at the Winssocki military academy who in an unguarded moment invites movie star Lucille Ball to his senior prom, thus cutting out his true love Virginia Weidler. The star's bumptious press agent, amusingly done by William Gaxton, sees a chance to knock off some publicity for his client. Then the scheme begins to backfire while kids, star and faculty get thoroughly mixed up to the tune of Harry James's jam and jiving.

Virginia Weidler surprises with her good Technicolor looks and smooth singing. Lucille Ball manages her share of laughs frequently without the help of a not-too-good script, Tommy Dix puts over "Buckle Down, Winssocki" agreeably and newcomer Nancy Walker rings the bell resoundingly with her dead pan comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: A cheery little dearie.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Judy Garland

They're Saying This Month: "I haven't met the man I'll marry next." Rita Hayworth.

"I think Betty Grable a beautiful girl." Mrs. Harry James.

"My next book will be entitled 'Three Years With

George Jessel' or 'The Curtain Never Came Down'." Lois Andrews Jessel.

"I appreciate your coming in, friends, to extinguish the fire in my kitchen, but did you have to wake me up while doing it?" George Sanders.

"Congratulations on being made a corporal, Alan Ladd." Cal York.

"I don't feel twenty-one years old, somehow." Judy Garland.

"Both Niven (husband Niven Busch) and I had so hoped to have a baby we are disappointed at not having one." Teresa Wright.

"Certainly I'm not adopting a baby. I'm young enough to have one of my own and hope to one day." Carole Landis.

"When my husband, Captain Louis Hayward, comes back from the war, I want to be able to do those housewifely things that a man, way down deep in his heart, admires in every woman." Ida Lupino.

Let's "Make-Up"

Department: The busy little Westmores (those famous make-up boys) are tearing around old Cupid's alley like fury these days. Perc was



Buddy Westmore and Rosemary Lane

no sooner divorced from Gloria Dixon than he attached himself, via an engagement ring, to Betty Hutton while brother Buddy was still enjoying married life with Rosemary Lane. Then back to Perc went Betty's engagement ring and onto the finger (or maybe it was a new ring) of Margaret Donovan, also in the Warner Brothers make-up department. Then the day Perc and Margaret Donovan went off to Nevada to wed, Rosemary and Buddy announced their separation. Meanwhile, brother Ernie, Perc's twin, already divorced, went about torch-carrying while Perc and the new Mrs. Westmore (Cal forgets whether it's the third or fourth wife) came home for the honeymoon. A few days later Buddy and Rosemary decided to get together again.

So remember, fans, it's not always the actors in Hollywood who get involved romantically. Making up and falling out with the make-up lads of Hollywood is an art in its own.

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Dark Rachel—for that tawny, dramatic look.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Diana Lewis

Just Like the Movies: A domestic happenstance occurred on the "Cry Havoc" set that rivals any farce ever put on the screen. The phone rang on the sound stage and a masculine voice asked for Mrs. Powell.

"Where's our shoe ration books, dear?" inquired the masculine voice when Diana (Mrs. William) Powell answered.

"In the night-table drawer, dear. Are you buying new shoes?"

"No, my favorite girl friend needs a pair and Daddy is getting them," came the amazing reply.

Mrs. Powell gasped, gurgled and turned pale. "Bill," she cried, "oh, Bill, what are you trying to tell me?"

"Hey," cried the voice over the wire, "who is this? Is this Mrs. Dick Powell? Joan, is it you?"

Diana Powell's eyes grew big with surprise and relief.

"No," she cried, "and don't scare me like that again. I'm Mrs. Powell, too, you know."

Five minutes later Dick was still trying to get wife Joan Powell to explain what was going on. All he wanted to do was buy their daughter Ellen a new pair of shoes.

The Bad are so Good:

Whether it's due to the war, to the times, or guilty consciences, Cal can't say, but suddenly all our villains, heels and bad men are becoming heroes. Maybe the terrific reaction among women fans to hero Humphrey



Joseph Cotten

Bogart's role in "Casablanca" may have something to do with it. Anyway, Alan Ladd, the mean killer in "This Gun For Hire" and "The Glass Key" became a hero in "China" and the ladies sighed twice as heavily. Joseph Cotten, the newest heartbreak, emerges from his sinister role in "Shadow Of A Doubt" to play hero to Deanna Durbin in "Hers To Hold." Edgar Barrier, who caused 40,000 women to "take pen in hand" after one look at the blue-eyed "heel" of "Arabian Nights," will actually become a noble officer of the law in "Phantom Of The Opera." Even Sydney Greenstreet becomes the notable author Thackeray in "Devotion" without a killing to his credit.

There's no accounting for it. Nobody but Japs and Nazis want to be bad boys in movies anymore. If Hollywood ever persuades our favorite villain, George Sanders, to co-star with Mickey Rooney in a jam session movie, we're quitting! You hear? Quitting!

CASE AGAINST CHAPLIN

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



This is the page on which editors usually speak to you, PHOTOPLAY's readers. This month the editors make an exception. They allow a famous writer to speak to you. The words she speaks are strong words, angry words. They are spoken on a subject of such immediate concern to Hollywood that, although PHOTOPLAY does not necessarily agree with everything that is said here, we believe they should be brought to you. . . . Fred R. Sammis.

I FEEL very sad about Charlie Chaplin, our lost genius.

Always I've said proudly, "Nobody can come up to Chaplin." Of late I've said, "Now that America is in the war, Charlie will make us laugh again through our tears."

Instead he has written his wartime comedy on the back fence with a piece of chalk. Minus the baggy pants and the famous cane, he has crossed that thin line between the funny and the ridiculous and the kids of today don't laugh at him any more, they snicker with a sort of knowing embarrassment painful to hear.

His arrogance has denied us even the privilege of silence, those of us who tried to cling loyally to old memories.

For it has to be faced, doesn't it? With every front-page record, he has helped to destroy our sense of decency, the way every man and woman does who fails in these days to exhibit self-control and self-discipline in order to uphold that of our men at the front. We can't dismiss it all carelessly, because Chaplin has been a great figure, he has borne a great name, and every questionable action of his sabotages something of the dignity and steadfastness of the home front.

Fully as important, there is this stab in the back which he has dealt Hollywood, the Hollywood that gave him fame and fortune. No loyalty made him careful of his good name and theirs, no gratitude inspired him to protect his honor and theirs with much-needed watchfulness. For in a lime-lighted community like Hollywood it is the glaring exceptions which stand out in the minds of outsiders and color their judgment of the town.

The beloved clown is gone, the beloved clown who with comic mustache wriggling and trick hat bobbing nevertheless was always the gallant knight rushing to succor betrayed damsel or homeless pup. We now have the man Joan Barry has accused as the father of a child she is soon to bear.

Of course it is human nature to judge a man on past performance, to recall those others who stand silent beside Joan Barry out of the past—Mildred Harris . . . Lita Grey . . . stories too well remembered to be ignored now. Yet, whether Joan Barry's accusation should prove true or false, whether in the final outcome Chaplin proves himself innocent of the charge leveled by this girl who says that she was driven away from the house of the man where for a year and a half she had been his student, his friend at least, it remains true that at exactly the psychological moment when his friends expected him to act with the dignity and honesty that went with the reputation of genius, Chaplin instead flaunted decency and good taste and made new headlines with his runaway marriage to Oona O'Neill, debutante of the Stork Club set.

IT seems to me that Chaplin needed to wait for a verdict; he should have met this charge before he married another girl. Chaplin's record certainly doesn't outlaw the possibility of the charge's being true. Every law of self-respect should have made him wait to marry until he was vindicated by the court in the event that no overwhelming proof of the girl's story developed.

Chaplin brushed aside all that. He put himself beyond reach of Joan Barry's hope by marrying. We can disregard Oona's statement that she was the one who urged the marriage. Chaplin was still the one to decide.

After all, Chaplin is not a young man, subject to the fevers and uncontrollable temptations of youth's hot blood, or a lad bewildered by all that goes with sudden fame. Chaplin has been on those dizzy heights for thirty years. He ought to be acclimated by now.

Life has been very good to the man whose hair has grown silvery with honors and acclaim seldom won by any man of genius in his lifetime.

Yet with the land of his birth and the land of his (Continued on page 104)



MY WARTIME



The Bonita who has
had to grow up fast
these days, realiz-
ing that it isn't too
simple to be an un-
attached girl today

MORALS

Thoughts like these must be spoken very

frankly. They are for every girl,

thinking of the man she'll love

BY

Bonita Gruenille



Bonita met Tim Holt when they made "Hitler's Children" together. "Tim and I could have made a serious mistake..." The boy who had her first love was Jackie Cooper (right). She says now: "Our love had been so sweet we couldn't quite bring ourselves to relinquish it."



THOUGHT my generation was smart. Now I'm not so sure. I read these days about girls who jeopardize everything that matters most to women for a cheap thrill. Last week, for instance, I read of girls who pick up sailors on Times Square in New York and go to Coney Island beach with them. When the sailors leave to return to their ships these girls sleep under the boardwalk. The next day they are back on Times Square again—in quest of another date. One would think every man was about to vanish from the earth and any emotional experience that wasn't crammed into these days would be lost forever.

These girls are extreme cases of war hysteria. I grant that. But I hear about less flagrant examples of the same sort of thing all the time. I even see girls I know discarding standards which are as necessary to the preservation of a woman's happiness as helmets and guns are to the preservation of a soldier.

I know how easy it is to be tempted to risk everything for a boy you love, or think you love. I suspect it's only normal for a girl to be tempted to forsake her chastity at one time or another. Especially in these times when life is uncertain. More especially still if the boy is in uniform and likely to depart any day.

However, this is the very time we should not complicate our lives. Events—and emotions with them—are moving so fast that we must guard against any mistake that will make us as truly war casualties as the boys who are killed and wounded. There are things like blood plasma and sulfa drugs to save our fighting forces for the good years which lie ahead. Our salvation, however, lies solely within us, in a hard-boiled code of wartime morals.

For when this war is over and the boy we believed would be forever wonderful is forgotten (unless we so

mess up our lives because of him that we remember him bitterly) there will come into our life, with peace, a man whom we'll truly love, whom we'll wish to marry, whom we'll want for the father of our children.

It's a good idea, I think, to dream about that man these days; for dreaming about him we guard against doing anything which might remove us from the social circles in which we would be likely to meet him or make us less likely to attract him.

I know what I hope the man I love will be like . . . I hope he'll have a crazy, mad sense of humor, enjoy funny little things and never be one to make a grim production of life. Whether he's short or tall or dark or fair won't be important at all. It's only important he be clean and honest and sincere—which means, of course, that he'll be good-looking too because, inevitably, he'll have that good look about his eyes.

I have a fair chance of being the girl for him, I think. I'm not taking a bow when I say that. I'm rejoicing because Life got in at me during the past year with first-hand knowledge that should serve me very well right now.

It isn't too simple to be an unattached girl these days. Everything moves so swiftly you begin reaching out for something, anything, so you won't be passed by and find yourself empty-handed. If you're young it's natural, of course, to reach for romance. It's dangerous, too. Because boys today—whether they're in service or about to go into service or rejected for service for one reason or another—are overstimulated and mixed up the same as girls are.

Jackie Cooper was the first boy I ever loved, the only boy I ever loved, really, even though it was a young love.

We knew each other for years, Jackie and I. We shared everything—friends, good (Continued on page 83)

GAY



GEORGE MONTGOMERY has a new girl! A laughing, brown-eyed, attractive but not beautiful girl, whose heart may belong to him but whose voice belongs to the Army, the Navy and the Marines.

George is willing to share her, for her name is Dinah and Dinah is dynamite to the millions of listeners in the fox-holes of the Tropics, the ice fields of Alaska, the mine fields of the seas.

The world knows her as Dinah Shore, the folks down in Nashville, Tennessee, call her "little Frances Rose Shore," but to George she's "the steady"; the one he laughs with, goes to the movies with, takes to dinner and swims and rides and plays tennis with. She's the *Mary Lou* that lives down the block in every small town in America, the regular American girl, and George is her beau.

The fires of hot, quick consuming romances have burned out leaving ashes in the heart of this Montana cowboy who still says "ma'am" despite his spectacular rise to stardom which gives him two of Hollywood's biggest

current hits in "Coney Island" and "Bomber's Moon." He must have been hurt not a little in the process, for the lively zest for life and what lies ahead seems gone from his eyes, the sparkle and eagerness replaced by a quiet, easy air of steadfastness—and no longer is he the naïve lad who was so quickly and easily swept off his feet.

George Montgomery had just begun to gain notice when Ginger Rogers spied him on the screen and sent a friend out to seek an introduction. That a star of Ginger's importance should notice him went like champagne to George's head. His time and attention were taken over and monopolized by the possessive Ginger and George was ready to play for keeps.

The rude awakening to this romance left him shaken and all ready to succumb to the beauty of Hollywood's most famous beauty—Hedy Lamarr. In no time at all their engagement was announced, Hedy had purchased a trousseau, mostly cowboy breeches and plaid shirts, and was telling all who would listen how deeply she loved George.

No one in Hollywood knows exactly what happened, but

ROMANCE

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

The happy-go-lucky love story of George Montgomery and Dinah Shore



Dinah, the gal from Tennessee, being ardently courted in betwixt times by Pvt. Montgomery during her radio stint on "Paul Whiteman Presents—"

One day it was all over. Hedy was glimpsed several weeks later in a private projection room at Twentieth Century-Fox watching a Montgomery movie. Friends said George rang Hedy's phone and some said Hedy rang George's until the very day of Hedy's marriage to John Loder.

But by that time George's heart was all wrapped up in a little girl from Tennessee who cared nothing for glamour and less about the hullabaloo of a Hollywood romance. Dinah Shore just liked a good time and found it by giving off her singing talents to the boys in camps and going to the movies with her best beau.

For eight months now the quiet, steady romance of George and Dinah has been blooming right under Hollywood's nose. They met one night at the Hollywood Canteen just about the time Hedy met John Loder at the same spot. Both George and Dinah had gone there to work; Dinah to sing and dance with the servicemen, George to work as a busboy. They went out afterward for a hamburger. A few evenings later George telephoned Dinah about a movie. To the delight of both, they discovered so much in common—

a dislike of night clubs, a love of riding, swimming and tennis. Dinah was a home girl just as George was a home boy. Family, friends, little homey things meant the world. And in this quiet world George Montgomery found the peace and security he'd been searching for and failed to find in a girl of his own.

"PRETTY girls miss a lot," says Dinah. "When you're beautiful you needn't exert yourself to be pleasing. But a girl who isn't beautiful (and Dinah admits she isn't) must develop her personality and be approachable."

Dinah Shore is all of that. She's just "Dinah" to the thousands upon thousands of boys in the camps she visits. "And not one has ever got fresh," she says. "But they feel I'm approachable and companionable. They wouldn't if I were beautiful. When they write, 'What's new, Dinah?' they mean just that. I'm an average American girl writing to an American boy or talking to them as friends from home."

As for marriage, Dinah says honestly, "I have no definite plans at all. All I want for the (Continued on page 86)

HEARTBREAK FOR



Veronica's husband—John Detlie, former art director at M-G-M, now a Major in the Army Engineers

To any woman, the loss of a child is tragedy. But Veronica Lake must face, too, the possibility of the breakup of her marriage

BY HEDDA HOPPER

ASKED Veronica Lake when she expected to get her divorce from Major John Detlie. She said, "As soon as the baby is born, we will have a separation. Then I will see if it's possible to avoid a divorce."

At that time she had not the slightest inkling that ten days later the baby would be born, two months ahead of schedule and that just a week after its premature birth the tiny, three-pound son would die, bringing double heartbreak.

Interviewing Veronica in the home of Wally Beery was quite an experience. There were millions of Beery mementoes all over the place. A silver elephant two feet high, trumpeting to high heaven, a playroom that looked like something out of the Painted Desert by way of Death Valley, with saddles, sombreros, ping-pong tables, a bar, thousands of photographs of Wally in every position and in every role he'd ever played.

Veronica and Wally's ex-wife, Rita, have been fast friends for a year. They have been living together in Wally's own home which he lent them while he has been in Wyoming.

The household has consisted of Rita, one maid, Veronica and her daughter and two other children—the son and daughter of Howard Joslin—whom Veronica is thinking of adopting. Howard was second assistant director on her latest picture, "The Hour Before Dawn." There were four children in the Joslin family and when Howard's wife passed away Veronica offered to take two of them. "I love children and three won't be any harder to handle than one," she said.

When I saw Veronica she had spent the whole day washing and cooking and was in a state of utter collapse.

I charged her with the fact that only a month ago she had told me she wasn't going to have a baby. Whereupon she swore she didn't know until a few days after she made that statement to me that a baby was due.

Although we had not been aware of Veronica's impending motherhood, we did know that she and her husband

had been quarreling. Looking at what has happened to the couple, we have good reason to believe Veronica when she says there will be a separation, even though we are equally conscious of the fact that anything Veronica says she is as likely to contradict completely the next day.

When John Detlie first went into service, Veronica could scarcely wait for shooting to finish on her current picture before she would pack herself, icebox, baby, maid and all up to Seattle where her husband was stationed. There she would stay until the last gasp before taking a plane back to begin a new picture.

Then rumors began to sift through (among them that she and John had disagreed on the wisdom of adopting the Joslin children) and Hollywood waited to see what Veronica would do when she had finished her work on "The Hour Before Dawn." Instead of hurrying back to Seattle and John, Veronica remained in Hollywood during her months of expectant motherhood when every woman would ordinarily prefer to be with her husband. Furthermore, John did not stay with Veronica on a recent Hollywood visit. When queried on the situation, he simply said, "Any statement should come from Mrs. Detlie."

FOR a little blonde who won't be twenty-four until November, Veronica has had quite a career. She was twenty when she married John Detlie. He was thirty-three and had been married before. She told me quite frankly that at the time of her marriage she didn't know much about taking on the duties imposed by a home and husband. Things weren't made any too easy for her, since at the same time she had to cope with the responsibilities of a brand-new career.

It was while she was at M-G-M, making "Forty Little Mothers," that she had met John Detlie, an art director. Not until months later did the town know there was a romance between them; it was too busy speculating about her supposed romance with a prominent producer, which proved to be just that—a "supposed" romance.

VERONICA LAKE



Center of current Hollywood talk: Veronica, top-draw star of "So Proudly We Hail"



Married at twenty, Veronica has had a career that has kept the columnists, the studio executives, the Hollywood gossips on their toes

That unfounded gossip caused Veronica many heartaches. The first Christmas she and John had together, she was preparing to entertain John's parents and her own for Christmas dinner. She was in the bedroom, putting the finishing touches to her make-up, when she turned on the radio and the first thing she heard coming out of it was, "Today at the Christmas table, Veronica Lake will take the place of his wife in the home of a prominent producer." Veronica now says, with some bitterness, "Someday I hope to meet the columnist who said that!" You've got to be pretty sophisticated at the age of twenty to know how to handle a situation like that. At that time she had lots of experience, but very little sophistication.

She did have one great bulwark: She was madly in love with her husband—so much that on one occasion when things began to get too thick she even bolted from the lot in the midst of making "I Wanted Wings" and drove to the side of her husband who was then on location in Arizona. The studio was in an uproar until she was finally located.

Later on, when she was working for Preston Sturges and she seemed to be getting fatter day by day, he asked if she was going to have a baby. She was too frightened to admit it. A few days later, when his wife was visiting the set, Veronica told her the truth. "Well," said Mrs. Sturges, "you'd better tell him immediately." Preston was upset, but he went right ahead shooting "Sullivan's Travels." They got through it all right, mainly because she wore old clothes, baggy trousers and didn't look too awful.

This time when Veronica admitted that she was going to have another baby, she was doing "The Hour Before

Dawn." She happened to have the same cameraman who photographed her in "Sullivan's Travels." He said, "Oh, well, we'll get through this all right. I photographed you before and I guess I can take care of it again."

I asked what kind of a part she played in her last one. "Oh, a complete reprobate as usual! I'm a Nazi spy, and unreformed to the bitter end." Then she added, "They're going to love me in the Reich. Herr Hitler will probably demand a command performance."

"Not until after I'd appeared in 'I Wanted Wings' did I realize that the public associated me with the same kind of role I played on the screen," she continued, "and inasmuch as I have played little else than slitches, that's the impression most people have of me."

She's old enough now to realize she can't blame them, especially with all the screwy things she's done and said. She never yet has given the same answer to the same question to any two people, and adds, "If I'd been born a man, I'd have been a tramp and more at home in a boxcar than in a living room."

When she was suggested for the Javanese girl in "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," the whole town held its sides laughing. All except Veronica.

Her dander was up and she decided to do something about it. She was smart enough to dig up an appropriate costume, get herself made up in a black wig and then, through skulduggery, arranged to be posing in the portrait gallery when De Mille walked in. He saw her in the make-up of the character, failed to recognize her and that sold him. And if they hadn't found out in time that she was going to have another baby, she might even have started the picture—which would have been just too bad for our little blue-eyed baby, because Mr. De Mille doesn't like to be fooled.

I asked if she was off salary while waiting for her blessed event.

She replied, "No, the studio has been wonderful. They're paying me right straight through."

"And," said I, "I suppose the minute you are divorced you'll remarry?"

She replied, "Well, I hope when and if I do that, I'll have a little more sense than I've had in the past."

It's natural that there should have been a tinge of bitterness in her tone as she said this. For the girl has tried—and tried hard—to hold her marriage together. Repeatedly she has thrown career to the winds in a manner that to a less potent box-office personality would have spelled oblivion.

But evidently the marriage hurdles have been too high. When two people are hundreds of miles apart it is discouragingly easy for misunderstandings to arise and difficult to explain them convincingly, especially in the boiling pot of war, stardom and parenthood.

I said it would take something drastic to bring Veronica and John together again. Perhaps that something has now happened in this tragedy that has come to them both. Out of heartbreak may come a measure of happiness.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES

Ann Rutherford



Sea-scene: Ann Rutherford of Twentieth Century-Fox's "I Escaped From Hongkong"

GUY with a GRIN

A tell-everything story about Van Johnson, the boy you'll remember not to forget

BY DAVID GREGGORY



These are the people Van talks about in superlatives—Judy Garland (above), Keenan Wynn (left), who before the accident was Van's favorite put-put pal



LONG lavender shadows of the lingering California twilight lay along the hills on the night when Van Johnson climbed into an automobile with his friends, Evie and Keenan Wynn, the son of Ed Wynn. Van had urged Keenan and his wife to accompany him to the studio to see a run-off of "Keeper Of The Flame." Van had already seen it a couple of times, but he's like that about his enthusiasms. Spencer Tracy being his favorite actor, he simply couldn't get enough of seeing him.

Before the trio left the house there was a laughing discussion about whose car they'd take and who would drive. Van won the toss-up. And that was one time Lady Luck had an ironic smile on her face and a double-cross in her heart. For it was Van who drove, taking his own convertible. "I'm so used to this buggy," Van would say, "it's as easy to handle as an aged pony."

But that night there was a fourth passenger in the car. Death was hitching a silent ride. He must have dropped off just before the crash came, for all

the others, thankfully, are here to tell the tale. He must have brushed against Van, though, before leaving, for though the others in the car were not even scratched, Van's life, for days afterward, hung in the balance.

It was one of those swift, incredible smash-ups, where no one really quite knows what happened. There was the usual jumble of waiting for an ambulance, blurred red-tape, confusion. It was two hours before Van, seriously hurt, was resting in a hospital. Fortunately, he could not know, that chaotic night, how slender a hope was held for his life.

The studio, of course, snapped to action. One of the greatest American brain specialists gave of his brilliant skill, drew upon all the magic-seeming resources of modern surgical science. One factor, incidentally, which made it possible for Van to survive a great loss of blood was the fact that he had been going to his local blood-bank as often as they'd allow him and his system had thus been accustomed, at regular intervals, to adjusting to an abnormal loss of blood.

For hours, Van says, his mind simply refused to accept what had happened. He told himself it was a bad dream, it would all pass. After all, the last picture he had made was set in a hospital. This would turn out to be part of that same set, distorted in some horrid nightmare.

Gradually, however, his consciousness forced him to know it was all too real—his crushed head, the awful weakness, the dark thought that he would not be able to go on working at the thing he loves. And that's when the qualities which show through in

the warmth of his screen personality came to the rescue. His unbeatable, twinkling sense of humor, for instance.

As soon as he was able to talk at all, he mentioned the fact that the very day of the accident, he'd been amused by a casual glance at a horoscope magazine. It indicated for those under his sign, Virgo, "—today is no day to let your accident insurance go unpaid."

"Guess after this," he grinned, "I'd better be more superstitious. I might have known, after reading that, that 'I should of stood in bed' that night, instead of traipsing out."

The doctors, at first, fully expected Van would be in the hospital for a year. His injury looked that serious. He not only startled them, but practically took their breath away by getting out and home to convalesce in a little over six weeks! When he was leaving the hospital, still much turbaned in bandages, his love of laughter rose above the confusion of getting collected and under way.

"Don't forget those shoes," he told a friend who was helping, alluding to the decidedly battered pair he'd worn the night of the accident. "Those number seventeen coupons are few and far between."

He had no idea how badly he'd been hurt for quite a while. He did get suspicious when he wasn't allowed any newspapers, but still it might be just the usual routine. He was a bit chagrined, too, that a nurse opened all mail before he got a look at it. One day, though, he did manage to sneak one letter for the first look. It was very sweet, but a bit frightening. "Please," wrote a very young girl fan, "don't die now. (Continued on page 81)"

Van Johnson



The guy you won't forget in "A Guy Named Joe"—Van Johnson by Hymie Fink

If I were Hollywood's



Comment on the Lamarr - Cantor pair: Oh Hedy! Oh Eddie! Oh Dottie!



The wedding tune of Don Ameche and Janet Blair — a smile-the-while air

... and just think what Maria Montez could wear as Red Skelton's bride



HAPPILY for the glittering denizens of Cinematown, I am not even remotely related to the little fellow called Cupid and when he picks up his magic bow and love-loaded arrows and starts to operate, I haven't the slightest influence on his aim. I've no inside dope on how he works—except that he works fast, and in Hollywood he seems to work even faster than in other places—but I've often wondered (haven't you?) what makes him do what he does when he does it.

If I were he, I might operate on any one of several theories of match-making. The obvious method would be to wed an actor to the actress most prominently identified as his screen wife or sweetheart, thus permanently linking Myrna Loy and William Powell, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan (making them a wedding present of a handsome tree) and Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson.

But that's just copying the casting directors and what do they know about love?

Another possibility might be to make the matches strictly in terms of euphony. That would bring together Clark Gable and Betty Grable, Michael O'Shea and Alice Faye, Joel McCrea

and Martha Raye, Franchot Tone and Simone Simon, John Qualen and Arleen Whelan, Nan Wynn and Errol Flynn, Ray Milland and Sally Rand, John Carroll and Glenda Farrell, John Sutton and Betty Hutton, Jack Haley and Cass Daley, Wendy Barrie and Harry Carey.

Still, you can see how unsuitable some of those combines would be—you could tell it before the echoes of the "I do's" had died away. No, you wouldn't catch me using *that* method.

Unlike the Boy with the Bow, I'd work up a good reason before I shot the arrows that would link two people for life, or for a couple of months. I'd put it on a scientific basis. For instance, here are some of the people I'd cause to adore each other—and in each case, here's why:

I'd like to see Hedy Lamarr become Mrs. Eddie Cantor, just so she could be called Hedy Cantor. Could you ask for anything more?

I'd bring Maria Montez and Red Skelton together, because both are "characters" in the most frightening sense of the word and their dialogue would be devastating while it lasted. I'd give them a scrapbook for a wedding present and on the marriage morn Maria could wear something old (Red's jokes), something new (a just-thought-

matchmaker by Dorothy Kilgallen



—who double-crosses Cupid
to give you a gay piece of
her mind in as provocative
a pairing as has appeared
in many a (honey)moon

ILLUSTRATED BY RONAY

ical love-honor-
l-obey pose of pos-
e pair Bette Da-
George Sanders

Talk about marriage
talk! Just take
Greta Garbo as the
wife of Vic Mature

up publicity stunt), something bor-
rowed (Dorothy Lamour's sarong,
which she borrowed anyway) and
something blue (the carbon copy of
one of her press releases). They'd
make a perfect pair, don't tell me
otherwise.

I'd merge Martha Raye with Mickey
Rooney just to see who'd wear out
first from all the dancing and yelling—
and because Martha wouldn't have to
change the "M.R." on her silver and
linens and letter paper and mono-
grammed nighties. And I'll bet their
fans would approve the nuptials, too!

I'd cause two smiles to beam as one
by mating Janet Blair and Don Ameche.
Those two look so happy all the time,
can't you just imagine how doubly
happy they'd look together? They're
not only both singers, which should
make for perfect harmony around the
house, but being the possessors of the
broadest grins and whitest teeth in
Hollywood, they should make enough
side money on toothpaste endorsements
to keep them in caviar year in and
year out.

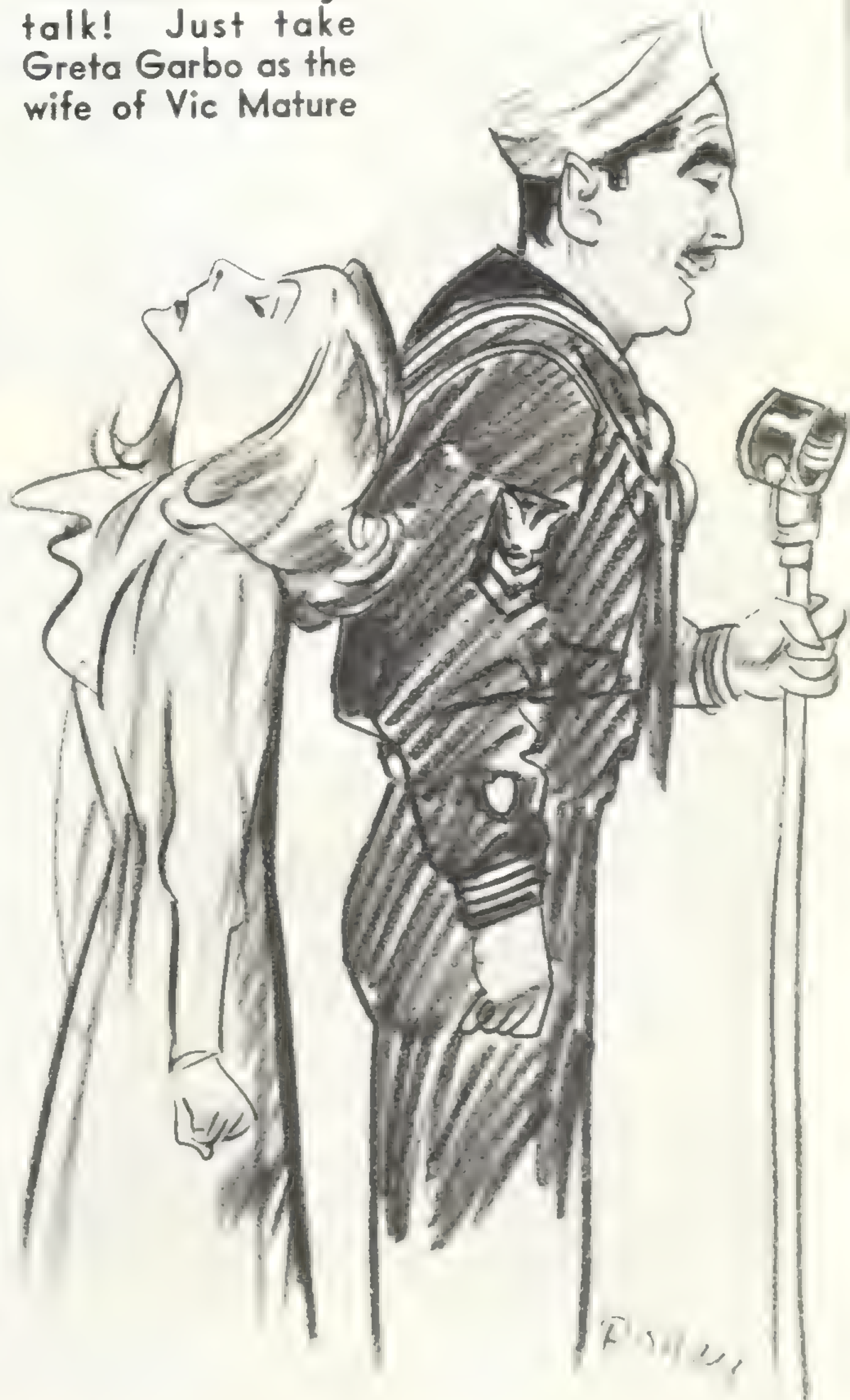
I'd make it a double wedding be-
tween Bette Davis and George Sanders
and Ida Lupino and Charles Laughton.
But I'd be careful to contract for ex-
clusive screen rights to all their scenes
together if the marriages didn't work

out—and you just *know* they wouldn't.

I'd engineer a romance between
George Montgomery and Betty Grable,
because they'd make such beautiful
cheesecake together. And also because
if Betty whispered "George" by mis-
take (which could happen so easily)
Mr. Montgomery wouldn't know it was
a mistake—and if on the other hand
he whispered "Hedy," she'd think he
was saying "Betty" with bad diction.

On the theory that husband and wife
should have similar personalities, I
would couple Gene Tierney and Johnny
Weissmuller, whose film careers indi-
cate both enjoy swimming in lagoons,
wearing tropical clothes and con-
versing in sentences no lengthier than
"Me girl. Me like you." Moreover,
they own the kind of torsos that ought
to be placed in fairly close proximity,
if only for the pictorial effect achieved
thereby.

Operating under the above-men-
tioned system I'd also bring the sophis-
ticated crowd together, possibly just
in one big bunch instead of two by two,
because it would be fun (at least it
always has been in their movies) to
let them try and figure out for them-
selves who belongs to whom. I'd just
take Cary Grant and Irene Dunne,
Joan Crawford and Robert Mont-
gomery, (Continued on page 86)





Dorothy
Lamour



Cydree
D'Hara



Rosalind
Russell



Judy
Garland



Alexis
Smith



Joan
Bennett



Alice
Faye



Deanna
Durbin



Michele
Morgan



Kaye
Doolittle



Joan
Crawford



Jeanette
MacDonald

Loose-Leaf On Livvie

Bind up these strictly personal notes on the life of Miss de Havilland and you'll have a Cover Girl volume that's the best reading of the month

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist



She uses Shadrack, gift of Capt. John Huston, for practice-play in her bark-like-a-dog trick



One of her favorite books is the Bible



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND decorates Photoplay's cover this month in a pose that millions of women like her have already adopted. She is the representative of that great—and growing greater—group of Women War Workers who take their places as mechanics at air fields, behind machines in factories, in a thousand other essential spots, to release a man for service.

In her time off from the set of "Government Girl" Livvie decorates the Hollywood Canteen, gives her smiling time to making a lot of service men a little bit happier.

She is a nice actress to visit on the set. She will tell you stories, or amuse the cast by drawing caricatures of them, or startle those who aren't wise to her trick by barking like a dog.

Let's go on some of the sets. When she was making "Princess O'Rourke" at Warners they couldn't get a little dog to bark on cue. "I'll bark," she said, and even the dog was surprised.

She made nine pictures with Errol Flynn. It was in the ninth picture that she came to like Flynn as a friend.

She and Ida Lupino play the Bronte sisters in "Devotion." She is Charlotte and Ida is Emily. Someone

suggested that it might have been nice if Joan Fontaine played the role of Emily. "Oh, Joan is connected with the picture indirectly," she said. She went on to explain. "In this picture, I, Charlotte Bronte, am writing a book and it is mentioned and discussed throughout the picture. The book is 'Jane Eyre.' Now you know Joan is in the picture, 'Jane Eyre.' So when the movie fans see her in it, they will probably say, 'Wasn't it nice of Olivia de Havilland to write such a good story for her sister?'"

She works hard at her task and is completely prepared for her assignment. She knows her lines, has her own conception of the character she is portraying and will fight to have her way if she is thoroughly convinced she is correct.

Therefore directors and producers often are puzzled by her. They don't expect this from a sweet-looking girl.

Her name is deceiving, also. It sounds fancy and made up for pictures. It is her real name and can be traced back to Sir Peter de Havilland, a supporter of Cromwell against Charles I. She is also a cousin of the manufacturer of the de Havilland bombing planes.

She was born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1, 1916. She is an American citizen. She came to America when she was three. She was educated at Saratoga, California, Notre Dame Convent; Los Gatos Union High



She is deft at drawing caricatures and amuses workers on all her sets by sketching them



She brushes her teeth at least six or seven times a day



She is an inveterate shelf-builder and closet cleaner-upper

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

School, and won a scholarship to Mills College, but gave it up in favor of a movie career.

When she first started in pictures, people politely referred to her as being naïve. She says she was dumb. She claims she believed everything she was told. She learned better.

She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred seventeen pounds. She has brown eyes and mouse-colored hair. She writes sentimental poetry, but won't let anyone see it. Her nickname is Livvie.

She insists that she remembers vividly the first time she was kissed. She'll tell you that after this kiss she ran home, sat on her bed in a daze and kept repeating, "I've been kissed. I've been kissed." She liked it, and still does.

SHE is very popular. She went with Howard Hughes, then Jimmy Stewart and Burgess Meredith, and now her favorite is Captain John Huston. She has said that the man she marries must be "lean and hard and dark. He mustn't be 'arty' or wear bow ties. He can't wear grease of any kind on his hair, and he must be intelligent."

She is always late to dates and appointments. She considers punctuality a very important attribute, but somehow she never can get ready on time. When a man

takes her out on a date, she likes to return the engagement by inviting him out. She is fond of dancing.

She can't resist magazine salesmen, is a closet straightener and a shelf-builder. Whenever she moves into a new house, she looks first to see if there is enough shelf space. Once she found enough shelf space, moved in and found she didn't have a dining room.

She resides in a small house off Coldwater Canyon. It is neatly furnished and exhibits her taste. She hasn't many friends, but she believes they are "true friends." She likes to have them in for a gabfest.

She is a good listener. In fact, so good that when men talk with her they invariably leave with the impression that she's a wonderful conversationalist.

She has a pet, a dog named Shadrack, given to her by Captain John Huston. She and the dog often bark at each other.

Off the screen her make-up consists chiefly of face powder and lipstick. She generally manicures her own nails.

She and her sister are great friends, despite some stories to the contrary. Of course they do quarrel occasionally, but it is never over professional jealousy. One evening, when she was dancing at the Hollywood Canteen, a soldier said to her, (Continued on page 89)



Enigmatic Hollywoodian No. 1: George Sanders of Columbia's "Appointment In Berlin"

Revealed!



The Strictly Private Life of George Sanders

It took months of tireless searching to track down these authentic, never-before-published facts in the life of Hollywood's gay deceiver

BY CARL FOSTER

MONTHS of patient sleuthing by our best Hollywood newshawks were required to produce this story.

Now, for the curious, Photoplay can reveal what until the present has been, in truth, the strictly private home life of George Sanders, can take you into the house George built for his bride, can tell you about Susan and explain the many other mysteries of this debonair deceiver.

George Sanders' marriage itself has been a mystery. Beyond the unrevealing news note that he supposedly took Susan Larson for his wife on October 17, 1940, at Hollywood's First Methodist Church, little of his marital status has been known.

Even when news of his marriage broke into print the skeptics said, "But where is the marriage license?" They proceeded to ransack the license bureaus of Los Angeles County without result, not thinking to look at the records down at Laguna, seventy miles south, where George had a beach house. No one, in fact, thought to accost the Reverend Glenn Phillips of the First Methodist Church in Hollywood for confirmation that he had performed the Sanders marriage. That is, until Photoplay started on the trail of the hidden life of George Sanders about which the star himself has said, "It's nobody's business. It would not make me a better actor for the world to know what I eat for breakfast."

THE Sanders romance was not a sudden infatuation. He and Susan met at Twentieth Century-Fox soon after his arrival in America, to renew a friendship which, some say, began years before in England.

Susan, whose parents came from



First proof of the first mystery in the Sanders life: A picture of his wife Susan

Sweden, as you might guess from her golden Nordic beauty, was born in the U. S. A. After being graduated from Hollywood High School she entered the California Christian College to study piano and pipe organ and finally to teach a music class there.

Her first job, according to a biographical form she herself filled out, was waitress at the Wilshire Brown Derby following the death of her father, a boss carpenter at the United Artists Studio, when he fell from a ladder. Here she had the good luck to be discovered by studio executives, given a

test at the Fox studios and put under contract. She appeared in "The Man Who Dared," "Walls Of Gold," "Three On A Honeymoon" and "Free Gold."

Music always has been her hobby. She also admits being "intrigued by airplanes." And historical novels and history are her choice in reading. Parallel tastes increased the basic attraction between her and George, no doubt.

They live, the Sanders, in West Hollywood, in a rambling English house built of dark timbers, cream stucco and brick. Their neighbors, not long ago, were unjustly indignant because George was quoted as saying he had built in a "lousy" part of town to save on taxes. What he actually said was that he had chosen West Hollywood instead of Beverly or Bel Air because the taxes were lower there.

The street upon which the Sanders live is charming, with houses set amid gardens and lawns. Surrounding streets, however, have less distinction, with their houses rapidly giving way to moderately priced apartments.

George built his house by telephone, so he says, with the slight shrug, amused grin and charming accent which make him so memorable on the screen. He gave his architect the rough plans he had sketched, later okayed the blueprints and, occupied by other things when the house was going up, checked on the progress by phone. There are things he wishes were different. But this doesn't worry him too much.

"Nobody ever gets exactly what he wants," he says. "When they built the *Queen Mary*, (Continued on page 100)

Anne Baxter



Little girl doing big things in Hollywood: Anne Baxter of Fox's "Paris, Tennessee"

All

About Anne



BY MYSELF

What happens when a girl turns informer

on herself? Plenty—especially when she's

a surprise-surprise gal like Anne Baxter!

I WAS a problem child. I used to have tantrums. If there was something difficult or unpleasant for me to do, I was horrid and couldn't be made to do it unless my parents gave me a reason why. It irked Mother, and no wonder, so I was taken to a psychiatrist. I was seven at the time. He asked me dozens of questions, but, true to form, I would not answer them. The analyst then left me alone in a room with a dictaphone hoping that I would talk to myself and thus yield up my complexes and neuroses. I kept mum. The poor man couldn't get anywhere with me and told Mother I had "out-smarted" him.

But the experience, seemingly fruitless, was to do something for me. It made me want to know myself. The idea didn't formulate at the age of seven, of course, but as the years went by I kept remembering all that questioning and probing and determined that I would try the same method on myself. I have tried and, although there are a few loose ends, I feel that, in the main, I know pretty much what I am all about; what I like, and why; what I want, and why; how I function best, and why.

I like to be independent. I wouldn't be a clinging vine to the sturdiest oak that grows. This is because, when I was a youngster, my parents often said to me, "Whatever you do is all right with us, but you have to do it well and make a living at it." This was fine with me because, as the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, the daughter of my mother, a brilliant, enterprising woman, and of my father, Kenneth Stuart Baxter, manager of the Frankfort Distilleries, I was conditioned to people who were functional as well as gifted. So the idea that I could be anything I wanted to be, but could not dabble at it, grew with me.

As a child, I could always entertain myself. This was partly because we moved quite a lot. Born in Michigan City, Indiana, on May 7, 1923 (astrologers, please note), my parents moved to Rye, New York, when I was four;

to White Plains a few years later; then to Chappaqua; and finally, to Bronxville, where their home is now. As a consequence, I skipped about from school to school.

I never was really alone because I knew, with my first conscious thought, that I wanted to be an actress. So I was constantly imagining myself as some character I'd read about in a book or seen on the stage, surrounded by all the other characters in the book or play. And they were my friends and playmates.

I STILL like to be alone and am living alone, for the first time in my life, in Hollywood. Being on your own stiffens your fibre. One of the greatest satisfactions in life is to take yourself by the scruff of your neck and say, "Do it now!"—knowing that there is no one else to make you.

I think I have found out that I have a sense of humor. Which means that nothing can ever hurt me—too much.

Know what I do when I am alone at night? I never want to go to bed. So I stay up until four o'clock in the morning, lie on the floor in front of the fire and listen to all the music that's played, from the newest modern things to Fourteenth Century church music. "Escapist" stuff? Of course. I am escaping from going to bed, which means the loss of consciously lived hours to me. And as music opens many doors, I escape from being sucked into too

great an absorption in my work which would be limiting.

In fact, my most important conclusion about myself is that I am quite tiresomely normal. As proof thereof, I submit the following data as it pops into my head:

I love clothes and adore jewels. I don't have to wear jewels. I feel no need to possess them but I love to look at them. I love big rings, have a heart-shaped ring, a black heart, which is my favorite, and hate little ones. I'm mad about emeralds, my birthstone. I'd like to have a mink coat. Healthily feminine, this, I hope?

I love color. Vivid color of any kind, red, cyclamen, magenta. I love gold gauze curtains with the sun flooding through and have them in my house.

I love humorous books. Sally Benson; Dorothy Parker; the "New Yorker" magazine. On the other hand, having a reasonable amount of intellectual curiosity, I try to keep myself informed on current events. I am interested in war strategy, child psychology, music and languages and can hold a fairly decent own on quite a range of subjects.

I love poetry, too. I'm crazy about Edna St. Vincent Millay and like Carl Sandburg better than Whitman. In fact, Sandburg's "Primer Lesson" is my favorite poem. "Be careful how you use proud words"—so true.

I like Robert Donat and Jean Gabin. The first day (Continued on page 105)

JANE EYRE

She was ready to marry
him without knowing what the
tormenting secret in his life
was, the secret that was to
bring horror to their
wedding day

Fiction Version
by
Dan Senseney

A Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Screenplay by
Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John
Houseman. From the novel by Charlotte Bronte.
Directed by Robert Stevenson. Copyright 1943
by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.

MY NAME is Jane Eyre. I was alone in the world except for my Aunt Reed who hated me and who put me in an orphanage where I spent long bitter years befriended by only one man, gentle Dr. Rivers.

When I was eighteen, I went as governess to Thornfield Hall. My charge was small Adele, ward of Mr. Edward Rochester, master of the Hall, who came to it only on short sudden visits. He was a dark, brooding type of man, by turns cold and indifferent, warm and friendly to me. The only other residents were Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, the servants and the "sewing woman" Grace Poole who lived alone in the mysterious Old Wing.

It was on Mr. Rochester's first visit

that the near-tragedy happened. Awakening one night to the smell of smoke I sped to his room to find his bed ablaze. I roused him and together we beat out the flames. He left me then and rushed to the Old Wing; but even on his return he offered no real explanation for what had happened.

He told me about Adele, though, how he had met her mother in France and how she had deserted him, leaving Adele, who, said he, "she declared was my child." Then with a strange expression he said, "You have saved my life tonight. I knew from the first you would do me good at some time. Good-night . . . Jane."

The next morning he rode away and it was six months before he came to

Thornfield again, this time with a gay party, led by Miss Blanche Ingram.

Through the gay days that followed I scarcely saw Mr. Rochester, for I was constantly at Miss Ingram's side. There was no reason, I told myself, for the sharp jealousy I felt, yet on that special night it seemed that the sight of them was more than I could bear.

I slipped away to the library, only to be followed by Mr. Rochester. "You are depressed," he said. But there was no time for him to say anything further for we were interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—a Mr. Mason of Jamaica.

He left me then, with a frightened expression on his face. I could not sleep, thinking of it—it was indeed

THE CAST

Edward Rochester.....Orson Welles
 Jane Eyre.....Joan Fontaine
 Adele Varens.....Margaret O'Brien
 Mr. Mason.....John Abbott
 Blanche Ingram.....Hillary Brooke
 Mr. Rivers.....John Sutton
 Grace Poole.....Ethel Griffies

I were waiting for the shuddering cry of torture that rang through the hall.

I ran to the gallery. Suddenly the door to the Old Wing swung open and there was Mr. Rochester, calmly explaining that one of the maids had had a nightmare, quietly sending his excited guests back to their rooms.

A few minutes later there was a light tap on my door. I went to him and at his gesture followed him down the hall to the Old Wing. Then, at the door, he stopped. "Jane," he said, "what you see may shock you, but I beg you, no matter what the appearance, you must trust me."

I nodded wordlessly. He pushed open the door, and we went in.

IT WAS a large, square room, with walls of cold stone. At one side was a bed with its curtains drawn and near the bed, half hidden by a torn and dirty tapestry, a small door.

Without pausing, Mr. Rochester led me to the bed and drew aside one of the curtains. For one second the breath left my body—then, mindful of my promise, I fought and regained control of myself.

A man lay across the bed, unconscious and scarcely breathing. One of his sleeves was soaked with blood. It was the Mr. Mason who had come to Thornfield a few hours before.

My employer gave me no time to wonder. He thrust the candle into my hand and quickly fetched water and a sponge. Ripping away the sodden shirt, he washed the man's wounded arm clean. Then he said: "Jane, I shall have to leave you in this room with this gentleman while I fetch a surgeon. You will sponge the blood as I do now. If he comes to, you will not speak to him on any account! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I whispered.

"Whatever happens, do not move from here. Whatever happens, do not open a door, either door."

He gave me the sponge and hurried to the door by which we had entered. He went out and I heard the key grate in the lock.

For a moment, in a daze, I bathed Mr. Mason's wound, a jagged, ugly scar in the flesh, as if by doing so could keep at bay the fear that lurked in the dark corners of that vast room. But hardly had Mr. Rochester's steps faded away when from behind the

Whenever I was near Edward, I felt a strange compulsion, even greater than the force of his arms about me



other door there burst a sound of such indescribable horror that if he had not bade me so sternly not to move I should have screamed and fled. It was a snarling noise, like the ravening of an untamed mongrel dog, and yet there was something human in it too. It rose to a peak of hatred and despair and then mingled with it there was the sound of a violent struggle and a sharp twang, like a snapped rope.

An instant later the little door was shaken and battered. It strained and quivered on its hinges under the assault of something—some embodiment of elemental fury. At any second it seemed as if the frail lock must give way and the door crash open. But still

I sat, applying the sponge with trembling fingers to Mr. Mason's limp arm. I would not—could not—stir. "No matter what happens," he had said.

Suddenly the commotion stopped and there was a heavy thud as if the creature had fallen, exhausted. After that, silence, utter and complete.

DAWN was filling in the narrow windows of the room with gray when Mr. Rochester returned. With him he had a man who waved me aside and lifted Mr. Mason's head, passing a bottle of aromatic salts under his nostrils. I stood and watched, feeling battered and sore and terribly weary. After a moment Mr. Mason's eyes opened slowly. (Continued on page 93)

"THE LESSON I'LL

Cool, calm and collected facts about six



"It really began," says Barbara Stanwyck, "when I was chosen to make a speech at a banquet in grammar school. I was frightened stiff at the thought, but I was determined to do it and rehearsed like mad for days and days. When the big evening came and my name was called, I rose, swallowed several times and finally muttered, 'Silence is golden.' It was all I could think of. I sat down, amid a thick hush.

"I have worked ever since to try to overcome that shyness that has dogged me for years.

"It was when I agreed to go on a Bond-selling tour not long ago that something happened to me. When I got up the first time to talk about Bonds all the rehearsed words and sentences left me. Suddenly it seemed to me that what I had to say was too important for parrot phrases. I haven't the faintest notion of what I said. But whatever it was, it seemed to sell Bonds.

"And I realized that if you have something to say and you really want to say it you forget about yourself!"



"It was New Year's Eve," says Dennis Morgan.

"I'd got a job singing, just for the evening, in a cheap little Chicago night club. A few minutes before midnight the band swung into its 'hottest numbers' and I prepared to give and give. I don't know why I hadn't anticipated it, but I hadn't. The customers were nearly all drunk and they began to heckle me. What I wanted to do most was to climb down from the platform and paste a lot of customers right in the nose. But the manager, an anxious little chap, kept whispering to me from the wings. 'Think nothing of it!' he urged. 'Let it roll off you. Remember you're an artist!'

"I thought about the check I was to receive and I let it roll off me.

"Later on, when I came to Hollywood, I took an awful pushing-around. But I kept remembering the lesson of that night: 'Let it roll off you. Remember . . . you're an artist!' It helped.

"I don't think that anybody's criticism, anybody's heckling, could defeat me now."

"I've learned," says Joan Leslie, "that I must be allowed to make my own mistakes. When you are new in a picture job or any other job, there are dozens of nice people who want to tell you how to get along.

"On my first film job I listened to those people. The advice went something like this. Someone said, 'You must be nice to everyone, right down to the lowliest messenger boy.' And five minutes later someone else said, 'You must learn to be aloof. You have a position to maintain.'

"This sort of thing went on and on, until suddenly it dawned on me that I must decide things for myself. If I made a serious mistake, then I must take the consequences and profit by it.

"I don't think you really learn anything from an experience which isn't your own. Your own bruises and triumphs mean something to you. The bruises and triumphs of your Uncle Joe or your Aunt Emma sound like something you've read. Maybe, after you've experienced some of those things, you can apply other people's experiences to your own. But, at first, you just have to make your own mistakes!"



NEVER FORGET — ”

stars' most crucial moments

“For some reason” says Ida Lupino, “I used to imagine that people were always talking about me.

“Then, one evening, my mother and I were at the Brown Derby. Opposite us was a group of people, heads together. I kept saying ‘I know they’re talking about me.’

“Presently a friend of ours joined that other group, talked with them a few moments and then came to speak to us. ‘They’d like to meet you,’ he said, brightly.

“I was so pleased to know that they thought I was attractive that I welcomed the chance to meet them. But my real ‘come-uppance’ came when the most romantic-looking man said, suddenly, ‘What do you think of the Dodgers’ chances this year?’

“It dawned on me that no one had really been discussing me. I swung into focus and got a perspective on myself. What I’d thought was an inferiority feeling had really been exaggerated ego! I wasn’t as important as I’d thought!”

“I learned about money,” says Dana Andrews, “when, friendless and alone, I cracked that last ten-dollar bill in New York.

“I’d never had much of the stuff for my own. And when I inherited an amount which was slightly over a thousand dollars, I took off instantly for New York. Suddenly I found myself with nine dollars and fifty cents of my last ten dollars. No job. No prospect of a job. No friends.

“I hope I shall never feel as lost, as alone, as helpless, again.

“Well, as you all probably know by now, I hitchhiked to Hollywood. It wasn’t a pleasant experience. After I got here it was years before I had my break. That wasn’t pleasant, either. Some of that thousand dollars would have eased those bumps.

“It will never happen to me again. Whenever I earn a dollar, part of it goes into War Bonds. When I get change for a five-dollar bill, I automatically tuck a little of it in a separate pocket for Future Use. It’s a complex now, but it’s a useful one.”

“As an actress,” says Alexis Smith, “you meet dozens of dozens of people during an average day. But you never have time, actually, to get to know people.

“So, when people I had admired turned out not to be worthy of it, I was hurt and disappointed.

“One evening, when I was smarting under a special personal disappointment, I went to a dinner party. I found myself sitting next to a friendly and interesting man and presently I found myself telling him all about my latest and most bruising experience. He smiled, with understanding. Then he said something very important.

“‘You must learn to give your hand to many—your heart to only a few.’

“It didn’t mean anything much to me as he said it. But I kept thinking about it afterward. I translated it for myself. ‘Be friendly to everyone. Save your real heart for your nearest and dearest. Don’t squander your real emotions.’

“It was months before I learned that my dinner partner had been Dr. Bert Frohman, one of Hollywood’s foremost psychoanalysts. He taught me much that night!”





The girl who's in love with Sidney Luft: Lynn Bari of Fox's "Tampico"

My

Cue to any woman

I ADMIT I'm in love with Sidney Luft and he admits he's in love with me—but that's as far as the story goes yet. You see, I won't be free to consider marriage until next November . . . so our love story isn't finished at all!

But if you want to hear an unfinished love story, here it is:

I suppose it's not very original, but I always seem to identify what happens to me in life with songs. And the song I identify with meeting Sid for the first time goes something like this:

"When you're at the bottom looking up at the top—
There's no place to go but up!
Can't go this way, can't go that way—
Can't go sideways, can't go back way—
There's no place to go but up!"

The point is, I was at the bottom emotionally. I had just ended my marriage—and this always leaves a woman lost and unhappy, no matter how inevitable the separation is.

So that was why my friends were trying to find someone who'd make me laugh again. They came up with a big assortment of laugh-makers, but most of them left me gloomier than ever—until the Bill Goodwins remembered they knew a crazy flyer named Sid Luft. Mrs. Goodwin phoned me about it the minute they thought of him. "Come to dinner tomorrow night, and we'll have him here," said she.

Well, I came to dinner. But he didn't—not for two hours. We waited dinner all that time, while I sat tapping my feet (in specially bought new shoes) and built up a grudge against anyone who'd inconvenience three people as much as that. I had just decided to deliver a speech on this impossibly rude flyer and then go home—when the doorbell rang, then the door opened without waiting for a Goodwin to open it and in he came.

The only way I can describe it is to say that when he entered that room it was suddenly full of gaiety and laughter. He had so much vitality that he didn't seem to walk in, he sprang in—six feet worth of magnetism and noise

unfinished love story

facing a romantic situation: Treat it in this intriguingly different manner

BY

Lynn Bari

and fun. He has wavy brown hair and a big grin and dark brown eyes, but I didn't notice that for a good hour. All I noticed was the racket he made, explaining how he'd been testing a plane out at Douglas where he works and that's why he'd been delayed. And then suddenly we were all through dinner and I realized I'd hardly tasted my very fancy steak—because I'd been laughing so much, for the first time in months!

LEFT the next day for a three-weeks Bond tour with Ronald Colman. But all those hectic three weeks while we were dashing to make five shows a day every once in a while I'd think of that absurd Sid and I'd chuckle to myself. And it seemed just right, as I was turning the key in my apartment door at the finish of the tour, to hear the phone ringing inside—and when I got to it, to hear Sid at the other end of the wire.

We've been with each other as much as possible since then. We have dinner at my home or at a quiet restaurant like the Cock 'n' Bull or Mrs. Weiss's. Saturday night is the Big Night Out to us the way it is to the rest of America these days—then we really get dolled up and take in Ciro's, the Mocambo, The Players. But wherever we are, I'm the straight woman of the act, Sid is the comic—and I am laughing and laughing.

Sometimes, of course, I stop laughing. In the nine months we've known each other we've had some adventures that never happen to other people in a lifetime. For instance, there was the time I went East to the President's Birthday Ball and, incidentally, to the New York opening of "China Girl." Sid saw me down to the station, smothered me with orchids and candy and was waving insanely when the train pulled out. I watched him as long as I could from the back platform and then went inside feeling that he was as safely and securely a part of my life as the earth is. That is, until two days later when I got to Chicago. I was topping over to lunch with some friends, among them Mrs. Mack Gordon, the songwriter's wife, who was to travel East with me.

I should have known something was up by the way they stopped talking



The man who's in love with Lynn Bari, seen with her at The Players: Flyer Sid Luft, six feet of magnetism and gay fun

when I reached their table in the Pump Room. They all looked strained and unhappy and every now and then during lunch they'd lapse into a worried silence. But I didn't put two and two together (to spell "Something's happened to Sid") until a waiter came up and said, "Miss Bari, there's a phone call from California for you—a Mr. Mack Gordon."

Then I really got scared. Why would he be calling me instead of his wife, who was sitting right next to me? I got up and grabbed the phone and he told me . . . Sid had crashed the day before on his way to Palm Springs, testing a plane. He was in the Santa Monica Hospital now and he was very seriously burned.

Well, I hung up so fast Mack was still trying to finish a sentence and I put in a call for the Santa Monica Hospital. My knees wouldn't hold me and by the time I heard Sid's voice I was

almost reeling. But I heard him say "Hello" faintly and once he heard my voice, his own got just as strong and vigorous as ever. (Later I found out what an effort it was for him to produce that voice—he was on the edge of dying.) Anyway, he convinced me that he was healthier than he'd ever been in his life and I was simple enough to believe him. So I continued my trip . . . meanwhile running up phone bills to Santa Monica that must have made Mr. Bell Telephone Company rub his hands with pleasure.

THREE weeks later I flew home and I went right from the airport to the hospital. I'll never forget the shock of walking into his room.

What was in that bed wasn't Sid at all. His face, arms and legs were completely covered with the sulfa drugs they use to cure burns nowadays, with no bandages. (Continued on page 102)



This is Robert Walker of "Bataan." His bouncing-boy era was spent in Salt Lake City; his teen-time in a military school; his talented maturity in a grateful Hollywood. As a wife, he has Jennifer Jones; as the apple of his eye, two sons; as his fate, the shining light of stardom



This is Martha Scott of "Hi Diddle Diddle." She is the little person with the haunting eyes whom no one ever recognizes off screen. She is not athletic; she is not intellectual; she is a seasoned actress. She has a husband, Carleton Alsop, a "Junior" son, and a great future

WHO'S NEWS



FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE:

When Ray McDonald began tapping his way to fame in M-G-M's pictures, he kept assuring people he had a sister Gracie. Who cared? Apparently no one but Universal Studios, who signed Ray's delectable little sis to a contract and discovered they had not only a dancing honey on their hands but a genuine little actress who climbed up through such pictures as "What's Cookin'?", "Strictly In The Groove" and "It Ain't Hay" to a second lead in episode two of Charles Boyer's picture "For All We Know." Now it seems people all over the country care about Gracie and especially the thousands of soldier boys whom she visits in various camps during every spare minute away from her work. A medal to match her very blue eyes should be given to Gracie for her endless efforts to entertain our uniformed lads.

Born in Boston, Gracie decided, when just eight years old, to be a somebody and began crowding in so many ballet, voice and drama lessons her family felt like a continual vaudeville audience. Then tragedy struck. At eleven Gracie was stricken with rheumatic fever and lay abed a year. Her heartbreaking attempts to take up her dancing sent her back to bed for still another year. Brother Ray guided her slowly back to health with gradual exercises and at fourteen the pair were the sensation of New York night clubs and vaudeville shows. A good part in the musical "One For The Money" brought on her Hollywood contract.

Gracie's an old-fashioned girl. Her father, William McDonnell (her real name), is a government movie censor and mother is a real homemaker. Gracie helps with the dishes, fixes up the house, makes a garden, listens to Dad's criticism of her work. Her voice is low and soft and her nose points due north—so cute she is, so little, so—well, that's why she's a Who's News-er.



SIX FOOT TWO, EYES OF BROWN:

When the picture "The Moon Is Down" was previewed in Hollywood, the town knew a star was rising. He was German Peter Van Eyck (pronounced Ike), playing the role of the confused Nazi who sought love and found death with Dorris Bowdon.

Born in Berlin, he saw, as a lad, the insidious rising of the Nazi cobra, and fled. For five years he lived between Paris and London, writing his songs and stage-managing plays. In 1935 he visited New York, met lovely Ruth Ford, the actress, and returned in two years to marry her. He wrote songs and plugged them for several New York music publishers. He took a job at "Newsweek," tried summer stock with his wife and then came to Los Angeles to take the only job he could find—driving a furniture truck. He climbed down off that truck to take his "Moon Is Down" role, go on to Paramount's "Five Graves To Cairo" as another Nazi and then sign a Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

He's mad for Shelly, his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, has his American citizenship papers, is natural, has a funny haircut, is restless in body and mind, likes to keep moving, has brown eyes, a mere suggestion of a dimple, stands way up about six foot two, shops for furniture at Sears Roebuck for the Hollywood cottage in which he, Ruth and baby live. You'd like him.

A new-and-different way to get to know those new-and-different Hollywood headliners

THE GIRL BEHIND THE VOICE:

She could dance but she couldn't sing. In the chorus of the Cotton Club she danced so well orchestra leader Noble Sissle signed her to dance with his orchestra and sing a few ditties not too well. Then Lena Horne, tall, slender Negro, got married, moved to Pittsburgh, had a baby girl and three years later, single again, was back in New York needing a job. Singing with Charlie Barnet's band was her chance. That was the discovery of those rich contralto-blue tones that sent her zooming to New York's famous Cafe Society Club, the Blackbirds Review of 1941, the Savoy-Plaza and movies, where she toured from "Panama Hattie," "Cabin In The Sky," "Right About Face," "Private Miss Jones" on to "Stormy Weather." Lena doesn't know how she came by her newly found voice. She knows only that it won her one of the Newspaper Guild's awards for the year's best achievement in music circles (among others), got her a contract at M-G-M studios, sent her up to San Francisco to christen the George Washington Carver ship, has given her a hilltop cottage where she lives with little Gail, now five.

Reads? She reads everything, makes phonograph albums, gathers with her musical friends, has a squarish face, slightly pug nose that's cute and a dozen or so freckles scattered here and yon. She spent most of her little-girl days in Brooklyn, though a separation in the family sent her for a while to live with an uncle, dean of a school in Georgia. For all of Brooklyn, she never says "soitoinly" or "dem bums."



BY SARA HAMILTON

PIXIE:

When Ginger Rogers married Nazi Walter Slezak in "Once Upon A Honeymoon," a new type came to the screen. Walter has a cherub's face, an easy manner. His Viennese accent is slight, but his waistline isn't. He's smooth and twinkly and the best farmer in Bucks County, Pa. He'll have none of that phony artiste farming colony. Walter, when not in pictures, is up at six, plows, rakes, feeds hogs, milks cows and rides his tractor, bouncing like a bowl of jello, all over Pennsylvania. His farm pays. It had gosh-darn better!

Walter grew up in a theatrical atmosphere in Vienna, where he was born May 3, 1902. His father, a well-known tenor, was a popular figure at the Metropolitan. Walter worked at banking in Vienna until Mike Curtiz, then a director at U. F. A., talked him into acting. After three years of silent films in Austria, he came to the New York stage. Director Leo McCarey kept talking to Walter about our movies and finally when "Once Upon A Honeymoon" came along Walter accepted the role.

He gave Charles Laughton a run for his money as another Nazi in "This Land Is Mine" and went on to play an old "rephellion" in "The Fallen Sparrow." In 1935 he became an American citizen. He's a bachelor, stands six feet two, loves food, has a constant good humor and wishes he didn't have to play Nazis. Oh yes, he names his farm animals after Hollywood stars. You'd die if you knew the name of his biggest cow.





You remember "Big Jim" as the intern in "Kitty Foyle"
you'll never forget him in his latest—M.G.M.'s
"The Human Comedy"

CRAIG'S LIFE

What he can't do well,
he insists on doing. What he
can do well, he often
doesn't. He's Jim Craig,
a man to give you pause

JOHN R. FRANCHEY

LIKE skinning cats, there are many ways to Fame and Fortune. Some moil, others toil. Some pray, while others play. Some scheme, others dreams. Some huff, while others puff. James Craig, the likeliest replacement for Clark Gable in sight, did none of these. What he did do was to serve notice on Fame and Fortune that he was coming through and that he wanted no trouble. The issue was never in doubt. Thoroughly cowed—bullied, you might say—the two F's prudently stepped aside. And that was all there was to it.

In slow motion it makes pretty interesting (and almost incredible) watching.

The time is 1936, the season is summer, the place is a flagstop in East Texas, and the man, one James Meador, late of the Rice Institute football team and now a traveling trouble-shooter for General Motors, is out of sorts. He has seen every movie in town at least once and there is nothing to do in town but pick up a babe and take her to a movie he has already seen—either that or just sit up in his hotel room wondering how come Hollywood was running out of good pictures. One thought leads to another which, in turn, leads to an inspiration. Maybe Hollywood was running out of good actors. Come to think of it, the industry wasn't exactly overcrowded with male talent. Let's see. There was Gable, Tracy . . . But where did you go from there? The \$64 ques-

tion got a \$64 answer: "Jim Meador."

He was so elated with his answer to the riddle of the Hollywood bottleneck that he talked his boss into pushing his vacation up a couple of weeks, ordered his first tailor-made suit (an eighty-five-dollar job), tossed a Gladstone bag into his yellow roadster and took off for Hollywood.

Three days later he pulled up in front of the studio, parked the yellow job and strolled up to the front gate. A studio cop moseyed over and asked him his business. Jim told him: He had stopped by to look up an old Texas pal, Oliver Hinsdell. The studio cop duly relayed the message and a few moments later Mr. Hinsdell's assistant appeared at the gate.

"Mr. Hinsdell is out of town," the assistant said cheerily, "but a friend of Mr. Hinsdell's is a friend of mine. Come on in." And he led the way past the gendarme into a large cool office.

The first thing Jim did was to make a clean breast of it: He didn't know Hinsdell from Houdini. Next, he clapped those big hams of his on the assistant's shoulders.

"Take a look at me," he thundered, "and tell me whether or not I'm right for pictures." His poise recovered, Mr. Hinsdell's assistant said his say. "If you've got a job back in Texas, for the love of Pete fly away home. The Little Theater is always a good bet if you're really serious. And you might start taking diction lessons—lots of them."

They were shaking hands when the assistant added a postscript.

"Oh, yes, it wouldn't do any harm to send Mr. Hinsdell a few photographs of yourself."

Whereupon, "Big Jim" returned to Houston—to dramatic lessons and the Little Theater.

One day, six months later, he listened to a playback of himself doing the



Jim, his wife Mary Ray and James Meador Jr., the beloved "Bub" of the Craigs' life

"Gettysburg Address," beamed inside, called up his diction teacher and announced that as of that moment he had graduated. Then he went out and had some photographs taken and shipped them to Oliver Hinsdell.

A month later he was in Hollywood, talking on the phone to Hinsdell and being invited to "Put on your best store-boughten clothes and get over here right away." The gods were on Jim's side. That very minute, as it happened, Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, and Ted Lesser, in charge of talent, were interviewing potential new players.

The Messrs. Zukor and Lesser looked Jim over, somewhat aghast.

"What have you done?" Lesser got around to asking.

"Here. You can see my scrapbook," Jim said, whipping out the battered account of his triumph in the Houston Little Theater as Boze in "Petrified Forest."

The Messrs. Zukor and Lesser roared. Lesser came up with a proposition.

"Supposing you put in six weeks studying with Hinsdell, at the end of which time we'll give you a screen test. If you're any good, we'll give you a contract. Okay?"

Jim took a deep breath.

"I'm a guy with a job which I don't propose to toss over for any deal like that. I'm ready to play ball. I'll study and improve myself—if I get a contract. Otherwise, I'll try the other studios."

Three days later the contract was signed.

LIFE at Paramount proving a bore and a blight, Jim handed them back their contract and took off for New York to acquire experience.

He arrived in town as James Craig (he got the idea from the play "Craig's Wife") and, new name and all, started calling on the trade. In two shakes he had landed a flashy part in "Missouri Legend." And who should come back-stage opening night but Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, to offer him a fat role in what turned out to be a lean epic called "North of Shanghai."

"North Of Shanghai" was good enough to prompt Universal to offer "Big Jim" a term contract. He was stymied cold, thanks to a series of stinkers. The casting director, after glimpsing him in action, told Jim bluntly that he was a hopeless case, as follows:

"Your voice is too high, your neck is too thick, you deport yourself like a prize-fighter and, incidentally, you can't act."

But there was one man in Hollywood (besides "Big Jim") who believed in "Big Jim." His name was Harold Rose, aide-de-camp of agent Myron Selznick. When Sam Wood happened to mention that he was casting about for someone to play the young intern in RKO's "Kitty Foyle," it was inevitable that Rose should shriek: "Cease firing.



The Craig back-to-the-soil work is now carried on at his Valley ranch

James Craig is your man." And James Craig was. A week later RKO took over his contract from Universal.

A half-dozen pictures, paced by "Kitty Foyle," and Craig was in. At which point M-G-M forked over the necessary lettuce and Citizen Craig moved over to Culver City.

At close quarters, "Big Jim" Craig is a breezy party who is always either smiling, chuckling or roaring with laughter, probably over how he pulled a fast one on Fame and Fortune. He looks as much like an actor as does the Archbishop of Canterbury and he's glad of it.

"First, last and always I'm a human being," he says. "Acting is what I happen to be doing for a living at the moment."

What he has reference to, no doubt, is the long string of jobs he held between the time he quit Rice and the time he got that fancy connection at \$250 per month with General Motors, among them oilfield roughneck, race-track attendant, truck driver, haberdashery salesman and lots more that take him back to his days as a student at Austin P. Normal Junior College in Tennessee, days when he was burning to become a great surgeon. He doesn't regret leaving his native Tennessee, where his father was a contractor, to go to Texas. Not on your life.

Texas is Jim's idea of paradise. He talks Texas. He dreams of Texas. He longs for Texas. In fact, the only thing he holds against his wife is the fact that she didn't come from Texas.

Where he did meet his beautiful wife, nee Mary Ray and the daughter of a high Navy man, was on a visit to

the Selznick lot where he was tested a dozen times for the part of *Rhett Butler*.

He knew the Ray lady was for him—if she would have him—the minute he held her in his arms, as called for in the script. It took six months of violent courting, but come the April dandelions (1938) they were married. And a year or so later the Craig scion, James Meador, Jr., dubbed "Bub," arrived on the scene.

Never was father more doting, never was sire more proud. Bub had hardly turned two when "Big Jim" decided to take a personal hand in his education. He came home one night with a book on Texas heroes and began limning aloud for young Bub the glories of Davy Crockett, "Big Foot" Wallace, James Bowie and the rest of the Lone Star immortals.

After Bub had fallen asleep Mrs. Craig wondered, tactfully, if two wasn't a bit too previous for gory recitals of war, and work, and woe.

"You don't want him to grow up to be a pantywaist, do you?" Jim came back.

Bub's chances of becoming a pantywaist are just about negligible.

In his not-too-strenuous days as a Rice football hero, Jim picked up a nice golf game which he transported to Hollywood. It's scrapped now, along with his other ex-hobbies, such as swimming, tennis and gin rummy. His current obsession is farming which he perpetrates as hobby, exercise and business venture on a two-acre "ranch" pitched on a hill in the San Fernando Valley.

He can't sing well, but he does. He can dance well, but he doesn't. Rambunctious, he can subside like a spent gale when necessary; gabby, he's wonderfully silent in the presence of talkers with something to say. Tough as a boot, he is slow to anger, happy-go-lucky and a bit sentimental. Direct in speech, he can quote Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth by the yard. He wishes he were, variously, a poet, piano player and bacteriologist.

He goes in for friends. For laughs, give him his agent, William Rose, currently absent from his tenpercenting and concentrating on "selling" the Four Freedoms—in uniform, of course. For philosophy and inspired talk, he'll settle for Director George Stevens. For roistering, he'd just as soon have Victor Mature as anybody—when Vic's around. Interestingly enough, his big-brother friendship with the Hunk's ex-betrothed, Rita Hayworth, is also of long standing, dating way back to the time when he was James Meador and she Rita Cansino.

About his career he talks little, dreams much. Mostly his immediate objective is to snag an Academy Award. Chances are he will do it.

After that?

Well, one world at a time.

THE END



Dear Sir:

I believe Miss Claudette Colbert is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.

In the first place, she uses such pleasant, good taste. Where others appear startling, or stilted, she merely looks dainty and natural.

Second, she is original in a conservative way. Where others are often veritable copy cats, she selects what is becoming to her, and doesn't abandon her lines and colors, simply because 9-10 actresses are wearing. Let's say variegated colored slacks.

Last of all, she does not seem to be clothes conscious. She has the "savoir faire" without the affectedness of a Lady Bess Burdett.

Sincerely,
Shirley E. Sandhoff

Who is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood? Seven style experts, in March Photoplay, chose Rosalind Russell; Photoplay then proposed that its readers give their own ideas about the star who should carry off the laurels. Winner, by vote, was Claudette Colbert, star of "So Proudly We Hail"; the winning letter, by Shirley Sandhoff of New Baltimore, Maryland, is at the left. To Miss Sandhoff goes the \$25 War Bond; to the readers, a look at Miss Colbert's personal wardrobe by Travis Banton. Above: Strikingly simple gold wool suit worn with brown accessories

5th Annual
WINNER



Tip-off from a winner on how to choose winning clothes. Says Miss Colbert: "If you're short, don't go in for contrasting colors in suits; wear a light frill at the neckline to draw the eye up; never overpower yourself with a large hat. Keep your suit-smartness evident by wearing only one piece of jewelry. If you're wearing white gloves, be sure they're always immaculate!"

Designed for the stage of "So Proudly We Hail"! A satin cocktail suit with bracelet-length sleeves. A huge bunch of white lilacs tied with ribbon make her bonnet

Best Dressed
WINNER



from C.C.: "Be feminine
in the evening; if your
dress is a lacy type, don't
overload it with jewelry.
Wear your hair simply
and don't have too fussy
ornament in it. Choose
a black dress, if you like
black (and it's smart)
for evening, but be sure
it is very feminine. Al-
ways keep your clothes
as well-groomed as
you do yourself; an un-
pressed dress or uneven
hemline can ruin the
romantic career of the
prettiest girl in town."

Miss Colbert's dinner
dress: A new-type sheer-
sleeved with lace inserts
in the bodice and cas-
cading down the skirt.
Her clip is of diamonds



① To the Chinese go the plaudits for this suit of Elizabeth's that's getting a star looking-over from Paulette Goddard of "So Proudly We Hail." The checked jacket has braid to match the skirt and fastens with Chinese red and gold pins that are fall style-setters

Suit: Black and white check with black skirt, red and green check with green skirt, beige and brown check with brown skirt. About \$10.95. Sizes 9-15.

Hat: Bumper beret of Tish-u-felt. In all fall colors. About \$6.95. Size 22 fits all heads.

② ANYWHERE any time you look at this, it will look like a suit. It's a two-piecer of spun rayon with matching trick little buttons making an eye-catching pattern all over the jacket and with crisp piqué at the neck to give a white-collar note

Dress: In gray or brown. About \$8.95. Sizes 9-15.

Hat: Bumper beret with large pins and soft veiling. In all fall colors. About \$6.95.



Suitables for September

Mark it up as a date—to go buy these
starmaker finds worn by Elizabeth
Dailey, endorsed by Paulette Goddard

③ Here's a sweater with a smart disguise—it achieves that expensive hand-made look by being just hand-sewn in the top-drawer cable stitch

Sweater: Scarlet, white, pink, blue, maize, Miami tan, glass green, navy, lilac. About \$5.50. Small, medium or large. Also with long sleeves.

Skirt: All wool plaid combining green or brown with red. About \$6.50. Sizes 12-18.



⑤ A popular-around-the-globe star-maker: A checked jacket, seventy percent wool and thirty percent rayon, with patch pockets and braid trim.

Jacket: Black and white, brown and white, green and white. About \$8.95. Sizes 12-20.

Skirt: Black, brown, green, navy, red or RAF blue. About \$4.50. Sizes 12-20.

Scarf: "Jewel Mist," soft as cloud, warm, too. Pastel and high shade combinations. About \$2.

Pin: Furry-wurry, a new fur novelty pin, any animal of your choice. About \$1.00.

The beret, in fall colors and sizes, about \$6.95.

④ The young know-everything set is jumping up and down cheering the return of the jumper dress. Elizabeth's, of gabardine, has the very new trouser top to the skirt. The blouse is of plaid. In natural or red gabardine with plaid blouse. About \$12.95. Sizes 9-17.

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see p. 110

PHOTO
Star-Ma
Fashion

Sight Unseen

Take a gander at this game, then call yourself a goose if you can't name the glassed-in stars!

TO score yourself on this test, first see if you can identify the photographs. Then, under each photograph, you will find two statements about the star with three answers, one of which is correct. Write down the number of the statement and the letter of the answer you think is correct, then fill in the name of the star in the space allotted. The answers are on page 90.

1. She is known as Metro's glorified Mrs. because:
 - A. She is so happily married.
 - B. She has played so many married roles.
 - C. She has succeeded Myrna Loy in the role of the perfect wife in the "Thin Man" series.
2. The name of her ex-mate is:
 - A. Benny Thau.
 - B. Edward Alec Abbott Snelson.
 - C. George Montgomery.
 Her name is _____.

1. Her first motion picture sounded as if it dealt with animals, but they were animals in human form. Its title was:
 - A. "The Gorilla Man."
 - B. "The Cat People"
 - C. "The Little Foxes."
2. The man whose heart she has captured in real life is:
 - A. Vaughn Paul.
 - B. Elmer Rice.
 - C. Niven Busch.
 Her name is _____.



1. The place of his birth should remind you of:
 - A. Beer.
 - B. Automobiles.
 - C. Hats.
2. He once told Katharine Hepburn that:
 - A. He could easily out-act her.
 - B. She was too snooty for Hollywood.
 - C. He would cut her down to his size.
 His name is _____.



1. His wife won his heart with:
 - A. Apple pie.
 - B. Lemon pie.
 - C. Strawberry shortcake.
2. As an honorary chief in the Yakima Indian tribe, he is known as:
 - A. King Cowboy.
 - B. Chief Good Voice.
 - C. White Wise Man.
 His name is _____.





MY SKILLET'S best friend is Mazola . . . it fries food so deliciously, digestibly, economically. I save precious butter for table use.

MY BISCUITS seem to have wings—they're so light when I use Mazola for shortening.

FRESH SALAD DRESSINGS are so quickly and easily prepared with Mazola—I wouldn't *THINK* of serving any other kind.



BIG BARGAIN
Saves Points!
Saves Money!

Mazola now comes to you in a crystal clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

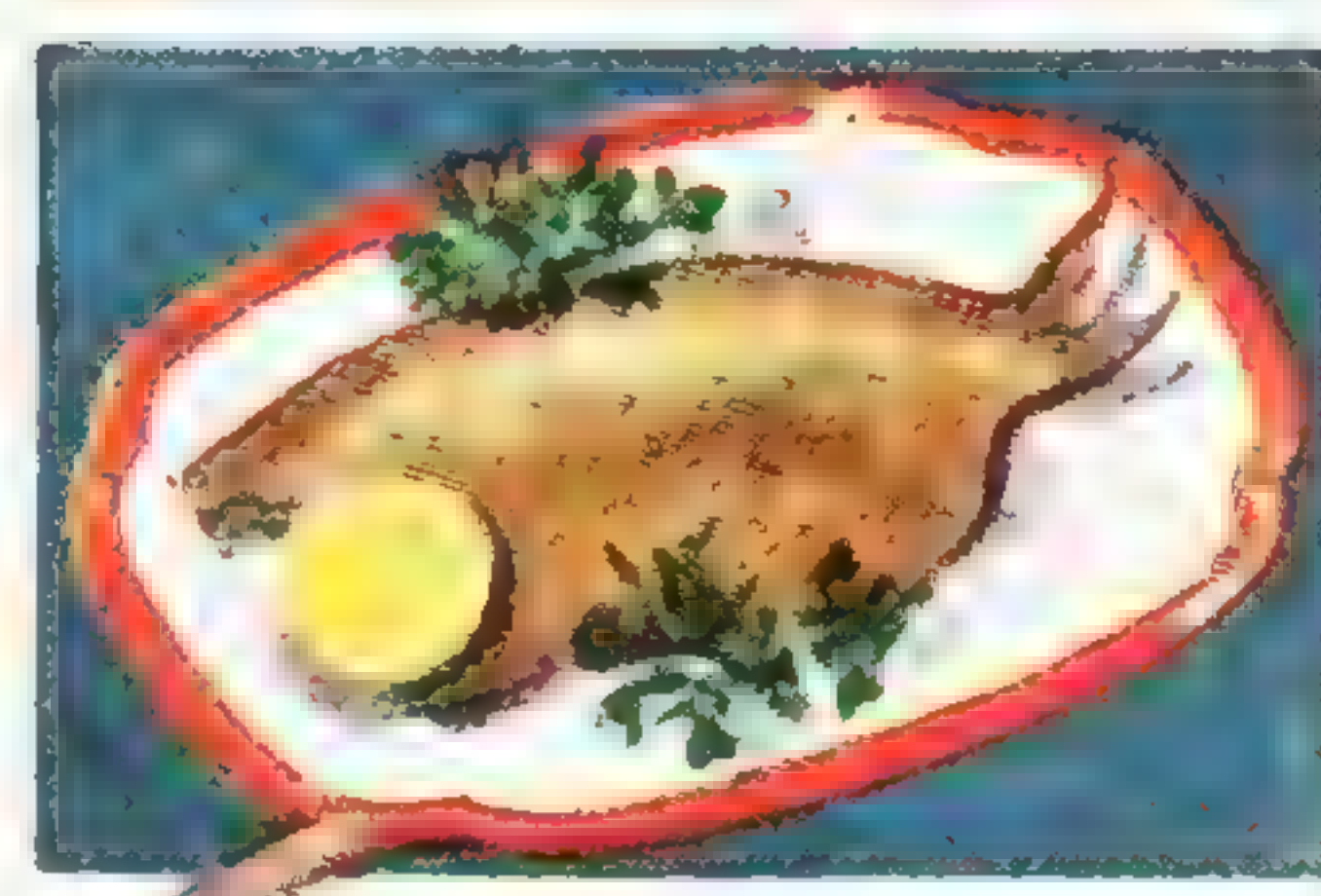
MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

PRESSED from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is *all* food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.



Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, shallow-fried in Mazola . . . sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola . . . summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola . . . scallions chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola . . . sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola . . . new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.

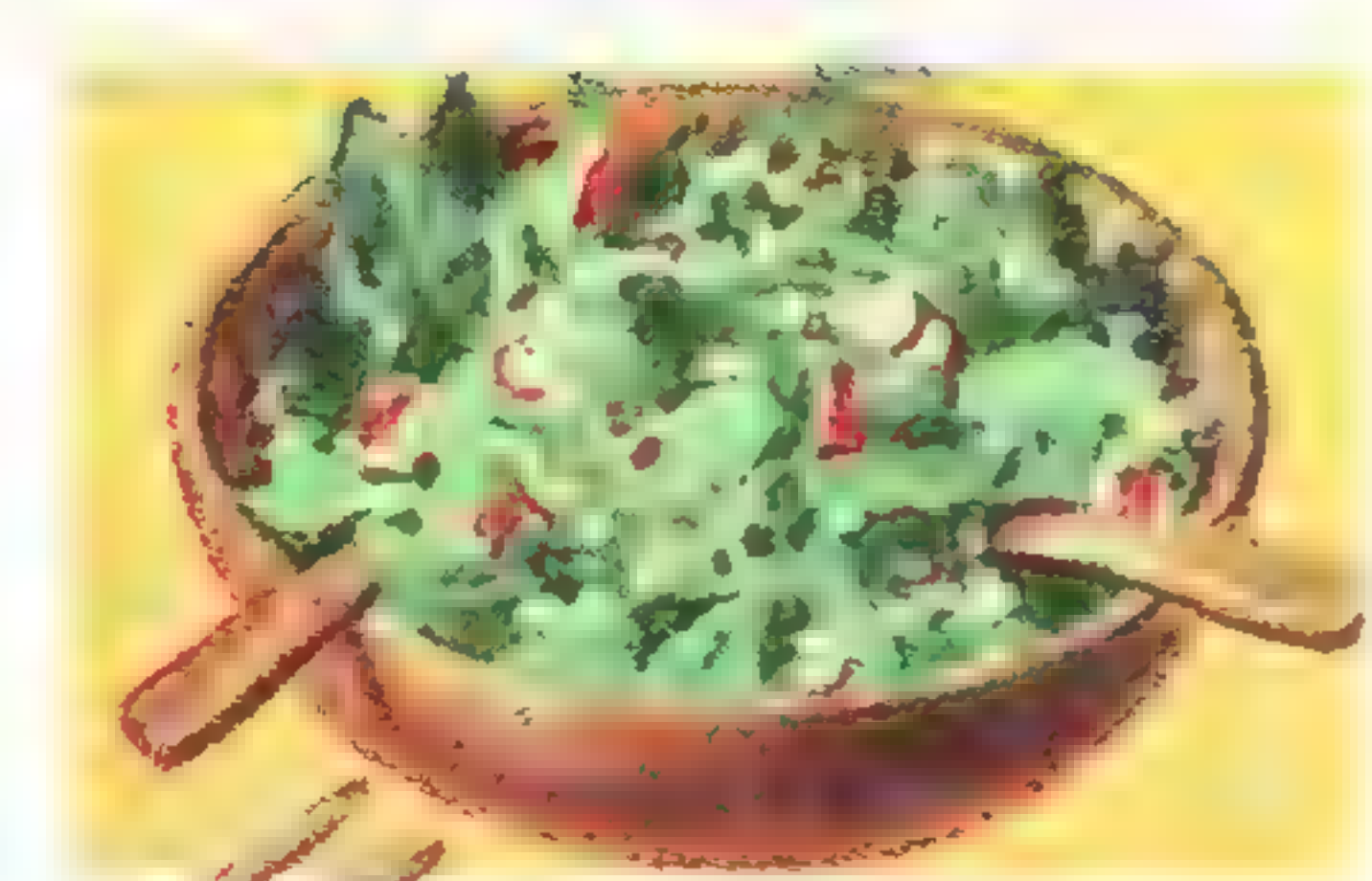


To discover the advantages of Mazola-for-shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

Fluffy Mazola Muffins

- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Argo Corn Starch
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.



Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

Mazola French Dressing

- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

Variations

Spicy: Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

Chiffonade: Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green pepper to above.

Michele Morgan
IN

"TWO TICKETS TO LONDON"

A UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION

Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

YOU'LL SEE how much lovelier your skin will look when you make up with your color harmony shade of this famous face powder. Each shade is created by Max Factor Hollywood to accent the beauty of your type... whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And you'll note a wonderful, clinging smoothness about Max Factor Hollywood face powder which is the reason it creates that lovely satin-smooth make-up that stays on for extra hours. Try it today...make a new beauty discovery...\$1.00



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



THE TRUTH ABOUT The Stars' Private Heartbreaks

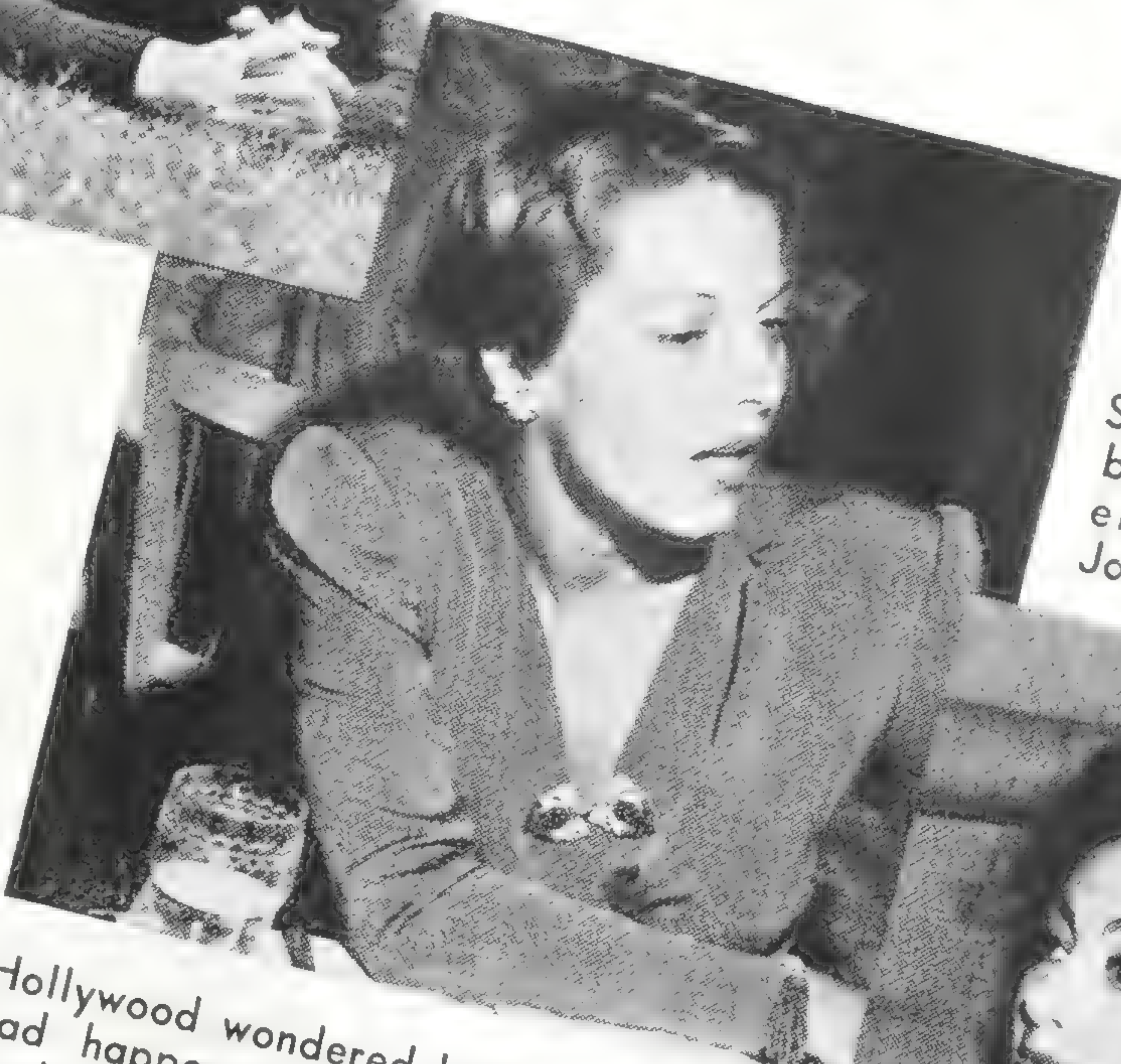
This is the way the famous have faced

their secret troubles, threat of
scandal, of family dishonor . . .

by "Fearless"



When this picture of Spencer Tracy, his Susie and John was taken, little did the public know the heart-break that the father was facing



Some Hollywood heart-breaks have a happy ending. Not so in Joan Crawford's case



Hollywood wondered how, after what had happened in Zorina's life, she could appear in public. It was all part of the star's daring campaign

HEARTBREAK knows no favorites. It comes to all lands and all peoples. What is important is the courage with which we meet it. And because courage is as contagious as laughter, we can draw from the example of another the strength to fight our own battle.

For this reason the big and little tragedies of the stars can mean a great deal to us. These are people we know, have seen; they are not strangers or nebulous personalities. The heartbreak trails they have blazed and conquered we too can follow.

When we speak of heartbreak in Hollywood, automatically the outstanding example that comes to mind is Clark Gable. Gable, who lost his beloved wife, best friend and mother-in-law—the only mother he had ever known—in a plane crash on a Nevada mountaintop; Gable who went back to face the cameras he never wanted to see again in order to salvage the investment his studio had made in him; Gable who for six bitter months fought for his right to serve in the Army against studio, friends, even Washington itself; Gable who made the gruelling grade for his commission only to be shunted into safe noncombat spots until he fought again to be sent overseas; now Captain Clark Gable of the American Air Force in Britain.

All this you know. But there are other stories in Hollywood which you don't know; for instance, the heart-break in Spencer Tracy's life.

It happened years ago when Spencer with Louise (his wife and one of the nicest women in the world) and baby were summer-vacationing between

stage engagements. There came one of those violent thunderstorms that can tear the East apart. Louise was frightened by the sound and the fury directly above them. She ran to the baby's bed with Spencer close behind.

John lay there smiling up at them. Another crash tore through the heavy air of the room.

The baby continued to smile. "He's a brave little fellow," Louise said, knowing in her heart that a small child has no civilized courage.

Spencer leaned over the crib as a sword of lightning split the tree just outside the window. The tree fell and the world was filled with thunder. The baby did not cry.

Louise and Spencer stared at each

other with blank eyes. Their baby was deaf.

Spencer faces that tragedy every day. The boy is in his teens now and innumerable times Spencer has sacrificed his personal happiness for him. There has been more than one divorce rumor concerning the Tracys. Spencer has stated that he and Louise will never divorce so long as John needs family security. And now the tragedy has brought forth great good.

For in Los Angeles the John Tracy Clinic has recently been established. It is the only institution of its kind, for it is here that mothers of deaf children are taught how to train their children for useful lives as nearly normal as (Continued on page 90)



How would you advise Johanna H.,
a woman reader who is involved
in such a terrifying crime?

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am a girl of seventeen and I have a boy friend overseas whom I love very much. As I am Canadian, I wish to join the Air Force—I am eligible—but he won't hear to it. He says he is fighting so we girls won't have to. He also doesn't think it is a girl's place to join up and be put in uniform.

He says that if I do join up, he will have nothing to do with me. Now, Miss Davis, I would like to know what you would do in my place: Join up and fight for the love of my country, or stay at home and wait for him to return, as he wishes.

Carol D.

Dear Miss D:

If joining the Air Force is something that you sincerely want to do, if you honestly feel that it will contribute toward winning the war more quickly, you must do it. You have to live with yourself; you must behave in accordance with your convictions.

As for your beau, he must realize how much we need every person to do what he can. The time has passed when women must simply sit at home and wait for a soldier's return, without doing anything constructive. What would other allied nations have done if their women hadn't contributed to the war effort as well as the men?

It seems to me that you must do what you feel is right in this situation and in the long run I'm sure your beau will understand.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm sure you will be able to help me. My problem seems to be confronting many people. How does one overcome self-consciousness and stage fright?

Someday I want to be a high-school music teacher and a radio singer. I am said to play the piano well and people say I have a very sweet coloratura voice. But when I play the piano at concerts, my legs give way and I shake to the marrow of my bones. I can't get up in school and

make a simple five-minute speech without my voice developing a tremor.

I do wish you could give me some firsthand information on how to overcome these embarrassing emotions. Thank you.
Donna M.

Dear Miss M:

Stage fright is a very usual disease among performers. There is no complete cure for it. As a matter of fact, it turns out to be usually your friend and not your enemy.

You will find, I'm sure, that as your technique improves and as you gain confidence in yourself as a performer, you will be able to control your nervousness so there will be no visible sign of it to your audience. The best way to improve your technique is to study and to make as many appearances as possible before an audience. These two things will increase your confidence in yourself.

But never wish to lose your stage fright completely. That is what keeps you up to doing your best. Good luck!

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

While sitting in my room on this lonely Sunday afternoon, I happened to pick up a Photoplay Magazine. I read an article where a mother was pleading for her child to have the proper training for a career.

There seem to be many people who are asking for your help. I heartily disagree with them. I can well remember how I used to write to Hollywood people, pleading for their help. Now I can see how wrong I was because there are thousands of people asking for help and it is impossible for stars to render universal aid.

Miss Davis, I am solving my own problem. Instead of waiting for someone to give me my chance I decided to work things out for myself. This is how: People have raved about my singing since I was fifteen years old. I graduated from high school at seventeen. I did not see a possible chance for continuing my education so I worked and paid for voice lessons, piano, dramatics and harmony.

I am now twenty and have won (Continued on page 80)

War, Women and Lipstick-



by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing “life” to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE

WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH





Scene in the Davis den: The star discusses her answers to readers with Fredda Dudley

a scholarship in music. My former voice teacher was so proud of me that she is buying all my books. I work off campus for my room and board.

I may add that I am a Negro girl, so life is a little more difficult for me than for a white girl. I have written this letter because I wanted to ask if you don't agree that a person who has will power and determination will win. Movie stars have had to struggle to get what they have today, so why can't the ordinary, unknown person do the same?

Willa Jean T.

Dear Miss T:

Thank you for your very charming letter. I certainly agree with you that a person with will power and determination usually gets what he wants; the life stories of most successful people will prove that they have had plenty of struggle along the way. As the old saying goes, God helps those who help themselves.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am writing to ask your advice, being that you are modern and not a narrow-minded, prejudiced person.

As there is a shortage of boys, my girl friends and I have been going to various dances and roller-skating rinks where we meet various types of service men, mainly sailors.

Naturally, after the dance or skating party, we go out to eat with them and then they escort us home. My mother doesn't mind because she knows I have always confided in her and wouldn't do anything wrong.

But the women on the block have been seeing me come home with them and have been talking. Some of my past friends say I should not do that, as sailors have a bad reputation and all that stuff.

I say if a girl is good, then the

After the appearance of my first column I received a first many letters asking if my column had been "killed" — I should like to know each person who writes to me — your letters are read by me — I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material. I hope you will play nice to publication. I hope you will give me Fredda Dudley to help me. Bette Davis

fellow behaves. Is this proper or should I, because of the neighbors, discontinue having them take me home?

Madeleine J.

Dear Miss J:

I should think the days of being prejudiced against service men would have passed.

I, through my work at the Canteen, have seldom come in contact with finer boys. The day of the "girl in every port" for a sailor has now become just a very stale joke.

If you are a person who minds her own business, you have a right to expect the same attitude from others. Most certainly you and your mother are the best possible judges of the way you are managing your lives. It is nobody's business but yours. So don't let yourself be upset by what is really only petty gossip.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of nineteen, married, and have a two-year-old son. My husband is twenty-one; we have been married for three years and love each other very much, but our tastes are not just alike in all things. For instance, I am more settled than he. I like good clean fun, sports such as bowling, swimming and so forth.

Although neither of us dances, he thinks we should learn so I suggested we learn to dance at home with some of our friends. He doesn't think that would be fun, yet I don't approve of "juke joints"—so we are out of agreement there. I think it would be better for us to stay at home since we have no one to care for our son.

I think he should be more serious-minded and be thinking of saving money for the future. We have had two bitter quarrels and he thinks there is no happiness for us together, but I think there is. I'm fighting against a divorce because of the baby and our love for each other. He and the baby are crazy about each other.

My parents want me to divorce him. Would you please tell me how I can make my husband happy and still remain decent in the eyes of our friends?

Mrs. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Although you were careful, in your letter, to reiterate how much you and your husband love each other, it may be perhaps that the love is more on your side than on that of your husband. You seem much more mature for your years than he does.

There is one truth that all women have to face, it seems to me, and that is: There is nothing more heartbreaking than trying to force a man to pretend a love and loyalty he no longer feels. If, however, you can honestly say to yourself that your husband still loves you, then anything you may do to preserve your marriage will be worth it.

If not, the problem before you is probably that of giving up gracefully and building a new life for yourself, but that is a decision that only you can make.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I would like some advice from you. I am in high school where I am called a better than average student. I am tall (five foot seven inches) and not so beautiful and I am just about always in the "doghouse."

Here is my trouble. I sing—my voice has been trained by my mother who sang on the radio and by the best music teachers that can be had. I also act and (Continued on page 107)

Bette Davis, a symbol in Hollywood for fair and candid judgment, will each month answer problems of Photoplay readers. Write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Los Angeles 46, California, and if your situation seems to her to be a fitting one she will discuss it here. All names of writers are changed; all letters become the property of the magazine.

Guy with a Grin

(Continued from page 44) You've your life before you."

"Where does she get that 'die' stuff," he muttered to himself. Suddenly he sat up. "That's just what she means," he realized. It was a bit nerve-shaking, he explains, chuckling, to realize in a flash, like that. He says he wouldn't be surprised if he looked a bit paler that day when the doctor came around.

RIGHT now he doesn't look pale, by any means. He's been out in the sun getting himself a red-gold burn that just about matches his hair. The latter isn't touseled just now, either, for the operation made it necessary to give him a real old-fashioned convict cut. It's growing in faster than Kentucky blue grass, Van's relieved to see, "thicker and better than ever." The faintest of faint scars, clear across the brow, is the only clue as to what he's been through and it's rapidly fading.

A few days after he'd left the hospital, convalescing at the Wynns' home, he was asked if the experience had changed at all his philosophy of life.

He looked quite serious for a moment, then smiled.

"I can't honestly say I really had one to change—but I think out of it all I've found one. Mostly, I think I've learned that we can never appreciate enough how wonderful the good in life really is. We can never savor too much each minute of living. Don't ever let yourself wait for tomorrow, I feel now. Make sure you live each day for itself."

He spoke of how wonderful Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne had been. They'd both been at the hospital at the first possible moment. In the picture they'd all been working on together, "A Guy Named Joe," there was the story of mutual affection and admiration and so it came to be in real life, too.

"They were so swell," Van tells, "bringing books, and flowers, and fruit. So many good things. Those were the wonderful things about it all—discovering how many real friends I have. Mr. Fleming, too."

That was Victor Fleming, director of the picture Van had been working in. He was at the hospital the day of Van's operation and wouldn't leave till it was successfully over.

"Maybe the greatest thrill," Van relates, in a soft voice, "was getting the notes and kind wishes from people I didn't actually know. So many kindnesses from people around the studio, people I hadn't imagined were aware of, or concerned with, my existence. Script girls, and typists, and messengers, people working around. Gosh!

"With all those wonderful things being done for me, and so many swell friends, it's really not surprising I got well quickly," he insists. "I just had to. I couldn't let them down and not hurry up."

HE'S hurrying up, all right. In fact, that very afternoon, just a few days out of the hospital, he'd been looking over automobiles, planning to replace the wrecked car—as soon as he's allowed to drive, that is, by his doctors. He's definitely not to ride his pet motorcycle for some time yet, either. One of the minor trials of convalescence at the Wynns is that he can hear Keenan on his motorcycle, now and then, putt-putting away for a solo spin over the back-canyon roads.

Van's enthusiasms for people are endless. You should hear him sing the praises of Gene Kelly and June Havoc, with whom he worked in "Pal Joey"! Or listen to him throw garlands of adjectives at another one of his friends, Judy Garland!



What the well-dressed soldier writes about

"...the folks sent me some packages for Christmas. One of them contained some Fels-Naptha and I've just finished washing two pairs of wool sox. You know what happened. Two of the men came in the room we use for laundry etc. and begged me for the rest of the cake so they could wash their g.i. long-handled underwear. I said sure, now I can see the longies hanging on the line outside of my office. These are probably the only garments in North Africa without "tattle-tale gray"!

"My French maman, Mme. Lamblin uses Fels-Naptha and she also irons my stuff. When I tell her it's not necessary she says it is necessary to iron the clothes to kill the insects. So I start over and try to expatiate on the merits of Fels-Naptha in French, but she still irons the clothes!"



Perhaps you have a man in the Service who's keeping a little cleaner and healthier with Fels-Naptha Soap. If so, you'll find it easier to be patient when you can't always get Fels-Naptha when you want it. We're doing all we can to keep your grocer supplied.

FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER
TAMPON)

Only FIBS* of all tampons
give you all three



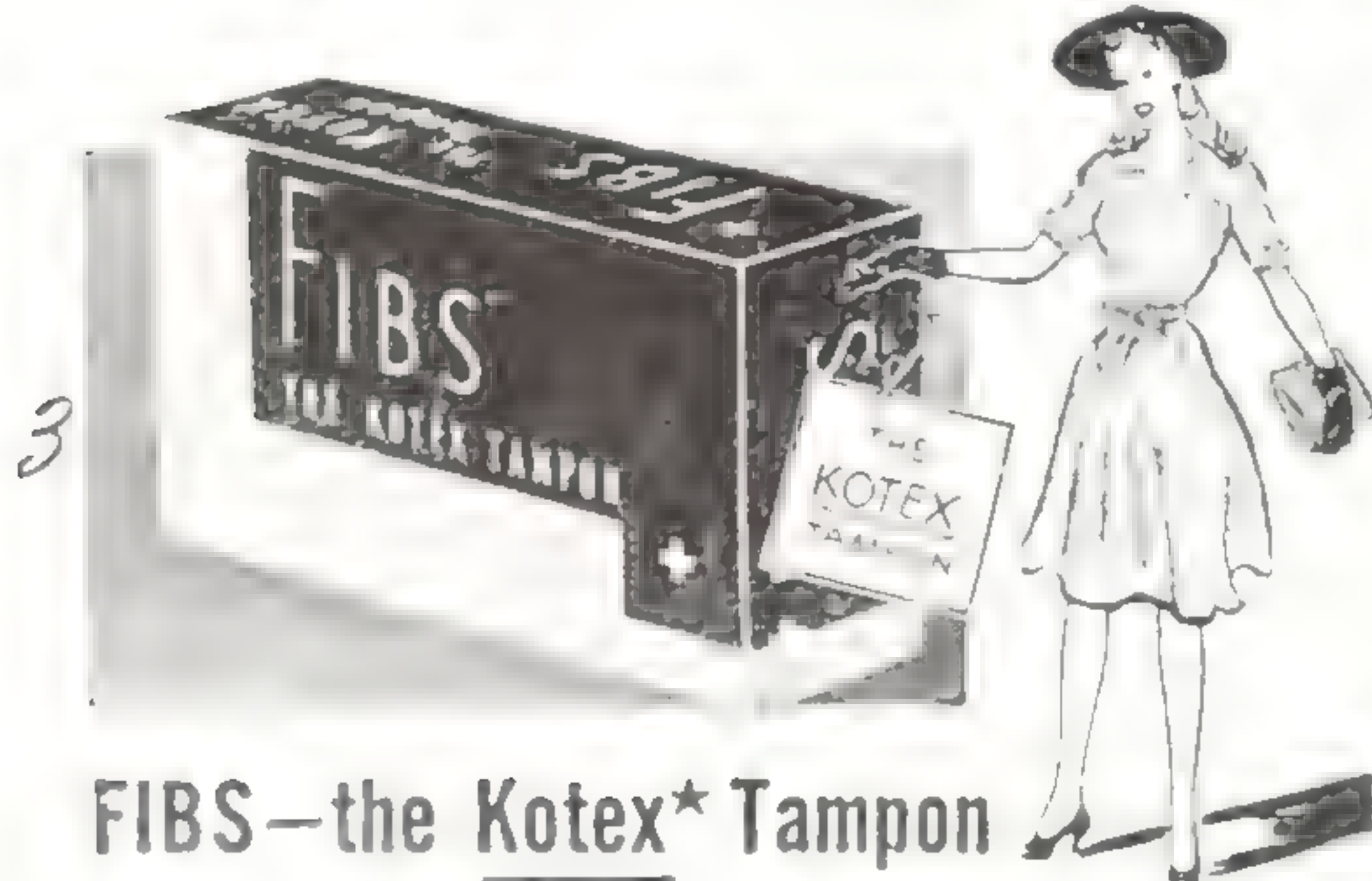
FIBS are "quilted"

... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion ... so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation.



FIBS have rounded ends

... smooth, gently tapered ends ... for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! Just-right size: not too large, not too tiny.



FIBS—the Kotex* Tampon

... a name you know, a tampon you can trust: Only brand made of Cellucotton* the soft, super absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality. And only 20¢

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

(*F. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

If you try real hard, though, you can get him to talk about himself as long as two or three minutes, with no more effort than you'd have reining in a team of wild zebras.

What he'll tell you, interspersing his remarks with that broad small-boyish grin, is this:

His first touch of theatrical interest had nothing to do with acting. He danced, or as he says, "jumped" around so much as a kid that his mother's neighbors urged her to send him to dancing classes. He figures now they did it to keep him from climbing over their fences and up their fruit trees, but anyway he's grateful. His mother took to the suggestion thankfully. After all, it kept him out of her hair for a few hours a week. Papa (who, as well as Van's mother, was of Swedish descent) did not share the maternal point of view.

"Dancing!" said Papa, with that just-bit-a-quince expression which was his opinion of the entertainment world, generally.

IT isn't known definitely, but Van has a hunch that his father looked with a bit more favor on the neighborhood shows which brought crowds of young ticket-holders to the Johnsons' back yard a few years later.

"I danced, sang, kept order, pulled the curtain, sold tickets and collected for them. The customers never wanted to go home, so I guess they were amused. The shows were plenty naïve, though."

Despite no particular encouragement at home, Van, during high-school days, found that his friends liked him to sing, once his adolescent baritone had settled down to being definitely baritone without a single Henry Aldrich squeak. As for Van, he liked to sing and dance so well he appeared for nothing at community entertainments even if he had to pay his own carfare.

"I can only hope the audience enjoyed it half as much as I did," he grins. "At least they never threw anything."

In high school, the only "subject" which ever distracted his interest from dramatics was football. He admits that his being on the team was the result, chiefly, of promptings by certain feminine rooters. A course in stenography and bookkeeping, taken at his father's insistence, ran a poor third. Van's heart, to put it mildly, was not set on becoming a part of the family realty business.

He tried it for a while after graduation, but before long he announced his deter-

mination to take a fling at Broadway. His father, warning him that Broadway would probably fling him right back, offered to finance him for one week! By the time unexpected incidental expenses had cut into his stake, Van arrived in New York to conquer Broadway with a grand total of five dollars. The very first agent into whose office he wandered got him a job. Three days later he was rehearsing in a tiny Bohemian theater called the Cherry Lane, in New York's Greenwich Village. Not quite Broadway, but very close.

"Think of it," Van explodes, "the first day! What a town! Only in New York do things happen like that. What a marvellous place. . . ."

Van, it appears, is a New York fan.

After that initiation came a summer at a hotel-theater in the Catskills, the Broadway hits, "New Faces" and "Too Many Girls," and eventually "Pal Joey," the smash role that got him his bid to Hollywood.

VAN'S living quietly these days—perforce. As quietly, that is, as his dynamic force permits. Mornings, he and the Wynns' tiny heir, two-year-old Neddie, take each other for a walk around the block, accompanied by the family pooch, Co-co. Afternoons—reading, sun-baths and correspondence. Evenings, an occasional early dinner date, or perhaps Van and the Wynns do their home-version readings of everything dramatic from Ibsen to "Fireman, Save My Chee-ild!"

You might wonder, incidentally, how such an engaging young man like Van has escaped those well-known arrows.

"Hmm," says Van, subdued for once, "there was a bit of romance with Diosa. But she sort of lived up to her name—the Latin bombshell. Cupid just kind of whizzed by like a skyrocket."

He thought, for a time, that June Havoc was the one girl, but somehow they couldn't seem to take things seriously.

"I really think I'd have been in love, if we hadn't laughed so much." A bit sheepishly, he adds, "Guess there's such a thing as getting along too well."

So there he is, all added up—Van Johnson whose warm smile endeared you to him in "Doctor Gillespie's New Assistant," whose buoyance and sensitivity, a rare combination, caught you in "The Human Comedy," the kind of guy in "A Guy Named Joe" who will keep you remembering him always.

THE END

Trick girl in a trick
beret: Martha O'Driscoll
of Universal's "Crazy
House" in a fall outfit
that's the sport uniform
of America: Casual felt
hat, soft wool sweater



My Wartime Morals

(Continued from page 37) times, the bewilderment of the early 'teens, the demands of careers and the joy of an ever-deepening emotion. For years we always could be sure of the same quick response from each other. But when we came to our late teens it was different. Personality traits which had bound us together began receding. Personality traits which found us basically at variance—for the first time in our lives—began strengthening. Quite literally as Jackie and I grew up we also grew away from each other.

Neither of us would admit this at first. Our love had been so sweet we couldn't bring ourselves to relinquish it. Actually, trying to hold on to what no longer existed, we lost for a little while the quiet affection which should remain forever for two who loved each other as we did.

Because of Jackie I know that emotions change. And if the commonplace adventure of growing up can shift a deeply rooted emotion, surely the violent adventure of war not only can change a sudden war romance but is exceedingly likely to do so. I'll be suspicious, therefore, of any romance that comes swiftly, as romances are likely to at this time. And should I find myself caught up in something before I know it I'll keep away from solitary places where I might be tempted to yield to emotional duress. It's so much better to warn yourself, "I shouldn't do that," than to be obliged to say later on, "I wish I hadn't done that."

It never makes sense to me when girls excuse something they have done by saying they were swept off their feet. We usually are responsible—to some extent, anyway—for the ardent moments. Usually, by one feminine device or another, we ask for what we get. Boys aren't likely to sweep us off our feet without encouragement.

I'm grateful for my religion, too. I happen to be a Catholic, but I know it isn't the form of religion that is important. It is just the simple business of believing in God and trying to do right in His eyes. It's all right to make exceptions occasionally—for others, not yourself. All of this takes self-discipline which can be most uncomfortable when it's in operation. However, the dividends of self-discipline are decidedly worth while. It makes you strong. And to be realistic—and this is the time for it—those who are strong always have a better chance of finding happiness and holding on to it than the self-indulgent and weak.

IT WAS after Jackie and I faced the fact that it was over for us that I thought for a time I loved Tim Holt.

I'd seen Tim around Hollywood for years. It wasn't, however, until we worked together in "Hitler's Children" that we really knew each other. Tim had separated from his wife. He was sad over this, feeling lost, too, because his marriage meant a great deal to him. The Army had given him a stay until our picture was completed and his uniform hung, waiting, in his closet. He was eager and emotional over this. I, no longer wrapped up in my love for Jackie or his love for me, was unhappy and lonely. Not only were Tim and I sorry for ourselves; we also were sorry for each other. I'll never smile again—as you do at an old bromide—when I hear anyone say, "Sympathy is akin to love." I found out! I know now this has been sold over and over because over and over it has been true.

Tim and I came close to making a serious mistake.

ANNE BAXTER AND
DANA ANDREWS IN
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
"THE NORTH STAR"



"If you Love him,"
says *Anne Baxter*



"... keep your hands endearingly soft." You risk unhappiness when you let little signs of roughness or chapping mar your hands. Why should you? You help keep your hands so lovably soft—so easily—by simple, regular care with Jergens Lotion. So pleasant—Jergens Lotion leaves no stickiness. Yet Jergens gives you specialized hand care—almost professional.



"This is the stars' hand care," says Anne. Of the Hollywood Stars, 7 times as many use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens have such a way of coaxing coarsened skin to friendly, youth-like smoothness that many doctors prescribe them. Anne Baxter uses Jergens. Be smart, too—use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION for soft, adorable Hands

What do you do when powder "snags" on your nose and cheeks?

How can you make your skin smoother in 60 seconds?

What will make your face look clearer and lighter right away?

"This 1-Minute Mask!"

—says CYNTHIA McADOO

charming and clever young New Yorker who is greatly in demand for debutante war-work committees. "The 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is my favorite beauty treatment when I want to look especially nice!"



You'll love this 1-Minute Mask, too—



When your face is cluttered with scaly, dead skin cells—
When specks of imbedded dirt make your complexion look drab and unglamorous—



Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Smooth a white mask of cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave on one full minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action efficiently loosens and dissolves stubborn roughnesses and dirt particles. Tissue off.



Your complexion is "re-styled"! — Feels gloriously softer . . .
— Looks clearer and lighter . . .
— Thrills! Make-up goes on smooth-as-silk . . . clings serenely—for hours!

"My favorite powder base, besides!"

"Besides using Pond's Vanishing Cream for a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week, I smooth it on lightly before every make-up," says Cynthia McAdoo. "Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been my favorite powder base because it's neither greasy nor drying!"



Our first date was a drive out to his ranch. When he stood at the ranch fence telling his horses good-bye I wanted to put my arms around him, hold him close, assure him the war would be over one day and he would be home again. It's natural enough to want to put your arms around a boy and comfort him, these days particularly. However, right now that instinct—good as it is—is likely to cause trouble. Boys, lonely and frightened underneath at the moment, are likely to respond to an arm around them with more emotion than it's simple to handle.

Tim and I prepared in advance for the night when we must say good-bye, the night he was leaving for camp. By this time we were firmly convinced we had been made for each other.

I'm naturally emotional. This, of course, puts it up to me to guard against the dangers involved.

[T was in self-defense that Tim and I agreed to pretend that the night he left wasn't a special occasion at all, that he was saying good-night as he had dozens of times before. However, just in case our make-believe didn't take too well, we asked Mother to spend that last evening with us. Mother likes Tim tremendously—she's knitting him a sweater as I write—and she also had sympathy for our fondness for each other. With her present, however, we obviously couldn't work up the same emotional quality that would have been likely had we been alone. Not only did this make those terrible last few minutes easier but it also saved us the possibility of regrets later on. It isn't a mark of weakness to protect yourself from yourself. It's the smart thing to do.

It wasn't long after Tim left for camp that I started out on a personal-appearance tour with our picture, "Hitler's Children." I was away six weeks or more. It was then Tim and I began to wonder if it hadn't been the emotional state we both were in—to which the picture, too, had contributed—rather than emotion for each other that had thrown us together. Neither of us ran away from this possibility, fortunately, but faced it squarely.

Some of the doubts which assailed us and some of the questions we had begun asking ourselves crept into our letters. It was not, however, until I returned to California and Mother and I drove out to camp to see Tim that we actually got around to saying, "This isn't it!" While Mother visited with friends in the Service Club that day Tim and I went out and sat in my car—this held no danger now—

*It's a date
September 10th*

That's the day the October Photoplay-Movie Mirror goes on the newsstands and in the mails. If we're a little late, don't worry. We'll get there just as soon as war-time conditions will permit. Just be sure your news dealer doesn't say to you "All sold!" by reserving your copy in advance . . . Because we want to keep that date with you!

and talked honestly, fairly.

That wasn't easy to do. It's never easy to admit there is no romance where you thought one existed. It means giving up something for nothing. Momentarily it's quite impoverishing. But only momentarily.

Because of Tim Holt, then, I know how confusing emotions can be. And since this is true I know how smart it is to respect conventions. Suppose Tim and I hadn't. Neither of us could be as happy as we are now. Especially Tim, for otherwise it wouldn't have been possible for him and his wife to have their chance at the reconciliation which enriches them today.

WHICH reminds me of a man I know who works on airplanes. He was telling me recently about an air show his factory had staged to celebrate the thousandth plane off the line.

"Those ships were so pretty and so powerful!" he said. "You should have seen them, one after another, as—with a roar—they soared almost straight up and disappeared into the low ceiling. A tough guy standing next to me had tears running down his cheeks. He had helped build those planes and he loved them."

That "tough guy" didn't really love those planes, of course. What moved him was the design and work that had gone into them and the missions for which they were destined.

No harm is done when we mistake our feelings about inanimate things, like planes. But we are asking for unhappiness when we are mistaken in our feelings for human beings. When, for instance, we attribute the emotion we have for the collective men in uniform to a boy who comes home on furlough or a boy we meet at a camp dance.

I'm going to do my utmost to see that I

don't enter any relationship lightly and, when and if that relationship doesn't pan out, go on to another and another. Leave the moral equation out of it. On a hard-boiled basis promiscuity doesn't pay.

A California girl I know, hurt when a love affair to which she had given everything didn't prove all she thought it would be, has been on an emotional binge for over a year. There are no more tender curves in what used to be her beautiful mouth, only bitter, straight lines. There is no more shine in what used to be her lovely eyes, only cynical doubts. I see her everywhere with boys who once wouldn't have been nearly good enough for her.

I don't mean to give the impression that I'm standing clear of boys these days. That would be as unwise and as unhealthy as an emotional binge. I see boys all the time, especially boys in uniform. I'm captain of the Junior hostesses at the Hollywood Canteen.

At the Canteen I've learned boys who are away from home like to talk about home and the girl they left behind them. So often when I'm dancing with one of them he'll say, "Gee, you have eyes just like my girl's," or "How tall are you, about five feet two?" And when I answer "Yes—how did you know?" he'll grin, a little embarrassed sometimes, and tell me, "My girl back home is just five feet two—and her head comes to the same place on my shoulder."

It's safer, among other things, to talk to the boys about their home and their girls than to try to become their girl. Because they are lonely and emotional they may very well forget their girl temporarily; but this won't mean their true heart doesn't belong to her still.

I wouldn't want to face that—if I'd gone emotionally overboard about some boy. It's that sort of hurt that sends a girl

into another man's arms—to prove to herself she is attractive, to prove to everybody else she isn't carrying a torch.

THINK sometimes it's because of an urge to be part of the war that we girls attach ourselves to men so easily, to men in uniform, to men about to go into uniform, and to men behind the war in one way or another. It's a stupid thing to do. And wasteful! There are so many urgent things which need doing. There are so many ways in which we can go to war, too. We can roll bandages for the Red Cross, in our spare time if we have a regular job. We can help turn out planes and tanks and ships and guns and ammunition. If we're in school we can join the Victory Corps and really do something in it. We can gather crops. By taking any one of a hundred jobs we can release some man to fight. We can become a nurses' aide—nurses' aides are desperately needed right now. We can care for some woman's children so she can work in a defense plant.

This is a different war. When it is over those who picked crops or spotted planes or cared for war workers' babies will have been as vital as all the rest. Victory when it comes will be a mosaic of millions of people doing millions of things.

"Think straight! Be strong! Don't act like an emotional fool! Remember, if it is important it will last!" That sums up my wartime morals. I have an idea I'll get along much better with this code than I would without it—chart a far straighter course to the man I'll love. Where is he now, I wonder? I like to dream about him—laughing at perfectly silly things, with that good look about his eyes—that good look our sons, too, will have one happy day.

The End

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It's all so easy with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! This delicately tinted Rinse does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face. It heightens and enlivens the natural color-tone. Bans that pale and lifeless look. Makes each hair glow with a young, new light!

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Twelve flattering tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint than the shade which *matches* your hair... Try it today!

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

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If I Were Hollywood's Matchmaker

(Continued from page 47) Katharine Hepburn and Melvyn Douglas, and lock them all together in a Cedric Gibbons interior where they could exchange witty observations on life and the complexities of high-toned love (composed for them by Garson Kanin, Nunnally Johnson and Gene Towne) and drink sherry flips forever and ever.

I'd make it a marriage between Greta Garbo and Victor Mature just to see which would get baffled most, first. And also so the ladies and gentlemen of the press would be guaranteed one member in that family who wouldn't be a bit sphinx-like about dishing out juicy items for public consumption.

Because I think Lana Turner has had enough of swing bandleaders and jive hounds in her life, I'd toss Leopold Stokowski in her direction and wait for them to switch types. Unquestionably, with Lana as his bride, Stokie would be inspired to compose a Sweater Suite, in four movements.

And I couldn't resist combining Jon Hall with strip-teaser Margie Hart. Why? Because Margie is the only person I can think of who wears less clothes than he does.

I'd send Deanna Durbin galloping to the altar with Humphrey Bogart, because I am more than a little weary—as who isn't?—of hearing that in her next picture Deanna will "prove she's grown up" by giving some juvenile a ten-second kiss, wearing her hair in a snood, or playing a grandmother role. Let her, I say, get on the receiving end of a thirty-second kiss from Bogart and she won't have to "prove" to anybody ever again that she's grown up.

I'd mate Marlene Dietrich with John Garfield, and don't think it wouldn't be fun. Marlene, with her sables and feathers and diamonds and fancy coiffures, always looks as though she took three hours (minimum) to dress. John, with his nonmatching pants and jackets, care-free haircut and only occasional tie, cer-

tainly never spends more than five minutes on his getup. So it would be amusing to hover invisibly over the Dietrich-Garfield menage while husband John waited for wife Marlene to put on everything from the nylons to the mascara. Unless she gave him an awfully good book to read while he tapped his feet, the language after the first two hours and a quarter would be enough to turn a film censor to stone.

Something tells me a pretty ideal combine could be made if you persuaded Jean Arthur to say "I do" to Paul Muni. She's got something he hasn't—the wonderful quality of being scatterbrained—and solemn Paul could use a dash of that. After a hard day of playing somebody in a beard, it would be mighty refreshing for the Great Muni to come home to a little woman who would be pert and pretty and expert at tossing off mile-a-minute double talk in the highest type A-picture manner. Jean is a girl who could take any man's mind off his troubles. In fact, Jean is a girl who could take any man.

YOU could go on indefinitely from here—just try it. It's no trick at all to make marvelous matches when you're dealing with glamour kids who'd obviously be so nice to come home to, if only for a short while.

But my final opinion on the matter, after studying it from all angles, is that the tall handsome men of the screen should marry dumpy, rather unattractive ladies who look like your Aunt Emma's old school friend and that those lovely film goddesses should marry short fat homely men in the wholesale grocery business. Frequent photographs of the happy brides and grooms should be published on the front pages of all newspapers here and abroad, to remind the world that America is still a democratic country of unlimited opportunity and if you can't find gold in the streets, at least you can find Gary Cooper in your hope chest.

The End

Gay Romance

(Continued from page 39) present is to keep on doing shows for the boys and working. The war won't last forever and I think if one keeps from marriage (especially for me) for the duration, it's much better. There's so much to be done."

But, of course, that statement doesn't deny there can be and is one man in her life, one man around whom all her off-duty activities are built.

Pressed to reveal the kind of man she would choose when the moment arrives, she becomes thoughtful.

"Just a nice, ordinary fellow," she says. "No mental giant but a fellow with a sense of humor and sincerity. Not a success as Hollywood knows success—measured in popularity or fabulous sums—but just an ordinary guy, the kind one meets every day."

If ever we read a perfect description of just an ordinary guy named George, Dinah's is it.

HANDSOME in his Army Air Force uniform, Private Montgomery, who is stationed in Hollywood, talks readily of Dinah.

"We're a fine pair," he laughs. "We go to a movie and, long about nine o'clock my eyes start to burn with sleepiness and I look over at Dinah and hers are beginning to droop. We're hard-working

people and have no time for late parties or night clubs. I love to go up to her home for dinner. The house is usually full of radio people and Dinah is usually making the hot biscuits when I get there. It's just an easygoing good time and we like it."

There are three girls living in the bungalow with Dinah—Shirley Mitchell, who plays *Gildersleeve's* love life on the radio. "Rufus" Crane, Dinah's secretary, and Kitty Callan, who sang with Dorsey's band.

The place is a mad scramble, really, with people dropping in and out, Dinah trying to water the lawn without drowning the visitors or to whip up some biscuits without covering them with flour.

The cooks are forever promising undying devotion and forever leaving for defense plants. Once during Christmas week and while they still lived in an apartment building, the great Orson Welles, who resided next door, wandered in unannounced. Dinah was in the kitchen rustling up Christmas cookies. Shirley was wrapping packages on the floor and George was on a stepladder hanging a tattered but virgin angel on an upper branch.

Orson wandered around, hands behind him, taking it all in. Finally he paused and exclaimed in those deep, dramatic tones, "Oh, to be young again!"

Orson is two years older than George.

Of course, it has become a byword in the Shore residence: "Oh, to be young again," they moan at every opportunity.

They have a way of taking the starch out of all pretentious male upstarts. It's called "dropping the name" and all sorts of old pans, dishes, bottles and furniture are employed in its use.

"Had a marvelous date last night," the offending one will brag.

"Who with?" the gang asks in unison.

"With Rita," comes the answer.

"Rita who?"

"Rita Hayworth."

And that's the signal. Bang, clatter, clutter, thump, thud go the dishes, the pans, the bottles, the furniture, the break-away chairs until the living room looks like a shambles.

No one ever pulls a front by nonchalantly dropping a first name in the Shore residence where no fancy airs are permitted.

"OUR little cheerleader of song" they called her down home in Nashville, where Dinah, or Frances Rose, was cheer leader of the high-school football team. "The best all-round American girl" was a title Frances Rose won hands down—or up, if the cheers were on.

She took lessons in everything—dancing, elocution, drama, singing. Her friends believed she was least talented in singing and made every attempt to keep Frances Rose acting so she wouldn't sing. She was Jo, of course, in "Little Women," and went on from high-school dramas to bigger and better plays at Vanderbilt University where she graduated in 1938 with a B. A.

When she was sixteen her mother died and father Shore hesitated a long time before permitting his daughter that longed-for chance in New York.

"But think of the thousands of girls who try it and get nowhere," he urged. But finally, after her graduation from college, she begged hard enough and with the money her father gave her and the money she made from pawning her camera enlarger, she tackled the big city.

What she landed, however, was a job singing on a sustaining program that brought in no money. Finally she got a chance to sing with Ben Bernie's band on the air. The sponsor didn't like her and at the end of three weeks fired her. Her lovely \$75 a week was gone. But a few months later he hired her to sing for one show at a four-figured salary and begged for the privilege of hiring her again. In the meantime, you see, Eddie Cantor had heard her, signed her for his air show and, like a comet from above, she had shot to the top.

DOWN in Nashville they can't get over it. Parades are arranged in her honor when Dinah goes home, but they still don't think she can sing so well. Recite? Oh beautifully—and with gestures. But sing? Anyway, they love her.

Recently her dad sent her as a gift the old-fashioned locket, brooch and ring of her mother's that Dinah always loved. Her brown eyes grow misty as she speaks of them.

Her dad's wallet, the one Dinah sent him, has room for four pictures. "See, my daughter's picture," he'll ask even a half-stranger at the merest pretense.

Once, when she was fourteen, she swiped her older sister's dress and was driven out to the local night spot, "The Pines," to sing for the sum of ten whole dollars. She got there all right, but just as she stepped out on the floor, she gazed right into the horrified eyes of her father and mother.

That was a night to remember.

"We were just average people with one

Vision of Delight

Let that "something
to remember you by" be...
sheer loveliness!
Let it be
Yardley's "Bond Street"
beauty preparations...
a bevy that will go far
to keep visions of you
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"Bond Street" Perfume:

An intriguing fragrance of
endearing charm. \$2.50 to \$13.50.

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\$1; jumbo jar, \$2.

"English Complexion" Powder: Try
the sunny, new shade, "Zinnia," \$1.

"Bond Street" Lipstick:

"Full Red," the new vibrant color! \$1.



Diana Foster will be glad to help you with your beauty problems.
Write her at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A.
from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

AMERICA'S WOMEN ARE ON THE *WAR PATH!*



EVERY WOMAN IN A VITAL CIVILIAN JOB IS A SOLDIER IN THIS WAR!

Every day, hundreds of men are leaving important civilian jobs to join the Nation's Armed Forces. In their places, women are "carrying on"...doing work that *must be done* to keep America's war program going at top speed.

These women are soldiers, too...doing their bit by doing a job that is helping America win the war.

And like so many of their

"buddies" in khaki and blue, these busy soldiers on the vital home-front find delicious Beech-Nut Gum helps rest and refresh them while they work.

Naturally, the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces come first of all. So, if your dealer's supply of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times, we know you will understand the reason why.



The need for women to replace men in necessary civilian jobs of all kinds is an unusual opportunity for patriotic women everywhere to serve their country. Investigate at your nearest U. S. Employment Service office... even though you have never worked before!



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package... with the red oval

good silver service and one special set of linen. Like so many average Americans," she explains.

There isn't an inhibition in her. In the midst of our lunch she and Danny Kaye, who are both starring in "Up In Arms" for Goldwyn, would rise from the table and for the edification of the diners go into the darndest routine you ever saw.

"She's that way with Bing Crosby, too," George told us. "Say, I wouldn't miss being with Dinah when she and Bing make one of those Command Performance records for the world. It's a riot."

And somehow we knew the secret behind the quiet friendship that is surely growing into quiet love between these two. It's the laughter, the fun, the mocking of Hollywood's posers, the naturalness, the eagerness to give and serve, her selflessness, the thinking of others, the homey little things, such as watering the lawn at seven every morning, or baking and cooking in the kitchen, the love of song and love of being honest and simple.

These are the qualities of Dinah Shore. These are the things George Montgomery is finding for the first time in Hollywood. These are the things he'll still find in Dinah Shore and need have no fear will be changed when the war is over.

"I'm afraid of success," Dinah says, speaking of her new Warner Brothers contract, of her pictures, "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and "Up In Arms," and her new Chase and Sanborn radio hour. "I think of what it might do to me without my being aware of any change and I'm frightened."

Her moments before the microphone are agony. "This isn't worth it," she'll say to herself. "This pounding of my heart is going to kill me. No heart can stand it. This is positively my last time before a mike. I'll tell them as soon as the program is over."

And then she kicks off her shoes, crosses her fingers and all over the world goes the voice of Dinah Shore.

And into the heart of Private George Montgomery, stationed near by, goes the true meaning of the words.

For something tell us George has found the right girl at last.

THE END

October Secret!

The girl on the cover of next month's Photoplay-Movie Mirror will be Hollywood's most talked-about star—lovely

Ingrid Bergman

as she appears in her role of Maria in Paramount's great "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Loose-Leaf on Livvie

(Continued from page 51) "You look enough like Olivia de Havilland to be her sister." And with a smile, she exclaimed, "My goodness! Not Joan Fontaine!"

She seldom smokes and dislikes cigarette smoke. She blushes easily, especially when she doesn't want to. Yet she can give out with the strong words.

She is a practical person. She studied bookkeeping and keeps her own books. She has no business manager. She budgets herself.

When she arrives at the studio, her car is generally filled with books, bills and letters. Whenever possible on the set, she goes to her portable dressing room and tends to her bills and correspondence. She believes it is her duty to answer all sincere fan mail personally.

She loves to eat and has to watch her diet. Her breakfast generally consists of fruit, cereal and a glass of milk. She doesn't drink coffee—this before the rationing—except that sometimes she'll have a demitasse to be sociable. Her favorite drink is port.

SHE likes going to the movies and her favorite performers are Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Charles Laughton, Ronald Colman and Frank Morgan. Her favorite books are the Bible, "High Wind In Jamaica," "South Wind" and "War And Peace." She is always looking for a book that will make a good picture.

She and Johnny Huston generally spend their evening together, when he is in town on a furlough, eating, sipping and gabbing. Friends stop by, sit at the table and long conversations take place. When he is away they correspond regularly. They like to go to the movies together and while viewing the picture they hold hands.

She is a grateful person and she likes to give gifts. She is fond of shopping, but will only buy what she needs.

She brushes her teeth at least six or seven times a day. The first thing she does when she wakes up in the morning is to reach for her toothbrush. She takes two showers a day and sings in the shower.

She is ticklish and laughs easily.

She will tell you that she has a recurring dream that she is standing on a high cliff and, down below her, in the sand near the ocean, is Joan Fontaine. Then suddenly she sees a tidal wave approaching and she's the only one who can see it. She never knows whether to save herself or go to Joan and she always wakes up before she decides.

She's taken suspensions, fought for better parts and says she will always fight for better roles. She insists that she doesn't care about money and billing, but that she must be allowed to do good work.

People are always telling her that she has changed. It has come to be a standard joke with her. Recently, when a friend asked for an autographed photograph, she signed it, "From the new Olivia de Havilland."

She sleeps alone in a large antique bed, using one pillow, a down comforter and three blankets. She likes to keep warm. She sleeps with the windows wide open. She sleeps in white and pink nightgowns. She never wears pajamas, for she considers them unfeminine.

She curls up like a little ball when she sleeps. She is one of those rare gals who look pretty in the morning.

When she is all dressed up and knows that she is looking good, she likes to have men stare at her.

The End



TEACHING NEW MOTHERS IN A MODERN HOSPITAL HOW TO CARE FOR BABIES AT HOME

Wartime QUIZ for Mothers

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



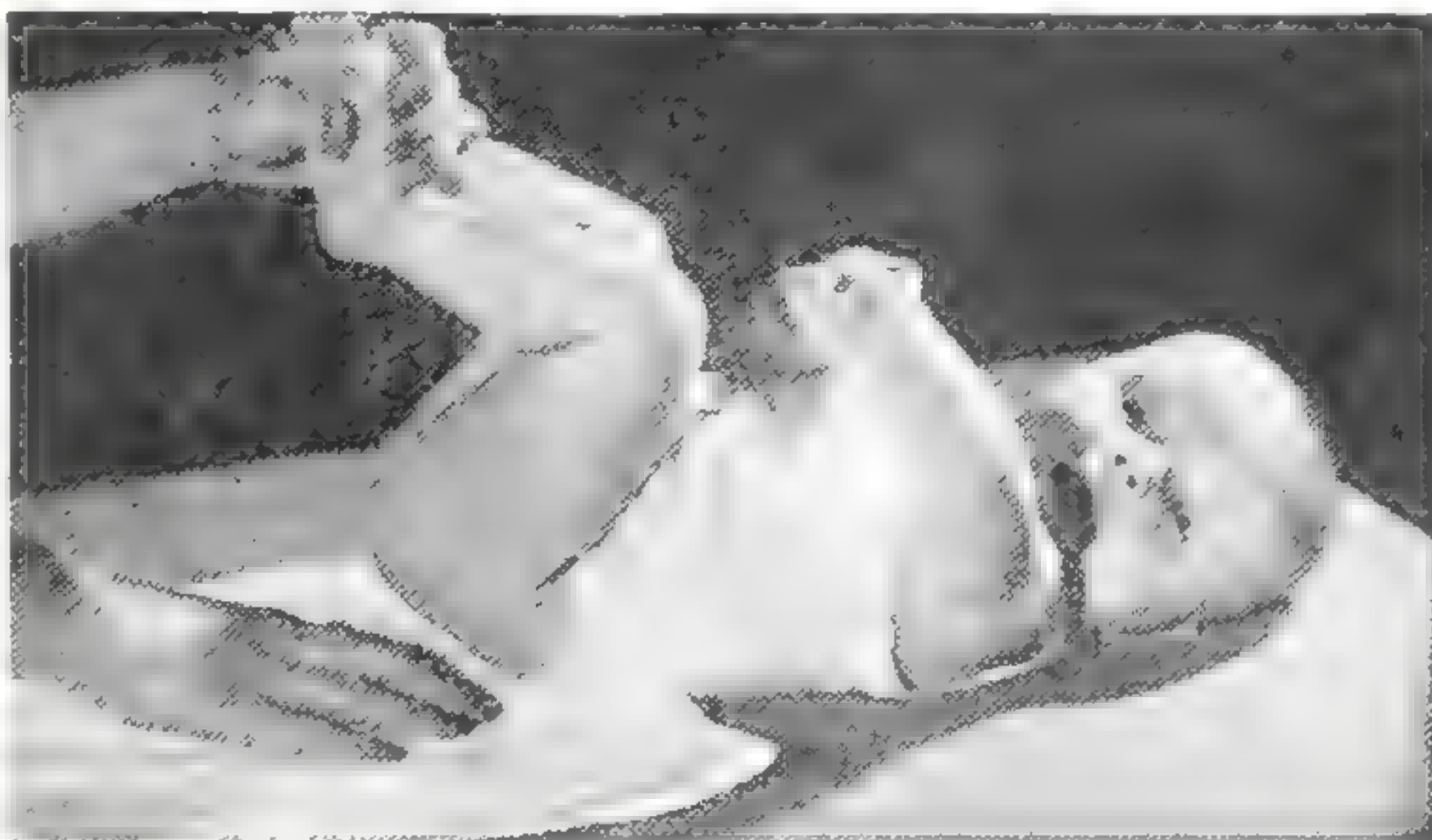
QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of doctors said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (and almost all hospitals use *Mennen Oil*—because it's *antiseptic*).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 doctors said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



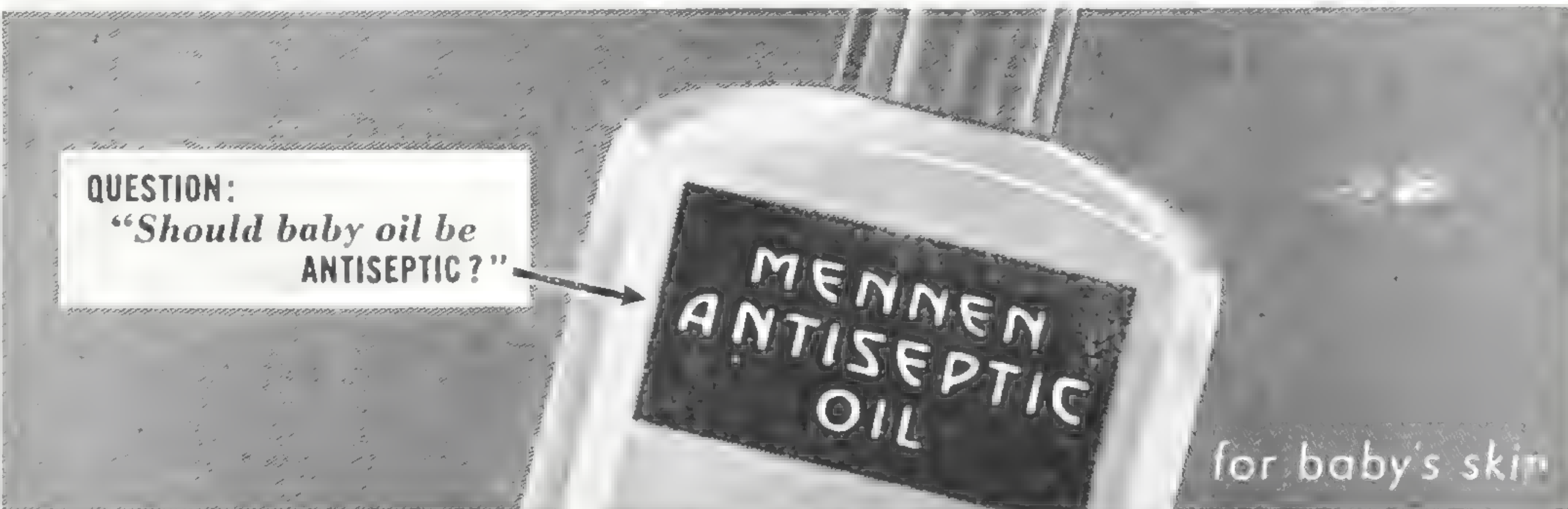
QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 doctors said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Doctors said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



QUESTION: "Should baby oil be ANTISEPTIC?"

ANSWER: 4 out of 5 doctors said baby oil should be *antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil is *antiseptic*—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence guards against prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

The Truth about the Stars' Private Heartbreaks

(Continued from page 77) possible. This great project is sponsored by the Tracys who hope that such clinics will become nationwide.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S house is closed for the duration. Her man has gone to war. But Claudette is happy. Although she is separated from him he is hers in that mystic way that marriage has of making a man and a woman one. There is no real heartbreak in her loneliness now. But there was a time . . . there was a time.

She had just completed "Private Worlds." Her work had received praise beyond her wildest dreams. Her studio boss had told her that she was the hottest box-office morsel in Hollywood. And she sat in a flower-filled suite in New York's smart Sherry Netherlands Hotel, the telegram of hysterical congratulations in her hand . . . and wept.

She was building a home in expensive Bel-Air, was in New York to shop for priceless antiques, paintings of lasting loveliness. She was rich, beautiful, acclaimed, famous—and miserable. For the man she loved, the man who could bring her the security that her very maladjusted Hollywood life needed was not free to marry her. At that time she thought Joel Pressman would never be able to get his divorce.

"Why am I building this house?" she cried. "Who will share it with me? Without him I have no life!"

But Claudette had the fortitude to go on, believing that she would never have her sweetheart for her own, and complete the house, the house they had planned to be theirs together. She faced her heartbreak constructively. Who knows but that this very gesture of courage helped to make her heart's wish come to pass.

For at long last Pressman's divorce was forthcoming. They have had much happiness in their home. The place is fragrant with memories. So she can shut it up now and send her man away. She is secure at last.

Claudette's heartbreak had a happy ending. Not so Joan Crawford's. For Joan lost the child for whom she had fought so hard. Yet she was smiling the day she announced that she had to give up her little son Christopher. The beautiful boy she had adopted as a brother for Christina had been hers for many months, hers forever, as she thought. But when she knew that the child must go back, she humbly bowed to the inevitable, set her jaw hard and did what she had to do.

Very few people know that she brought Christopher back to New York secretly, brought him back knowing that she must give him up, knowing that her time with him lessened with each revolution of the train's wheels. So skillfully did Joan handle this secret visit that none of the reporters knew she was in town. There

was a rumor or two—nothing more.

Back in Hollywood she made the cruel announcement. She had been preparing for a new film and no one realized that her heart was breaking. For once, the articulate Joan battled her heartbreak alone and burdened no one else with it.

HOLLYWOOD'S most outstanding case of career heartbreak is Vera Zorina.

Remember the ballyhoo when the glamorous dancer, who longed to prove herself an actress, was assigned to the biggest acting role since *Scarlett O'Hara*? Every newspaper in the land printed the story that Zorina was to play *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." Happily Zorina submitted to the unbecoming haircut required and began working with Gary Cooper.

Then one day she read in a column that the role had been given to Ingrid Bergman. And it was so. Why? Well, that's another story and not important to this one. Important to us is how Zorina took the blow.

Her friends all said, "It's studio politics, my dear." A star wants to believe that, but can she? When she is quite alone she is bound to think, "Perhaps I just wasn't good enough." When those thoughts press she wants to hide away with her personal doubts, escape with what self-esteem is still left intact.

But Zorina did nothing of the kind. The night that Ingrid Bergman played her first scene, Zorina, in a beautiful dinner dress, made a public appearance at a smart theater opening, with the unbecoming haircut exactly as it had been for the picture.

She was news that night, and she posed, smiling, for the photographers, with the knowledge that next day she would see the pictures and read the captions about the girl who had almost been *Maria*.

There is another kind of heartbreak—loss of love. Fearless is thinking now of the wife of a very famous star.

They were married when he was a non-entity on the New York stage. When Hollywood called she came to the Coast with him, of course. Then he went Hollywood. And she found she could not compete with the glamorous young leading women who flattered him between passionate love scenes ostensibly for the camera.

She looked her age. He did not. She had thought that being a good wife and a true one was more important than being glamorous. They say that the wife is the last to know. Maybe in Keobuk, but not in Hollywood. She heard (and read) all the rumors. She knew how it felt to join a gathering and hear the conversation click off like an electric button, feeling the words still hanging in the air and echoing in the room, knowing that "they" had been discussing the latest scandal



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Thin Lifts
by **CAT'S PAW**

"Nothing but the best" says Linda Darnell, lovely Columbia Pictures star of "City Without Men"

SIGHT UNSEEN

Taking the glasses off the stars in the guessing game on page 74 we have:

- Greer Garson (top, lefthand side of page): 1B; 2B.
- Teresa Wright (bottom, lefthand side of page): 1C; 2C.
- Spencer Tracy (top, righthand side of page): 1A; 2C.
- Roy Rogers (bottom, righthand side of page): 1B; 2B.

about him and the new starlet and "how do you suppose poor, dear drab little Dolly feels?"

She still lives her heartache, but she goes on being a good wife. There are the children who need her, you see, and her husband (her handsome, witty, talented husband who brings happiness to thousands of film-goers with his screen portrayals) needs her, too. For he always runs home to mama when his latest dream girl starts Mocamboing with another lad. The wife is happy when he returns. And she bows to the inevitable when he is under the influence of another one. She has conditioned herself to the only way of life in which she can serve. She is one of our most quietly courageous women.

A MOTHER has caused heartache to a very sweet and loyal little star. This girl, who is known for the fresh, clean roles she plays on the screen, did not know when she was a child what her mother was.

But when she was still in her teens she heard the whispers of the other kids, she knew that the little girls were not allowed to come to her house and eventually she knew why.

When Hollywood fame came to her, when she was no longer in any way dependent upon her mother. She could so easily have bought the raffish lady a house in another city and chucked her out of her life. But the girl faced it out. She kept her mother with her, included her mother, who had actually been a woman of the streets, in all her parties and dared her friends to raise an eyebrow. That takes a very special brand of A-number-one courage.

What heartbreaks scandal can cause! You remember the famous Mary Astor diary case. You probably were enormously amused at the funny comments the

newspapers made about the case. But what most people overlooked was that Mary was fighting desperately to keep her child and what was so little known was that although Mary was certainly not beyond reproach she believed her child's life might have been ruined had she been given into her father's custody. There were so many things Mary could have said about her former husband. But she felt there had been enough mud-slinging and all she wanted was to get the trial over so that it would affect Marilyn's life as little as possible.

Mary will never get over the humiliation of that trial, but she did not run away. She was awarded her daughter and for her sake she held her head high when others would have been cringing. She had a job to do and she's done it well. She has supported Marilyn and, more important, she has brought her up to be a charming little girl.

Mary risked much for a child and so did another star in Hollywood—one who had been married only a year when the tragedy occurred. She and her husband (a famous star, too) adored each other. A couple of months before she had made him very happy by telling him that she would have to get busy pretty soon in the tiny-garment department.

Then came the news that the little son of her dearest friend was in Paris and the Germans were marching on Paris. The child's mother had been killed by a bomb a few days before.

"If I did not bring that child to safety," she told her husband, "I would not feel right about the one that's coming to us, our own. I don't think we would deserve it."

Since time was of the essence she cut a great deal of red tape, got on an airplane, moved heaven and earth to get the boy

out of Europe and returned to America with the child safe.

But her own child was not safe. The excitement and the hardships of the trip had caused her to lose her own baby and the doctor says she must not hope for another for at least three years.

But only her closest friends knew this. The little boy will never know that his rescue caused the tragedy.

AND now we come to the most modern heartbreak of all. This is the heartbreak that keys all of our lives today. Ellen Drew's husband is Major Si Bartlett. Major Bartlett drops bombs on Berlin.

How does the young wife who adores her husband feel when she hears the planes roaring overhead? How does she feel when Si kisses her good-bye and she knows he is going into such terrifying danger? How does she feel?

You know, don't you? So do all the wives and sweethearts and mothers. And that is why Fearless quotes Major Bartlett. He said to Ellen not so long ago, "Darling, please don't tell people about what I might have done. It's nothing worth mentioning, for, you see, the night I was over Berlin there were hundreds of other guys over, too, and thousands and thousands all over the world. There's nothing special about it."

And there's nothing special about heartbreak. But there is something special about courage. Even though, as Si Bartlett said, "There are thousands of guys doing the same thing," it helps you to know about them, to be reminded that regardless of what you are having to go through, there are countless others with you. Those others have come through it . . . and are going on . . . and on . . . as life goes on. And so can you.

The End.

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

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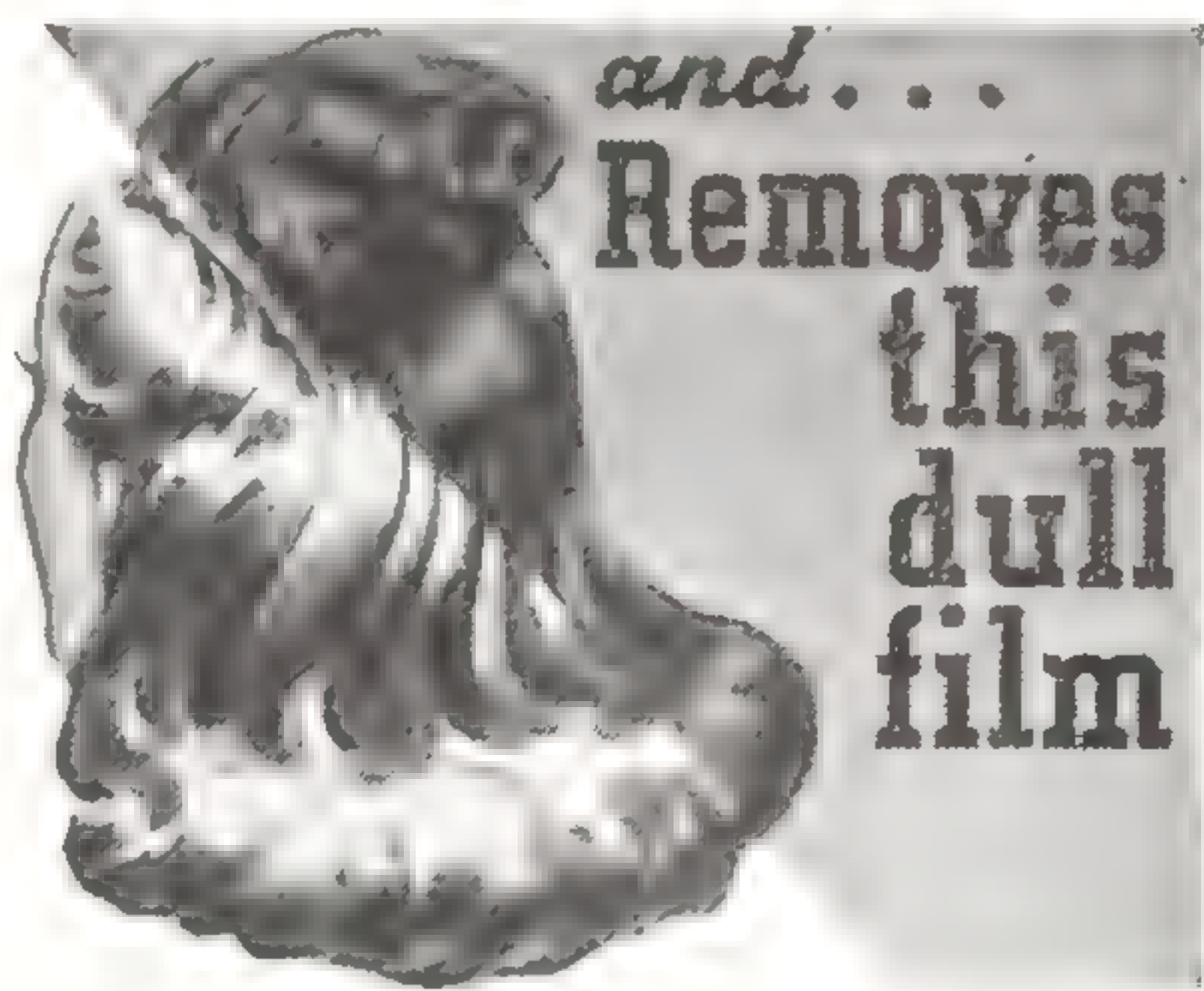
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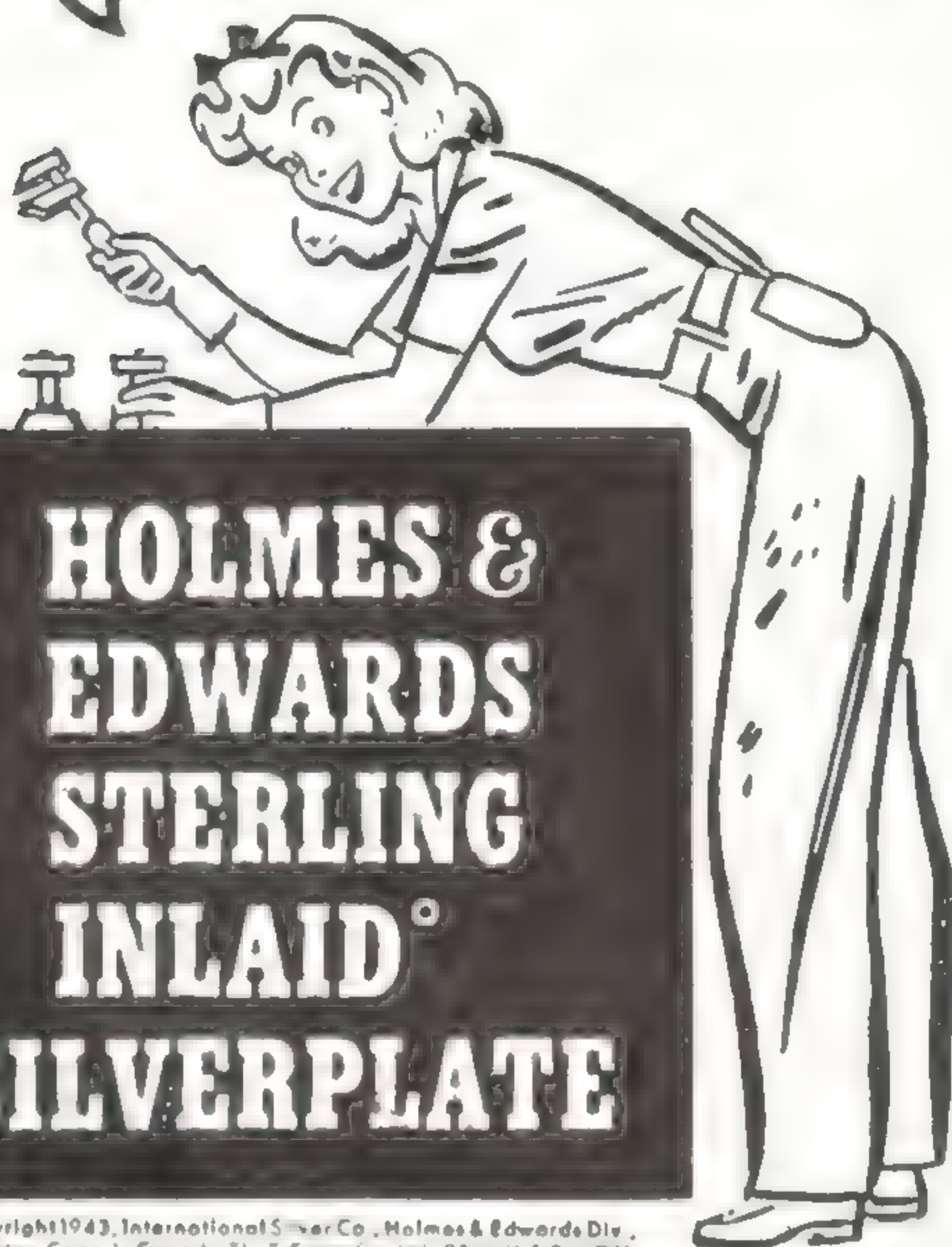
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We Won't Forget



In memoriam to Leslie Howard: The editors feel that there can be no better tribute paid to a great star than these sincere words from a Photoplay reader

When I first read of Leslie Howard's tragic "killed in action" death, my main thought was what a terrible loss it is for the screen. There are so few actors capable of expressing a whole emotion by just a gesture of the hand or an expression in the eyes and he was one of that few. But then I thought of how much the screen has *gained* during his lifetime . . . of the many memorable characters he has created. . . . A young crippled doctor who, as he was caught by the wiles of a cheap little tramp named *Mildred*, broke our hearts as surely as he did his own . . .

A broken, tragic old man, sitting alone in a garden mourning for his lost *Moonyean*, the beautiful bride killed on their wedding day . . .

A gay and dashing nobleman rescuing aristocrats in the very shadow of the guillotine, while his enemies searched on for "the damned, elusive *Pimpernel*" . . .

The selfish, maddening and utterly charming professor who taught a little flower girl to be a great lady and fell in love with both of them . . .

They're all vivid characterizations, enriching the screen a hundred-fold and for which we are all deeply grateful even as we recognize our great loss.

Forget him? How can we ever—for he left with us all those vibrant living memories, portraits etched by the hand of a master artist—bright, eternal, defying time itself.

C. Frisbie

Jane Eyre

(Continued from page 57) "Now, Carter," Mr. Rochester said in clipped, business-like tones, "I give you half an hour to dress the wound, get the patient downstairs and away."

Mr. Mason moistened his lips with his tongue. "Edward—" he said weakly. "I'm done for, I fear."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Rochester scoffed. "Tell him he's in no danger, Carter."

"I can truthfully do that," the doctor said. Bending over the injured arm he uttered an exclamation. "But what's this—the flesh is torn!"

Excitement gripped Mr. Mason. "She sank her teeth into me—like a tigress!" he cried. "She said she'd drain my heart's blood. She—"

"Be quiet, Mason," Mr. Rochester snapped, "and forget her gibberish."

She? Who was *she*? Dully, I accepted this new puzzle. They could not mean Grace Poole, the mouselike little seamstress who lived—alone, I had always been told—in the Old Wing. Yet who. . . .

"Jane," Mr. Rochester ordered, "go and put some clothes on. Then go down the back stairs and unbolt the side door. You will see a carriage there. See that the driver is ready. We shall be down in a moment."

I did as I was told—so tired, so confused and unhappy that it did not seem really I who moved. It was someone else—some other Jane Eyre, while the real one only stood by and watched.

Thus Mr. Mason, who had appeared so mysteriously at Thornfield Hall, was spirited away a few minutes before sunrise. He spoke just once more in my hearing, leaning out of the door of his carriage.

"Edward," he said, "let her be taken care of. Let her be treated as tenderly as may be. Let her—"

Impatiently, Mr. Rochester said, "I do my best, and have done it, and will do it!" He slammed the door of the carriage. But as he stood looking after it, an infinite sadness came to his dark face. As if to himself, he whispered—"Yet would to God there were an end of all this!"

He appeared to have forgotten my presence and I turned to enter the house, but he called after me: "Jane! Come for a while where there is some freshness. That house is a dungeon—a sepulchre."

He was moving toward a door in the wall of the stableyard; beyond it, I knew, was the "orchard"—although, to tell the truth, it was not an orchard at all, but more and less than that. It was an ornamental garden where fruit trees had been planted for their beauty, not their usefulness.

FOR a time we walked silently together along the graveled paths, both of us, I am sure, relieved simply to be away from the night's morbid fears and violence. He was the first to speak.

"You have passed a strange night, Jane," he said with that gentleness of his that was so much the more welcome because it was so rare.

I had not meant to ask—I had not wanted to ask—but here he had offered me the opportunity and I could not pass it by. "Mr. Rochester," I burst out, "will Grace Poole live here still?"

"Yes," he said after a second's pause, "Grace Poole will stay."

"Even after . . . after last night?"

"Even after last night. Don't ask me to explain. Just believe me when I tell you there are reasons—good reasons, weighty reasons." He hesitated, then went

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on, "Jane, I want you to use your fancy. Suppose yourself a boy—a thoughtless and impetuous boy—indulged from childhood upwards. Imagine yourself in a remote foreign land. Conceive that you there commit a capital error—not a crime, mind you, just an error—but one that cuts you off from the possibility of all human joys; and in your despair, you wander about vainly seeking contentment in mere pleasure. Then, suddenly, Fate offers you the chance of regeneration and true happiness. Are you justified in overleaping an obstacle of custom—a mere conventional impediment, which neither your conscience sanctifies, nor your judgment approves? Tell me, Jane," he begged with deepest intensity, "are you justified?"

I DID not know what he meant. I could not understand. I knew he was asking for my help in something vitally important to him, but I could not give it, though it wrung my heart to refuse.

"How can I answer, sir?" I said. "Every conscience must come to its own decision."

Tormentedly he cried, "And if it can come to a decision? If you're afraid that you may bring shame on what you most cherish, that you may destroy what you most desire to protect—?" He broke away with a gesture of despair and walked a few steps from me. When he returned he spoke in a different tone. "I'm sorry, Jane. Don't you curse me for plaguing you like this?"

"Curse you? No, sir—never," I said with all my heart.

"And you will help me again—as you did last night?"

"Whenever I can," I promised.

"For instance," he said with a half-smile, "the night before I'm married—will you sit with me then?"

The sudden beating of my heart nearly deafened me, but I would not let him see my agitation. I forced myself to say steadily, "Are you going to be married, sir?"

"Sometime, why not?" he replied carelessly. "I suppose you think no one will have me. You're wrong—you don't know our young ladies of fashion. They may not admire my person, but I assure you, they dote on my purse."

From across the wall, there floated the musical, high-pitched voice of Miss Ingram. "You say we can find him in the stables?"

At once, Mr. Rochester's mood changed. He hurried to the gate, flinging it wide and calling cheerfully, "Good morning, ladies!"

I stayed where I was until the sound of their laughter had died away in the distance. Then I went across the stableyard, into the Hall.

HOW shall I describe the rest of that dreadful day, endless as it was, when no matter what I did I seemed to have no companion but my own miserable thoughts? Mr. Rochester was to accompany Lady Ingram and Miss Blanche to London the next morning, Mrs. Fairfax told me—and I knew what that must mean. Their engagement would be announced there, at some extravagant ball; perhaps they would not delay long before the wedding. And then, after a trip abroad, they would return to Thornfield, to take up their life here together. But surely, before then, Mr. Rochester would give me an opportunity to talk to him and explain how much better it would be for Adele to go to school and let me seek another position!

I could not bear, the following morning, to be part of the group of servants who stood at the front door bidding farewell to

Mr. Rochester and his guests. Instead, I crept out in back, into the orchard, and I must confess that there, alone as I was, I let the tears flow. Never in my life, not even at Lowood, had I felt so insignificant and forlorn—for he had not even troubled to say good-by!

At the sound of footsteps I dried my eyes hastily—and then looked up in astonishment. Mr. Rochester stood before me. "Oh!" I said stupidly. "I thought you had gone."

"No, I changed my mind," he remarked. "Or rather, the Ingram family changed theirs. Walk with me, Jane."

As we set off down one of the paths he added, "Why were you crying, Jane?"

Although it was only part of the truth, I answered, "I was thinking about having to leave Thornfield."

"Leave?" he asked, and yet he did not sound surprised. "But why should you leave?"

"If Thornfield is to have a mistress," I said hurriedly, "I think it would be better for Adele to enter school—she is old enough now—and then there will be no need for a governess."

"That's true," he said musingly. "And yet, my little friend, I shall not like seeing you go. Sometimes, Jane, I have a queer feeling in regard to you. It is as if there were a cord of communion between us—and that if we must be separated, I'm afraid that cord will be snapped; and then I've a nervous notion I shall take to bleeding inwardly. As for you—you'd forget me."

It seemed the cruelest thing of all that he could speak so lightly, so almost mockingly, of this coming separation. "Forget you!" I cried, choked with tears. "You know I never will! I see the necessity of going, and it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see that necessity?" he demanded.

"Why—it is you who have placed it before me, in the person of your bride."

"What bride? I have no bride."

"But you will have," I reminded him.

"Yes, I will, I will!" he said passionately, defiantly. "But you must not go. You must stay!"

I stopped in the path and faced him.

"Do you think I could stay here to become nothing to you?" I asked. "Do you think because I am poor, and obscure, and plain, that I am soulless and heartless? I have as much soul as you, and fully as much heart. And if God had given me beauty and wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you!" For a moment our

glances met and locked, before I turned away. "There, I have spoken my heart—now let me go."

But he put his hands on my shoulders. "Jane," he said very quietly, "you are not going. Jane . . . you strange, you almost unearthly thing—you that I love as my own flesh. . . ."

He was pulling me toward him; I felt a compulsion even greater than the force of his arms to let myself fall upon his breast, but I conquered it.

"How can you torment me," I sobbed, "with the thought of your bride between us?"

"My bride is here, because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?" And while I gazed at him in astonishment, he rushed on, "Don't doubt me! Do you think I mean to marry anyone but you? I have no love for Blanche Ingram—she has none for me. It's you I love—you, poor and obscure and plain—you I entreat to accept me as your husband. Make my happiness, and I will make yours. Answer me, Jane! Answer quickly! Say, 'Edward, I'll marry you.' Say it, Jane, say it!"

I wanted to believe, but I could not. Behind all his tormented strangeness, his brusque ways, his abrupt indifference and seemingly thoughtless kindness—behind all these, could there be love?

"Turn to the light," I said. "I want to read your face."

Lowering clouds of a summer storm scudded past overhead, forming a background to that face, itself so stormy and overcast. But what I saw in it told me what I wanted to know.

"Edward," I said, "I'll marry you."

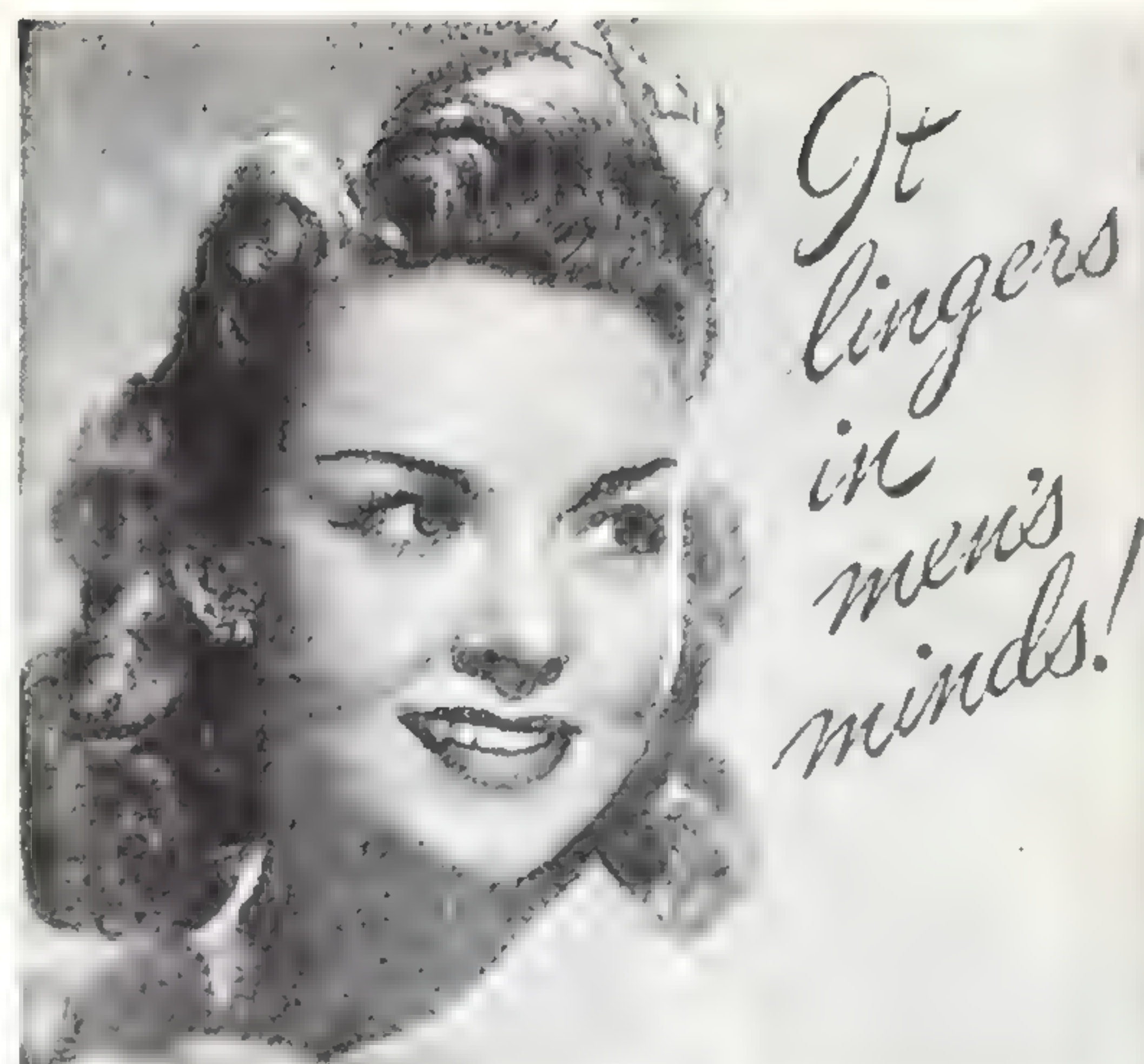
He gave a great, exultant shout as he clasped me in his arms. "And as for the world's judgment," he cried, "I wash my hands of it. As for man's opinion, I defy it. God pardon me—and let no man meddle with me. I have her and will hold her."

Lightning flashed as he kissed me, and thunder rolled again and again.

EDWARD wished us to be married as quickly and quietly as possible, but even in our short betrothal period I learned that he could be gay and ardent. He showered me with gifts, clothes, jewelry, furs and silks and satins—took me to the races and forced me to wager extravagantly, stood by smiling while an old crone told my fortune. For once, he had thrown off the cloak of vexation he had so often worn. Ah, those beautiful, enchanted few weeks, when all creation smiled on our love—when summer itself, marching in sunlit glory to its close, was



Caught against Cairo's padded walls just a few evenings before the fire: Anne Shirley dinner-dating with Lieutenant Colonel Anatole Litvak, late of North Africa



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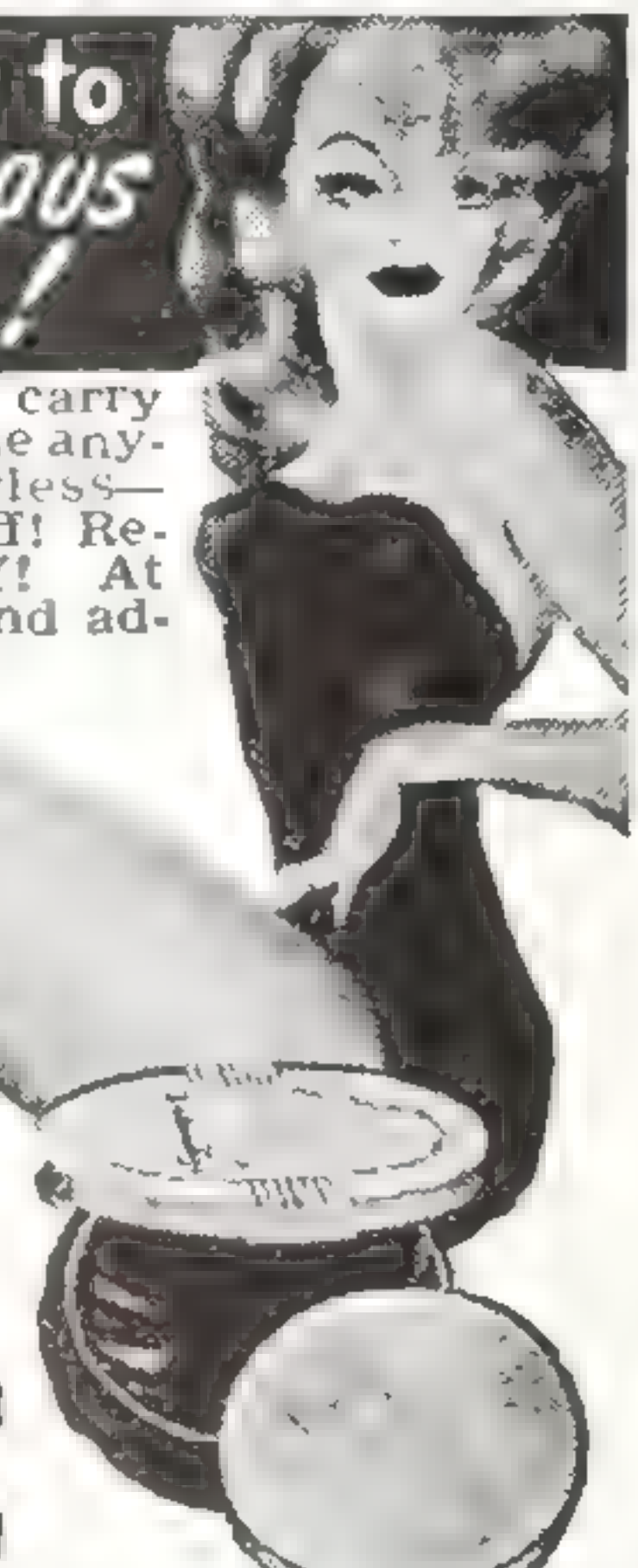
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The wedding was set for the first day of September, in the old chapel of Thornfield Village. At Edward's insistence there were to be no guests other than Adele and Mrs. Fairfax.

I could not believe in my own happiness—not when I tried on the white dress and veil, not when Edward kissed me tenderly good-night on the eve of our wedding day, not even when we stood together before the altar of the little church and heard the Rector's solemn words. I could not believe . . . for perhaps premonition warned me.

"I charge you," the Rector was saying, "that if either of you know any impediment why you may not lawfully be joined in matrimony, you do now confess it. For be ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, they are not joined by God, neither is their matrimony lawful. . . ."

FROM the dark shadows of the church, behind us, came a terrible voice, crying, "Stop! This marriage cannot go on—I declare the existence of an impediment!"

I whirled. It was a man, striding up the aisle—a man I had never seen before, gray-haired, soberly dressed, with a paper in his hand. Beside me, Edward stood like a statue, his face marble-white, only the glitter of his eyes showing he was alive.

"You cannot proceed with this marriage," the man declared. "My name is Briggs; I am an attorney by profession—and I have here proof that Mr. Rochester is already married."

The vaulted ceiling of the church swung over my head, then slowly steadied itself. Dimly, I heard Mr. Briggs reciting ". . . on the twentieth of October, 1816, was married to Bertha Antoinette Mason, at St. Mary's Church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that church—"

Edward interrupted harshly. "That may prove I have been married. It does not prove that my wife is still living."

"She was living a few weeks ago and I have a witness to the fact."

He turned slightly, and again we looked into the shadows at the back of the church—shadows which moved, shifted, and became the thin figure of Mason, the man whose wounded arm I had bathed through part of a terror-filled night. "It is true," he said in his reedy voice. "She—she is now living at Thornfield Hall. I saw her there myself. I am her brother."

Edward broke the stunned silence. "Parson," he commanded, "close your book and take off your surplice. There'll be no wedding today. Instead I invite you all to come up to the house and visit Grace Poole's patient—my wife, whom I married fifteen years ago. My wife, parson—she'll be enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

DO not remember the journey back to Thornfield Hall, except that on it no one spoke. In silence, too, we mounted the stairs and opened the door to the Old Wing, went up more stairs and entered the stone-walled room where I had kept my vigil. In front of the far door we stopped. Grace Poole stood with us, wringing her hands, and of her Edward demanded:

"The key, Grace! The key!"

"I beg you, sir—please, take care!" the woman pleaded.

"The key!" he repeated.

She put it in his outstretched hand and he flung the door open.

For an instant there was neither sound nor movement in the darkness within. Then came a snarl, rising from a throaty

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guttural to a scream, and a figure neither human nor animal shot out of the door and fell upon Edward, its skinny hands clawing at his face and throat. He staggered and almost fell. While we watched, frozen in horror, they struggled—Edward and that thing of rags, of matted white hair, of gleaming, murderous eyes. With one final effort he tore it from him and threw it to the floor, where it lay moaning and gasping. He stood back, his face streaked with blood which he made no effort to wipe away.

"That, gentlemen, is my wife," he said. "Mad—and the offspring of a mad family, to whom the church and the law bind me forever without hope of divorce." He turned to me. "And this is what I wished to have, this young girl who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell. Look at the difference—and then judge me, you men of the church and of the law!"

I could not stay. I gazed at Edward, not in anger but in deepest sorrow and sympathy, before I left the room.

HOURS later, having made all my preparations, I came down the stairs to the quiet hall. My bag was packed and in my hand, I had kissed Adele as she slept. I would have wished to leave without saying farewell to Edward, but that would have seemed heartless and unfair.

He was waiting for me—waiting there in the darkest of the shadows, and though I needed no explanation I could do nothing but listen.

"Jane, I did not even know her," he pleaded. "I was married at nineteen, in Spanish Town, to a bride already courted for me. But I married her—gross, groveling, mole-eyed blockhead that I was! Her vices sprang up fast and rank. I suffered all the agonies of a man bound to a wife at once intemperate and unchaste. And I watched her excesses drive her at last to madness. I brought her back to England—to Thornfield. Jane, I did all that God and humanity demanded. And if I tried to deceive you, it was only because I was searching for some happiness at last—not to hurt you, not to hurt anyone else. Jane, can you not forgive me?"

That, at least, I could answer. "I do forgive you," I said, "with my whole heart."

"And you still love me, Jane?" There was a great upsurge of hope in his voice.

"I do love you—more than ever." He moved to take me in his arms, and I went on quickly, "I can say it now, since it is for the last time."

"No!" he said with a poignancy that tore my heart. "Jane, you must not go. Stay with me. We would be hurting nobody."

"We would be hurting ourselves."

"If we broke a mere human law?" he demanded.

But I shook my head. "Laws and principles are not for times when there is no temptation," I said. "They are for such moments as this."

"If you go, what will be left of me? Will you not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my frantic prayer, are they nothing to you?"

It was a knife in my own flesh, but I stepped past his outstretched arms. "God bless you, my dear," I whispered. "God keep you from harm and wrong."

His last despairing call went with me. "Jane! Jane! Jane!"

Over and over. Forever.

I SHALL not weary you with an account of my wanderings. It is enough to say that without references or friends it was impossible for me to secure another position and at last I returned to the one spot

Absent-minded

How, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this . . . when you feel all in?

That's strange talk . . . coming from *you!* You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Uncle Sam . . . first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'd *stay on the job.*

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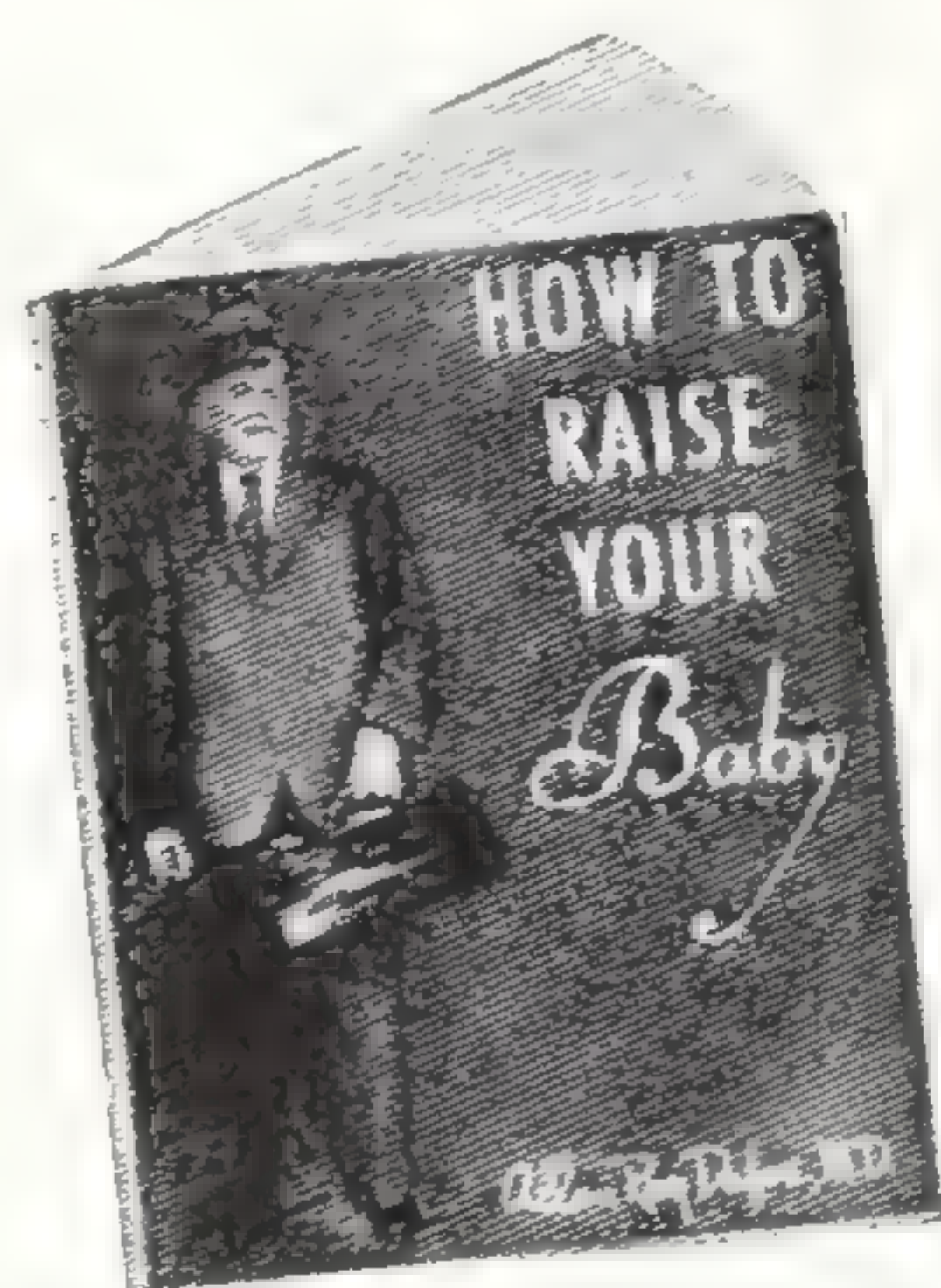
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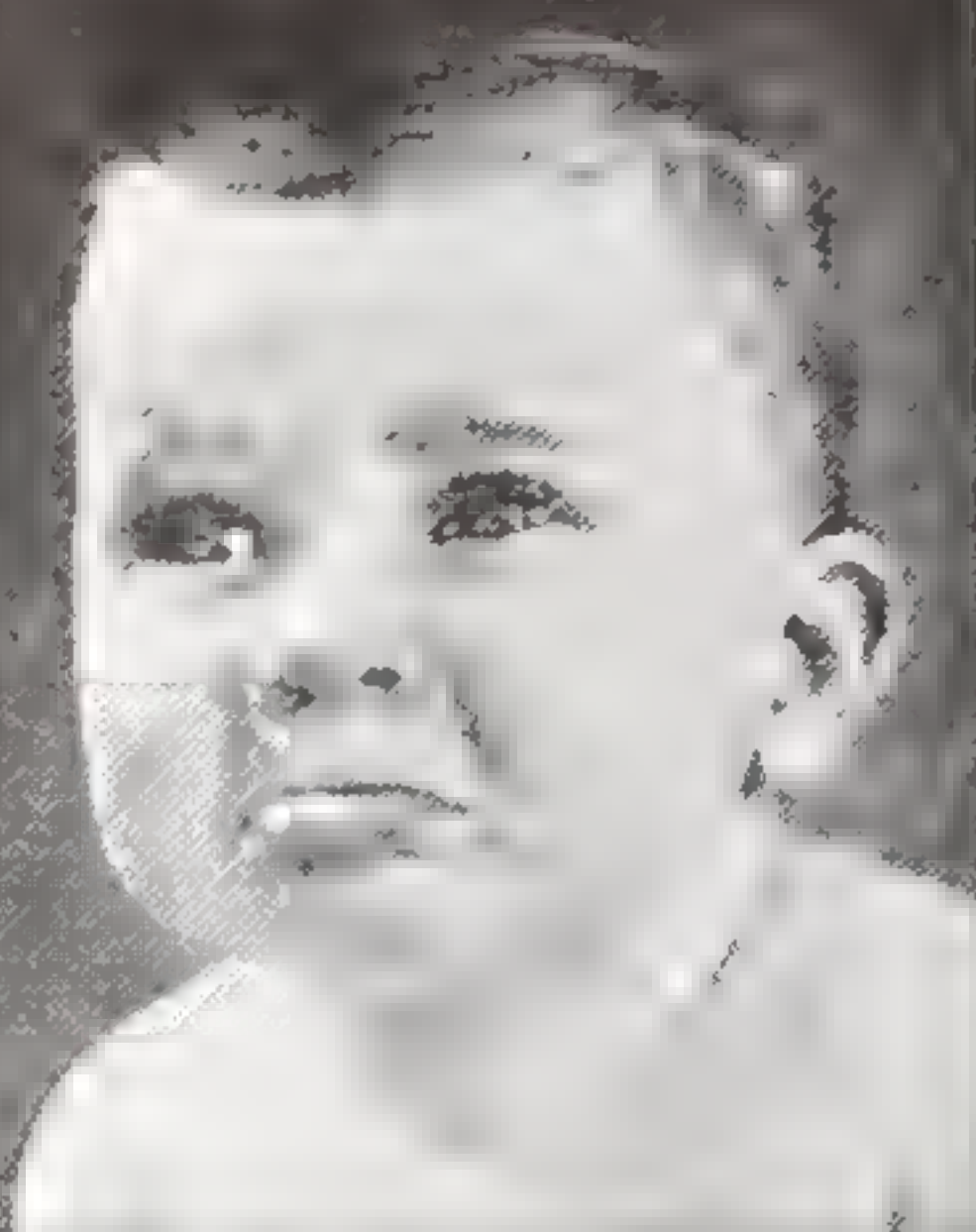
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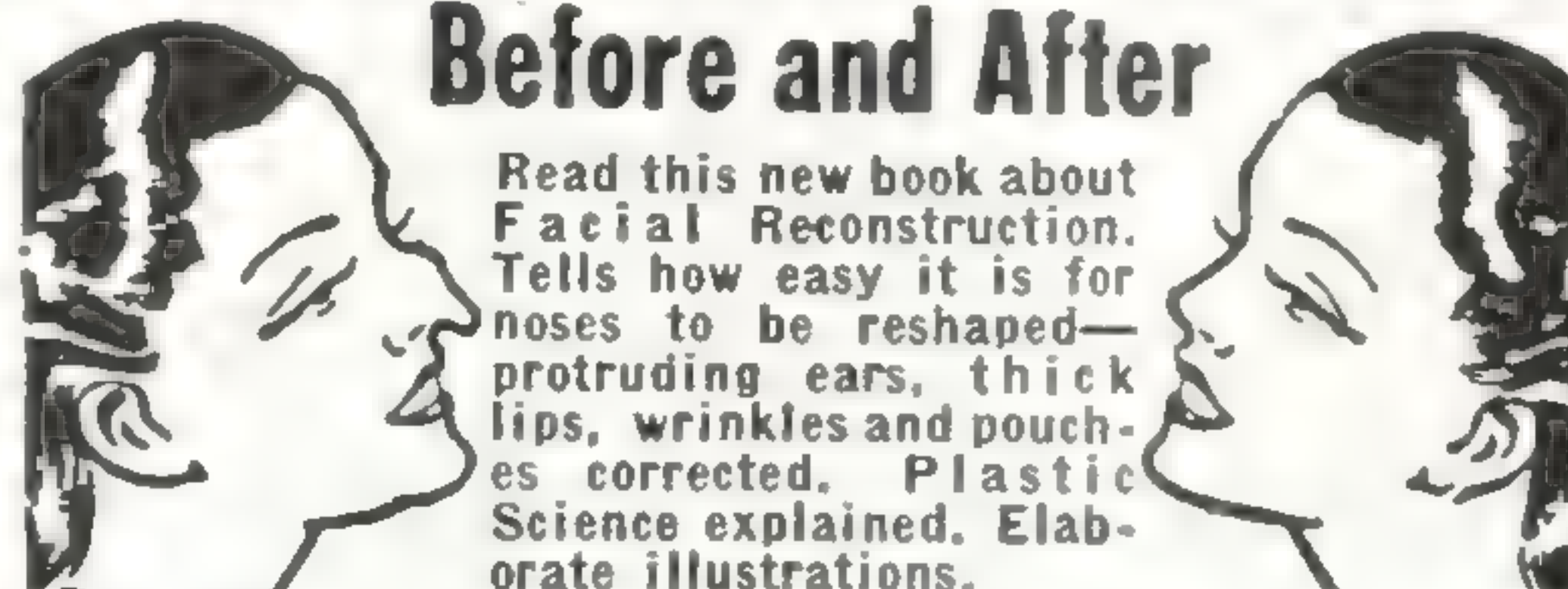


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I had thought never to see again—my Aunt Reed's house, Gateshead Hall. There I found things greatly changed from the days when I had been a child. John Reed, the cousin who had so tormented me, was dead, dead by his own hand after he had gambled away his own fortune and then his mother's. My aunt herself lay at death's door as a result of the stroke she had suffered at news of the tragedy. She was desperately in need of comfort and companionship and I found it in my heart to supply them throughout the few months which were all she had left to live.

Once I had hated her, but in the wasted form of this woman there was little to remind me of the harsh aunt who had neglected and mistreated me. Instead, I pitied her and was content to serve her.

AS once before, when I was most alone, I had one friend—my old benefactor, Dr. Rivers, who was still at Lowood, a few miles from Gateshead. He was wise enough not to inquire into my reasons for leaving Thornfield and kind enough to see me now and then and thus let me know that outside the darkened sickroom the world still went on its way. When my aunt died he helped me make all the final arrangements.

And the day after the funeral he asked me to marry him.

"I've nothing to offer you, Jane," he confessed. "No money or position. No extraordinary talents or dazzling prospects. Nothing but the hardest of hard lives and this thing I've got in my heart—this devotion, this immeasurable tenderness. . . ."

I lifted my eyes to his face—not a handsome face, but so very kind, so very good. Before I could speak, he smiled. "Don't answer now, Jane. It wouldn't be fair to yourself—or perhaps to me either. I'll ride over again tomorrow. Tonight you must search your heart."

Ah, I thought when he had gone, I might search and search, but only one thing would I ever find—a longing for Edward, a need for him. For long hours, that night, I sat alone in my room, while a storm gathered outside, trying to find the path of honesty and rightness. It was wrong for me to marry Edward, whom I loved—but was it any less wrong to marry Dr. Rivers, whom I did not love except as a dear friend?

While I pondered, I walked to the window. The gale had risen, low clouds were overhead and every few minutes the surroundings were lit by flashes of brilliant lightning. But still, above the noise of the storm, I heard another sound, one that called to me in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

"Jane! Jane! Jane!"

And now I knew—I was sure. It could not be wrong. No need so great, so powerful, could have evil in its satisfaction.

It was late the next afternoon when I came to Thornfield Hall—but a Thornfield so starkly changed. Where the mansion had stood so proudly were blackened ruins. Its ground were choked with new weeds; where there had been a gentle lawn sheep now grazed. Wherever I looked were desolation and oncoming decay—even in the person of the aged and tottering man who guarded the sheep.

He saw me gazing blankly about and came to my side.

"What—happened?" I breathed.

"Fire broke out at dead o' night," he told me. "Not supposed to know how, but folk guessed. Truth is there was a woman kept up there in the tower, a madwoman, and she started the fire. Mr. Edward's own wife, she was, and did her best to

burn him to death. But he runs up and tries to save her. All the house blazing, mind you—and she, there on the roof, waving her arms and laughing. We was all looking up at her and when Mr. Edward comes near her, to help her down, she yells and runs from him and the next minute she's lying out there, smashed on the pavement."

He told the story with infinite relish, nodding and grimacing, but still he had left out what I most wanted to know. I hardly could ask:

"And Mr. Edward?"

"Ay, he's alive. He packed that little French ward of his off to Paris and lives alone in the Lodge. He's alive. But many think he had better be dead." Abruptly, he turned and left me.

I walked into the sunset, toward the little Lodge near the gates. It looked poor and shabby as I approached; no curtains were at the windows, no smoke rising from the chimney. The door stood ajar.

Trembling with fear at what I might see, I went inside. There was an untidy, littered room, a table at which a man sat alone. It was Edward—unshaven, uncombed, dressed in a dirty suit. At the sound of my step he lifted his eyes to the doorway—but they were blank, unseeing. He was blind.

"Oh, Edward, Edward!" I sobbed, falling to my knees beside him.

"Jane!" His hand touched mine, went from there to my face and my hair. "Her very fingers," he said wonderingly. "Her small slight fingers. Her hair. Her flower-soft face."

"And her heart too, Edward—"

His arms went out to clasp me to him, then suddenly they dropped.

"I can't exploit your pity," he said in his old harsh way.

"My pity?" I cried, aghast.

"You're young. You can't stay here," he insisted, "wasting your life on the mere wreckage of a man!"

The tears streamed down my face. "Don't send me away," I begged. "Please don't send me away."

"Do you think I want to let you go?" he asked in agony.

I did not answer, for no answer was needed. Instead, I smoothed away the uncombed hair from his forehead, murmuring, "Goodness—this shaggy mane of yours!"

"Am I hideous, Jane?"

"Very, sir," I told him. "You always were, you know."

My heart leaping with joy, I heard his laughter. With God's help, and love's help, I should hear that laughter each day from now on, for all the rest of my life.

THE END

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The Strictly Private Life of George Sanders

(Continued from page 53) after all manner of conferences and the most constant and specialized supervision, they still wished they had done many things otherwise. And later when they built the *Queen Elizabeth* they provided for these changes. Nevertheless, they still weren't satisfied when she was afloat."

SUN streams into the Sanders house through windows which overlook the garden, the swimming pool and the tennis court. Most of the furniture is oversize to accommodate George's man-size measurements. Susan, incidentally, is five feet six inches and weighs a scant one hundred and twenty-four.

The cottage door of the Sanders house swings wide to their neighbors, friends and family but closes austere upon the curious and the uninvited. Susan Sanders has no intimates in her neighborhood and, apparently, doesn't wish any. However, she's friendly and active enough in neighborhood affairs, particularly Red Cross. Those who work with her comment always upon the quiet, able way in which she assists at whatever must be done.

Occasionally George and Susan spend an evening at Bill Jordan's "Bar of Music," a quiet little spot within walking distance of their home which features intimate entertainment. George and Susan never go to film parties together. Indeed, George rarely goes alone.

"I decided when I first came to Hollywood," he says, "that it was useless to go to a party unless you could reasonably expect a good time. I looked around at all the Has-beens and Would-bes who work so hard being charming and amusing at parties. What happened to them as a result? Nothing! Casting is done at the studios, not at parties!"

HE talks, willingly enough, about everything but his private life.

There was the hopeful interviewer who suggested that he give one story about his marriage—only suspected at the time—and thus stop the reporters who were beginning to hound him on this score.

George grinned. "Oh no," he said. "Once I admitted I was married the divorce rumors would start! Then you'd be hounding me for statements as to whether or not those rumors were true."

Those with any right to know whether or not George was married have known

from the beginning. His friends knew. His family knew. So did the bookkeeping department at the studio. Perforce! A few months ago when George was sent to New York his expenses, paid by the studio, included daily telephone calls to his wife who remained at home. Also, for the past three years, his income tax returns have, of course, clearly indicated his status.

But with the press and the public and his professional acquaintances it's been another story. The few interviewers he likes well enough to see at his home have been puzzled, more than once, by the attractive young woman who brought in refreshments and then left the room without George's introducing her or, in fact, recognizing her presence by word or look.

Even the statements George has made about romance have veered on the non-committal side. "You can't tell whether a romance is good or bad until it's over," he has said. "Should you quit a romance at the wrong time—for any reason—you'd undoubtedly take a licking. Just as you'd take a licking if you sold stock shares at the wrong time!"

If George had any wish to be a spotlighted personality he would, of course, conduct himself differently—and not have gotten so far. But always he has made it clear he has no intention of ceasing to be the person he is by virtue of birth and environment and experience in order to adjust to the usual movie-star pattern.

THIS, in itself, makes George the fruit of his family tree. It's like the Sanders to be as insular as their native Britain. They lived in Russia from the reign of Catherine the Great until the Revolution without ever absorbing any of the volatile Russian spirit, retaining their British identity always.

George, who was born in Russia in 1906 (this makes him thirty-seven—and, speaking of age, his draft status is 3A), grew up determined to be an inventor. He went to the Manchester Technical School, following Brighton College, and he has three swimming toys to his credit. However, quick to realize an inventor had small chance of making enough money to support a pleasant existence, he decided to seek work which would bring him income enough to live comfortably, grow individually and finance the experiments he would make in his spare time.

In turn he pretended to work at a desk

Part of the Sanders private life until now was George's father. Formerly an English businessman, he steps into the Hollywood limelight to play Sanders Jr.'s father in "Appointment In Berlin"



in a Manchester cotton spinning mill, opened a cotton brokerage with a friend, spent six months in Denmark and four years in Patagonia traveling for a tobacco company and engaged in advertising.

Several sinecures presented themselves. But his clear vision and his realistic point of view—two of his most outstanding characteristics—prompted him to turn them down. "Sinecures are not advantageous," he says. "They don't last. Consequently they oblige you to start all over again."

It was the well-known depression, responsible for many changes in many lives, which brought George to the theater. A producer of revues heard him sing naughty songs at a private party and offered him a bit in his show. Not being busy at the time, George accepted. And before too long that competitive spirit which makes him want to progress and be the best at whatever he is doing brought him the success he knows today.

He continues his experiments exactly as he planned. Many of the fantastic model planes he builds crash on their maiden flights. But he keeps on anyway. Occasionally he has a real success. He and his brother, Tom Conway (*The Falcon*), who was formerly a yacht-builder, laugh uproariously whenever they talk about a boat Tom built according to George's ideas. Everyone expected it to turn out disastrously. Instead, providing many of the comforts upon which George dotes, it sold—after they had tired of it—for a handsome profit.

THERE has been considerable mystery about George's family too. It's understandable enough that he will not mention his sister who married a gentleman high in the Nazi command—to the great distress of her family. It's even said he went to Europe in a final secret attempt to dissuade her. But he's also refused to talk of the other members of his family, without reason. When his mother and father and brother came to California a few years after he was successfully established here they lived at his Laguna house. Few in Hollywood ever saw any of them until first Tom and then his father engaged upon movie careers.

George is as wise as a sage but he's never pedantic, heavy, stuffy. He's a casual cosmopolite who laughs at life with quiet amusement and invariably manages to do the best he can for himself under whatever conditions prevail.

Witness his giving up being an inventor to become a movie star because actors are—as he says—ridiculously overpaid. . . .

Witness his realistic attitude about Hollywood parties. . . .

Witness his deciding the *Falcon* pictures were typing him, robbing him of plum roles and inveigling RKO into putting his brother who looks very much like him and sounds exactly like him—into his role in this series, thus scoring two coups. . . .

Witness his suggesting that his father, a distinguished-looking man with the charm of his sons and a rope-manufacturer in Russia before he built yachts in England, play his father in "Appointment In Berlin."

When the remuneration is sufficient the Sanders men step into the limelight willingly. Not the Sanders women, however. They remain in the home where George genuinely believes women belong and are happiest. His mother, Margaret Kolbe Sanders, who was a fine horticulturist in England, is little known in Hollywood. And immediately George came into Susan Larson's life, she disappeared from the studios and public view, finally becoming the leading lady in what until now has been the George Sanders marriage mystery.

THE END

The Girl who never was 21



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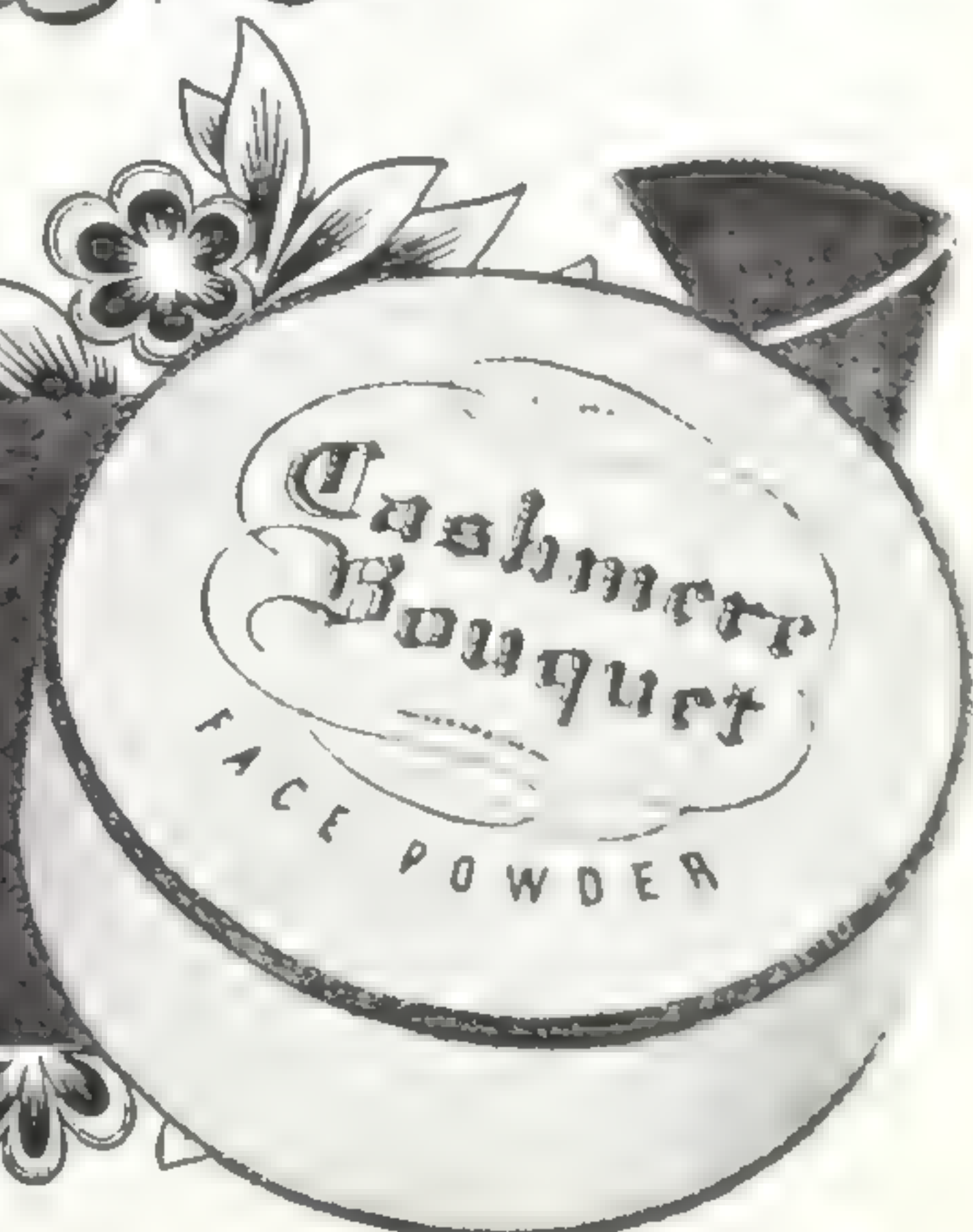
3 And now she's young again... and loved... thanks to that smooth, downy look and the color of youth that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!

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September

True Story

RADIO DRAMAS: Did you know that there's a complete half hour of radio dramas selected straight from your favorite stories in TRUE STORY Magazine on the radio every afternoon? Tune in My True Story, a Blue Network Presentation at 3:15 P.M. EWT any weekday afternoon for this added pleasure.

My Unfinished Love Story

(Continued from page 61) Anyhow, when I saw him I thought I was going to faint. If ever I acted, it was at that moment on the threshold of his room—when I finally got a smile pinned on my face and lied, "Sid, you're looking fine!"

So that was one experience we went through together—his long hospitalization and then his weeks of recuperation. During those recuperation weeks, I might add, I was his chauffeur—on my A card! I taught him gin rummy, too, and we'd play it by the hour together, with him winning. And I'd try to cook healthful dinners for him—but you have to be awfully hungry to enjoy my cooking!

ANOTHER experience we had was our unorthodox Christmas, so unusual a Christmas that I'll wager most couples in love never have one like it.

He was in Fort Worth at an airfield, you see; and I was in Mexico City on a personal-appearance tour. So I flew into Fort Worth Christmas Day and he met me at the plane—loaded down with Christmas gifts for me (all of them Indian rings, belts and bracelets he'd bought in Fort Worth!). I'll never forget that Christmas dinner. Instead of sitting over the turkey with the family at home, we dined with six hundred pilots at the air training school there! And when dinner was over, I remember Sid and I took in Claudette Colbert's "Palm Beach Story" at the camp theater and then Sid put me on the plane for Hollywood. After that air-minded day it wasn't just Santa Claus I didn't believe in—I didn't believe in Christmas, either!

Between Experiences with a capital E, Sid and I have had the usual adjustments to make to each other. Or maybe unusual adjustments—after all, ours is the story of an Actress and an Aviator. Both of us are careerists and one of us, I soon realized, had to take an interest in the other's career. That meant me.

Frankly, when Sid first began dragging me to parties composed entirely of aviators I was bored to death. I had no idea what they were talking about or why. Then one evening after I had spent five solid hours listening to Sid talk aviation with fifteen other fliers I sat down and had a little chat with myself. I said, "Lynn Bari, you have your choice: Either you die of boredom with his friends or you learn something about their interests."

Result: I studied up on flying and now I'm fascinated with it. In fact, I'm going to Las Vegas and learn to fly on my first long rest between pictures. And after the war, I'm seriously buying a plane.

I'VE also made a few other adjustments.

The Hat Adjustment was the biggest blow to my vanity. Sid can't stand my wonderful, dizzy headgear, so my friends are now wearing my hats and I'm going without. And then there was the Furniture Adjustment. You see, I began yearning for a home of my own again, so I bought George Montgomery's house when he left for the Army. An empty house means furniture, of course, and I began happily buying things—until Sid started objecting to half my ideas and insisted on telling me his. Now we save battles by shopping together.

Of course, he's had a few adjustments, too. One of them is getting used to my disappearing on endless personal appearance tours and Army shows, which have me hopping up and down the West Coast continually. Another is the No-Servant-So Why-Not-Sid? Adjustment—which means he's been lawn-mowing, carrying out trash and even occasionally answering my phone when I'm gone for a few hours.



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He doesn't know it yet, but the Tiger Skin Rug Adjustment is just around the bend, too! But let me explain: Right after I bought my lovely, light new house with its gay appointments, Sid called up and proudly told me he had a surprise present he was bringing me. It was a surprise, all right! It's a huge tiger skin rug, sent him as a gift from a flyer friend in Calcutta.

He considers it a thing of rare beauty and keeps wanting to know where I'll put it in the house. That's an adjustment I'll have to make with care.

But all of these adjustments are minor. The major thing is that we get along beautifully, which always surprises me when two people come from such opposite worlds.

I'm a minister's daughter, you see. I spent my childhood in Virginia and Boston and I started acting in movies at thirteen. The last ten years of my life have been spent right at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, where I'm under contract. Meanwhile, while I've been concentrating on cameras, Sid shot right from his New York schooling into an airplane and he's been in one ever since. Before he became a test pilot at Douglas, he spent years in the Royal Canadian Air Force. I should know, because I'm silly enough about him to be wearing his RCAF identification chain around my wrist!

Anyway, if you think of us, think of us laughing. Or think of me lounging in the sun frowning over Sid's aviation magazines—and him near me yawning over my Shakespeare! Or think of me listening to his speeches on flying—and him listening (which no one else will do!) to my singing.

But mainly, think of us laughing. And remember that the end of this year should find an ending to this story... though until then it must remain unfinished.



We promised

last month to bring you in this issue Hedda Hopper's inside revelations on "The Most Misunderstood Stars In Hollywood." But after we had sent the article to the printer the news of Veronica Lake's separation from her husband came to us. So in order to bring you the latest word from Hollywood we persuaded Miss Hopper, who has been very close to the situation, to do the story at once. This means you will have "The Most Misunderstood Stars in Hollywood" next month without fail—

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Case against Chaplin

(Continued from page 35) golden opportunity both fighting for the very kind of liberty and pursuit of happiness he has always enjoyed, Charlie Chaplin has chosen to sit by rather than give his services. For all we have given him in this nation he has returned us not one laugh since the need of humanity called us to battle after Pearl Harbor.

We are reminded of the striking contrast between him and another little English clown, whose early story was much the same as Chaplin's but the end, oh so different. Stanley Lupino—father of Ida—who knew as Chaplin did what it was to go hungry in the streets of London when he was young. Knew what it was to turn his gift for making people laugh into stardom and fortune.

While the bombs fell upon London during those long dreadful days and nights of the Battle of Britain, Stanley Lupino was up there on the stage making people laugh so loud they couldn't hear the scream of bombs. And when the curtain went down Stanley Lupino put on his helmet and went out to his duties as an air raid warden. All England remembers and always will that Stanley Lupino was killed at his post by a German bomb.

HOLLYWOOD, however, is not without its record of a great comedian today. Nobody has ever thought to call Bob Hope a genius and I daresay he would not like it much if they did. Well, if Hollywood's Bob Hope has missed a laugh he could bring us since this war began I don't know how or when or where, do you? If there is a camp he could get to, a soldier or sailor or marine he could entertain, an hour he could devote to laughter for our people and he failed to find it all—I'll be surprised. Actually, it is Bob Hope who represents this generation of Hollywood laugh makers as king, and of him Hollywood can be proud, believe me.

When you think of Hollywood in war time you can think of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and Abbott and Costello, of Carole Lombard and Captain Clark Gable and Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and Bette Davis of the Hollywood Canteen and Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour and all the troupers who have never faltered from any chance to serve.

It has been said that Hollywood is afraid of this Chaplin case. I don't think so. I think it is sick and sorry and ashamed. Through all his years it has allowed him to remain on the throne. He has been Hollywood's one authentic genius, and Hollywood has been proud of the recognition given him by the great. It is very difficult to cast out the man who has been hailed as a genius. Hollywood as a whole wants to turn away its eyes and weep at the spectacle of their genius, their great artist.

I think it is necessary that we forget Charlie Chaplin, as we must forget the others who have failed the great task. He doesn't belong to wartime Hollywood.

"I must have peace, I must be let alone!" cried Mr. Chaplin beside his swimming pool.

Who is Charlie Chaplin that he out of all this war-torn world dare demand peace?

I don't think we can give Mr. Chaplin peace.

But his other request it is within our power to grant. Sadly, but without bitterness.

We can let him alone.

THE END

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All about Anne

(Continued from page 55) I saw Gabin walking across the studio lot, I almost wrecked my car from excitement. A fan? Of course. It's normal to be a fan, isn't it?

I don't like cats at all. I am afraid of them. They're selfish and cold. To some people, they are little kittens, cuddly. To me they are leopards. I have a feeling they are sneering at me. Anything that crawls also revolts me.

My real name is Anne Baxter. I was adamant about keeping my real name for the screen. Because of Dad, I am proud of it.

I'm mad for astrology, palmistry, cranium readings. Hypnosis simply fascinates me. And I'm so superstitious I'm ashamed of it. Three on a match and there is one less in a room—me.

I chew gum. Three packs to a movie. Also have an unfortunate habit of opening crinkly candy bars in picture shows. I'd love to look like Katharine Hepburn. You know—long, lean and hungry-looking. Instead of which I am five feet four, weigh 112 pounds, have hazel eyes and hair euphemistically described as "chestnut" and look cream-fed.

GO out quite a lot. I love to dance and talk. I love to do things on the spur of the moment. I'm an extrovert, but definitely.

I had my first date when I was twelve. It was with Elmer Mayer, the fat boy of the neighborhood, and we went to a fancy-dress Hallowe'en party. I was dressed up fit to kill, but Elmer made no concessions to the costume party whatsoever and none to me. All he did was eat. So I went home, alone, at ten o'clock. Which might have given me a distaste for romance and the Stronger Sex, but didn't because.

... at the age of fifteen, I had my first kiss. The boy's name was John. He was an apprentice at the Cape Playhouse at Cape Cod where I was playing in summer stock. We had gone for a long automobile ride. It was my first experience with romance and moonlight. When he kissed me, I was speechless. But I liked it.

Most of the boys I go out with in Hollywood no one would know. They are not in pictures. And I would not, definitely would not, marry an actor. Someone sympathetic to my profession, yes; someone in it, no. I feel protective about marriage. This is because my parents have been married for twenty-five years. It has been something to watch. Also, I have known girls with divorced parents and hope never to do that to my children. Of which I hope to have three, two boys and a girl.

LOVE to give big parties but haven't enough money to give them as I think they should be given. Costume parties, for example, I'm mad about. Or a waltz party, in a charming, old-world room, with mirrored walls and candlelight.

What I do, or did before point rationing, was have a few people in for dinner, which prepared myself—madriliene with sherry, paratoga lamb chops wrapped together, buttered wild rice, peas and corn cooked together, cherries jubilee, coffee and corals. The whole trick is getting everything to come out at the same time. I would really like to make cookery, especially the wine cookery, a hobby after the war. Nowadays I like to have friends come over Sunday afternoons for a good talk—that isn't rationed!

I am frantically ambitious. That buds from the stem of my parents' precepts, "Whatever you do, you have to do it well." I don't care about the big-movie-star thing,

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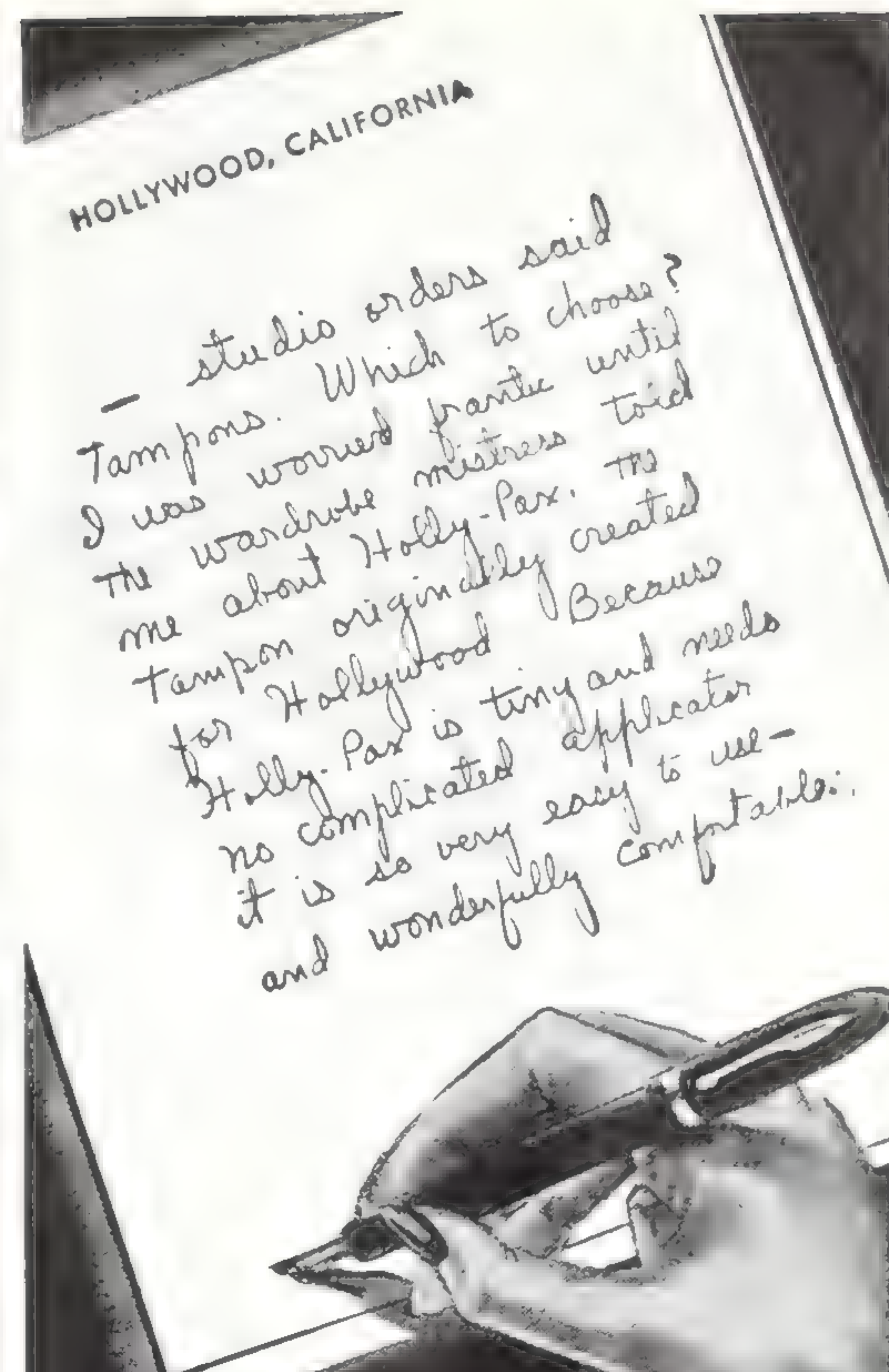
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but I have to act. I love it and it is the only thing I know.

I have been acting since I first appeared on Broadway at the age of twelve. In the fall of 1938, I was with Eva Le Gallienne in "Madame Capet."

Then talent scouts from Hollywood asked me to test for the leading role in "Rebecca." I went to the Coast and made dozens of tests, but production was delayed so I returned to New York and made a test there for Twentieth Century-Fox. When Mr. Zanuck saw it, he telephoned me immediately and signed me to a term contract.

I haven't been really satisfied with anything I've done except, perhaps, "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Pied Piper." I was disappointed, of course, when I didn't get the role of Bernadette but feel compensated because of my part in Mr. Goldwyn's "North Star."

Because I love acting truly, deeply, I try to give it all I have while I am working.

I studied, for a time, with Madame Ouspenskaya. The Moscow Art Method. The things we had to do! The Introduction to Symbols class, for example. One day I played a cloud; the next day, a glass of milk. Once we did a complete play as an opera, with all the cast singing the lines in double talk. It seemed a bit mad at the time, but it was essentially sound. For we came out of that training completely uninhibited.

So far, Orson Welles is my favorite director. He gives you the feeling when you go into a scene that you are doing something no one has ever done before. He takes the trouble to know every member of his cast so well that he understands exactly how to approach him and get his best work for each scene. You get very tired, physically and emotionally, working for Orson, but it is worth it.

I HAVE only men friends in Hollywood, which makes me a little sad. I would love to have girl friends now. Perhaps I fail because I was conditioned in childhood to be without them. Or perhaps it is because some girls in pictures are not friends. I have met girls here and felt very congenial with them, only to have them look through me the next time we meet. Virginia Gilmore has been awfully nice to me. And Bette Davis has been very friendly, and Ida Lupino. They both wrote me notes about my performance in "The Pied Piper." Someday, if I ever amount to anything, I hope I won't forget to do that for another newcomer.

My most embarrassing moments have come from marriage rumors in the columns. To stop at a drive-in with some youth who hasn't a marriage molecule in his head and to read a marriage rumor the next day is blush-making, to put it temperately. When I marry, it will be nothing so insubstantial as a rumor. It will be a known fact, announced by my parents.

I'm quite—no, very—susceptible. I've been infatuated to the nth degree on numberless occasions and I've thought myself in love eight times. Nothing, however, has yet approached my first crush, at the age of fourteen, on a forty-five-year-old man. When something not only approaches but transcends that delicious agony, I'll phone the columns!

I claim you are not normal unless you are happy and that just two things are required to make you happy. One, to find the channel in which you want to express yourself. The other, to find your mate through whom you can express your love.

I am happy because I have found the first and know I shall find the second.

This being so, I believe I am normal and hope I have proven it. Have I?

THE END

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 80) I am told that I do okay. My mother wants me to be a singer because my voice is high and powerful, but I don't want to be a singer. And I don't want to be on the stage or in the movies.

I am happy only when I am working with chemicals up at the University where I am taking chemical warfare and I hope soon to go to work in the arsenal. Mother has told me I am to go to a music school on the East Coast.

How am I to tell her I do not want to go? I suppose I should go since all this money has been spent on lessons, but I know that if I go I will never be really happy again.

Anne J.

Dear Miss J:

I think we all find our mothers to be very understanding people. You, of course, must tell your mother how you feel about a singing career and what your ambitions really are.

This is the kind of thing that must be weighed in the balance very carefully, since what you decide now will affect the whole future course of your life.

If you have a real talent, it would be a crime to ignore it.

Talk this over with your mother and listen to her carefully. You are still very young; perhaps you will find that your mother's ideas will be very advantageous for you.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-seven, married and the mother of two lovely little boys. I can't say honestly that I was ever madly in love with my husband; I married him because all my girl friends were being married, because I wasn't interested in anyone else, because he was clean, ambitious and nice-looking. Not very solid reasons on which to found a life, I'm afraid, yet I suspect that my case isn't too different from that of many girls.

A year ago an insurance salesman came to my door to ask about renewing some of my husband's policies. I invited the man in—as my husband was due home in ten minutes—and we chatted conventionally. Suddenly he strolled over to the bookcase and picked out a volume, then another. We began to talk literature, one of my true passions.

My husband was late that night—of all nights—but when he finally arrived, I felt as if I had known this man always. A week later he brought back the policies in the morning. He remained for luncheon and stayed all afternoon, while we played symphonies on the recorder and talked.

I knew I was desperately in love with him, but I knew there wasn't anything to be done about it.

One night I left the children with my sister and this man and I took a long drive into the country. As we turned off the main highway, we saw what looked like a body at the side of the road. We parked and he went back to investigate. Without touching the poor crushed thing, he found that it was an aged man who might have been stuck by a hit and run driver.

He came back and we talked it over. We decided not to report it—because of circumstances. We talked about ourselves and decided it was hopeless. He admitted that he had decided to join the Army—and he left the next day.

Meanwhile, this is what happened: During the time we were parked in the grove, one of the local high-school boys passed the highway, saw the body and



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got out to investigate. He must have been driving rather fast, because there were skid marks on the pavement. He had been stopped only a few seconds (according to his story) when one of the town officials—a blue-nosed, miserly, cantankerous old reprobate—drove up. He accused the boy of having killed the itinerant.

Since the boy is a minor and since the evidence against him was entirely circumstantial, he has been placed on probation. He has protested his innocence forty ways, but you know what he's up against.

Now, here is the thing that is bothering me: I know positively that the boy is innocent because of the time involved. I know that we should have reported what we found at once—and we could have spared the boy and his family all the misery they have endured. This thing, this injustice, may embitter him and affect his entire future.

But what about me? The man is gone and I don't hear from him by mail. If I do come forward and substantiate the boy's story, I'm going to be our town's scarlet woman. No one would believe that our trip to the grove was innocent. Speaking up may easily cost me my husband, my children and my honored place in our community.

What would you do, Miss Davis?

Johanna H.

Dear Mrs. H:

Unfortunately there is nothing in the world for you to do but to go to the authorities and substantiate the boy's story. You are quite right in saying that this injustice may ruin his life; should he—out of a spirit of defiance and bravado—get into further trouble, you would never forgive yourself.

As for yourself, things may be made very difficult for you. However, you will find that, along with those who condemn you, will be those who will admire you for the courage telling your story is going to require. You may lose some friends, but those you keep and those you gain will repay you.

You must go to your husband first and tell him the truth. You may find that he will believe you implicitly and be a bulwark of strength for you. But that is a chance you must take.

The future of that boy must be your first consideration.

Bette Davis.

Casts of Current Pictures

ALASKA HIGHWAY—Paramount: Woody Ormsby, Richard Arlen; Ann Caswell, Jean Parker; Frosty Gimble, Ralph Sanford; Roughhouse, Joe Sawyer; Steve Ormsby, Bill Henry; Sgt. Swathers, Keith Richards; Pop Ormsby, Harry Shannon; Blair Caswell, Edward Earle.

ALL BY MYSELF—Universal: Dr. Bill Perry, Patric Knowles; Jean Wells, Evelyn Ankers; Val Stevenson, Rosemary Lane; Mark Turner, Neil Hamilton; J. D. Gibbons, Grant Mitchell; Willie, Louise Beavers.

BACKGROUND TO DANGER—Warners: Joe Barton, George Raft; Tamara, Brenda Marshall; Colonel Robinson, Sydney Greenstreet; Zaleshoff, Peter Lorre; Ana Remzi, Osa Massen; Hassan, Turhan Bey; McNamara, Willard Robertson; Mailler, Kurt Katch; Rashenko, Daniel Ocko; Old Turk, Pedro de Cordoba; Syrian Vendor, Frank Puglia; Raeder, Steve Geray.

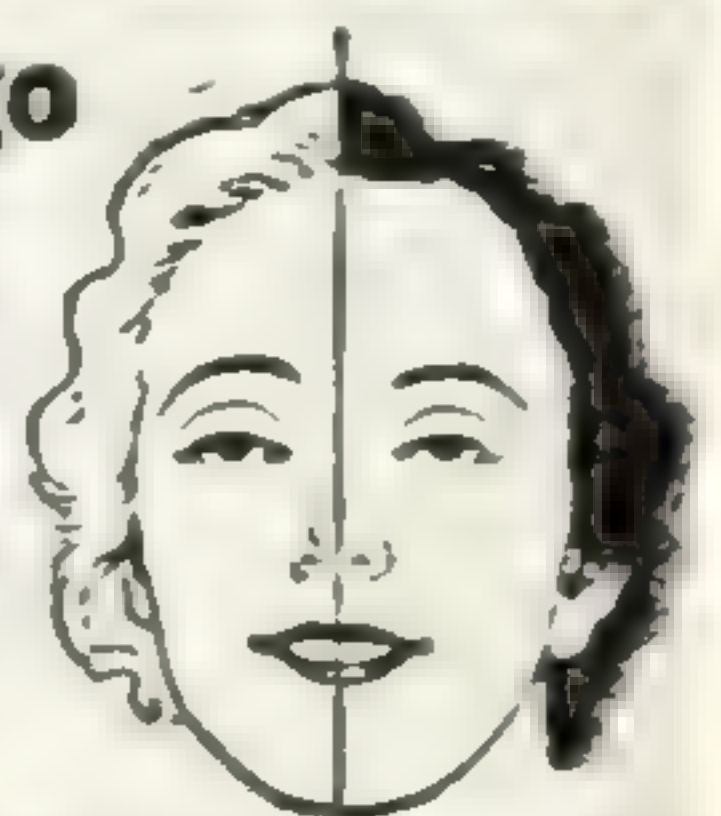
BEST FOOT FORWARD—M-G-M: Lucille Ball, Herself; Jack O'Riley, William Gaxton; Helen Schlesinger, Virginia Weidler; Elwood C. (Bud), Tommy Dix; Nancy, Nancy Walker; Minerva, Gloria De Haven; Dutch, Kenny Bowers; Ethel, June Allyson; Hunk, Jack Jordan; Miss Delaware Water Gap, Beverly Tyler; Cheser Short, Chill Wills; Major Reeber, Henry O'Neill; Miss Talbert, Sara Haden, and Harry James and his orchestra.

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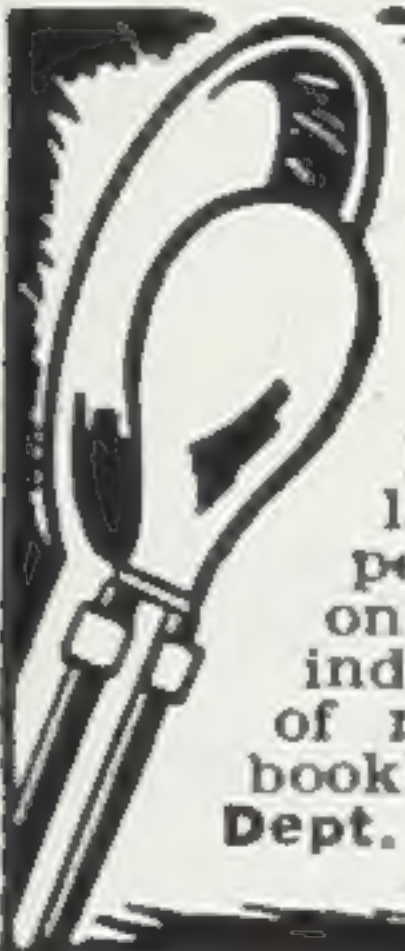
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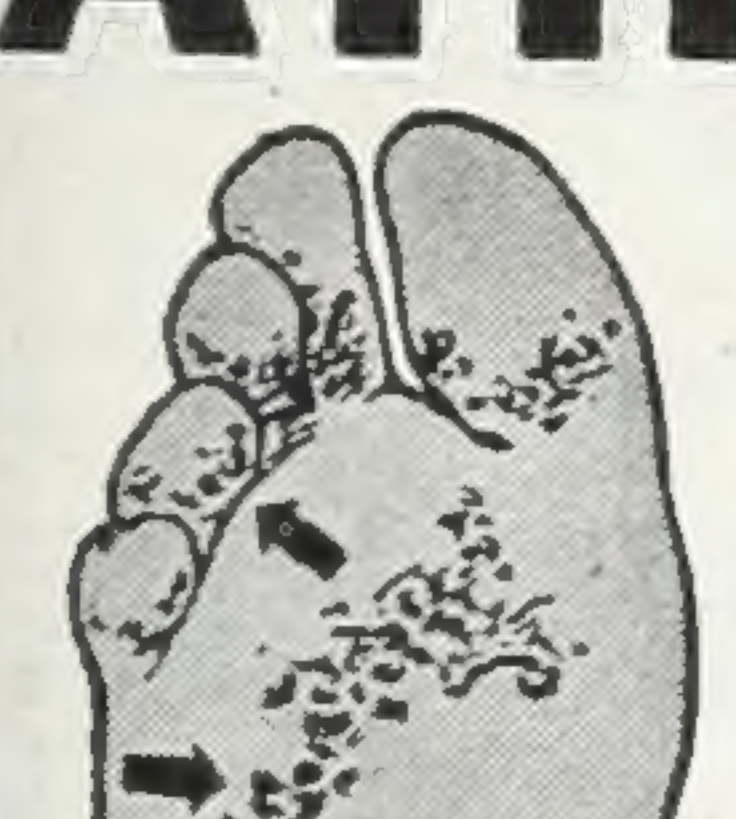
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GET GOING—Universal: Judy King, Grace McDonald; Bob Carlton, Robert Paige; Tillie, Vera Vague; Horace Doble, Walter Catlett; Bonnie, Maureen Cannon; Doris, Lois Collier; Mr. Tuttle, Milburn Stone; Hank Andrews, Frank Faylen; Vilma Walters, Jennifer Holt; Mrs. Daugherty, Nana Bryant; Mrs. King, Claire Whitney; Herman, Wally Vernon.

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HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT—Paramount: Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charles Smith; Mimi Gray, Mimi Chandler; Mr. Aldrich, John Litel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakeney.

HERS TO HOLD—Universal: Penelope Craig, Deanna Durbin; Bill Morley, Joseph Cotten; Judson Craig, Charles Winniger; Dorothy Craig, Nella Walker; Rosey Blake, Gus Schilling; Binns, Ludwig Stossel; Dr. Bacon, Irving Bacon; Nurse Willing, Nydia Westman; Flo, Evelyn Ankers; Alfred, William Davidson; Dr. Crane, Samuel S. Hinds.

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HIT THE ICE—Universal: Flash, Bud Abbott; Weeje, Lou Costello; Marcia, Ginny Simms; Dr. Elliott, Patric Knowles; Peggy, Elyse Knox; Silky Felloowsby, Sheldon Leonard; Phil, Marc Lawrence; Buster, Joe Sawyer; Johnny Long, Himself; Johnny Long's Orchestra, Themselves.


KANSAN, THE—U. A.: John Bonniwell, Richard Dix; Eleanor Sager, Jane Wyatt; Steve Barat, Albert Dekker; Tom Waggoner, Eugene Pallette; Jeff Barat, Victor Jory; Malachy, Robert Armstrong; Soubrette, Beryl Wallace; Bridge Tender, Clem Bevens; Josh Hudkins, Hobart Cavanaugh; Gil Hatton, Francis McDonald; Bones, Willie Best; Ben Nash, Douglas Fowley; Kelso, Rod Cameron; Ed Gilbert, Eddy Waller; Messenger, Ralph Bennett.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—Paramount: Lt. Janet Davidson, Claudette Colbert; Joan O'Doul, Paulette Goddard; Olivia D'Arcy, Veronica Lake; Lt. Summers, George Reeves; Rosemary Larson, Barbara Britton; Chaplain, Walter Abel; Kansas, Sonny Tufts; Captain "Ma" McGregor, Mary Servos; Dr. Jose Bardia, Ted Hecht; Flight Lt. Archie McGregor, Dick Hogan; Ling Chee, Dr. H. H. Chang; Colonel White, James Bell; Lt. Toni Bacelli, Lorna Gray; Lt. Irma Emerson, Dorothy Adams; Lt. Ethel Armstrong, Kitty Kelly; Capt. O'Rourke, Bill Goodwin.

SUBMARINE ALERT—Paramount: Lew Deard, Richard Arlen; Ann Patterson, Wendy Barrie; Dr. Arthur Hunecker, Nils Asther; G. B. Fleming, Roger Pryor; Com. Toyo, Abner Biberman; Vincent Bela, Marc Lawrence; Mr. Bambridge, Capt. Hargas, John Miljan; Tina, Patsy Nash; Freddie Grayson, Ralph Sanford; Henry Haldine, Dwight Frey.

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON—Universal: Dan Driscoll, Alan Curtis; Jeanne, Michele Morgan; Fairchild, C. Aubrey Smith; Capt. McCordle, Barry Fitzgerald; Accordion Player, Dooley Wilson; Roddy, Torquin Olivier; Mrs. Tinkle, Mary Gordon; Mr. Tinkle, Oscar O'Shea; Gordon, Colin Kenny; Little Girl, Shirley Collier; Old Lady, Mary Forbes; Killgallen, Holmes Herbert.

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Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Missouri
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Kerr's, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
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Cherry & Webb Company, Providence, Rhode Island
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Stone & Thomas, Wheeling, West Virginia
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Emporium, San Francisco, California
Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colorado
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Filene's, Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
John Taylor, Kansas City, Missouri
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri
Thos. Kilpatrick, Omaha, Nebraska
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Sibley Lindsey Kerr, Rochester, New York
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John Shillito, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
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Cherry & Webb, Providence, Rhode Island
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Diamond Dry Goods Company, Phoenix, Arizona
Sears Roebuck & Company, Los Angeles, California
San Diego Toggery, San Diego, California
Denver Fashion Shop, Denver, Colorado
Davison's, Inc., Miami Beach, Florida
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Donnenberg, Macon, Georgia
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Illinois
Joe Smith, Council Bluffs, Iowa
Fredell Frocks, Sioux City, Iowa
Style Shop, Columbia City, Indiana
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Indiana
A. S. Allen Stores, Wichita, Kansas
Kagin Brothers, Frankfort, Kentucky
B. Peck, Lewistown, Maine
Goldenberg's, Baltimore, Maryland
Wegal's, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Young-Quinlan, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Field-Schlick, St. Paul, Minnesota
Fine Brothers-Matison, Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Shore's, Miles City, Montana
Kilpatrick Company, Omaha, Nebraska
Ohrbach, Newark, New Jersey
William B. Hislop, Albany, New York
Abraham Straus, Brooklyn, New York
McLeod Johnson, Niagara Falls, New York
Boston Store, Columbus, Ohio
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Bullock's, Inc., Los Angeles, California
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Burdine's, Inc., Miami, Florida
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Wieboldt's, Inc., Chicago, Illinois
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Purcell's, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky
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Watt & Shand, Inc., Lancaster, Ohio
Rappold Company, Warren, Ohio
John A. Brown, Inc., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Meier & Frank, Inc., Portland, Oregon
H. Leh & Company, Allentown, Pennsylvania
Spear Brothers, Chester, Pennsylvania
Bowman Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Miller Brothers, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Frederick & Nelson, Inc., Seattle, Washington
Gimbel's, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Bumper Beret #1

L. Hammel Dry Goods, Mobile, Alabama
Saks-Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, California
Capwell's, Oakland, California
Rich's, Atlanta, Georgia
Younker Brothers, Des Moines, Iowa
D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, Louisiana
Stewart & Company, Baltimore, Maryland
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston, Massachusetts
Saks-Fifth Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
Herpolsheimer Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Loeser's, Brooklyn, New York
McCurdy & Company, Rochester, New York
B. Gertz, Inc., Jamaica, Long Island, New York
The A. Polsky Company, Akron, Ohio
Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton, Ohio
Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon
Hess Brothers, Allentown, Pennsylvania
Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Virginia
Ames & Brownley, Norfolk, Virginia
Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Hat #2 and #5

Buffum's, Long Beach, California
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, California
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colorado
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Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
William H. Block, Indianapolis, Indiana
Killian Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
L. S. Donaldson, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri
J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Nebraska
Nevius-Voohrees, Trenton, New Jersey
B. Altman, New York City
Gimbel's, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Strawbridge Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Ames & Brownley, Norfolk, Virginia
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

2 Piece Dresses #1 and #2

Emporium, San Francisco, California
S. Kann and Sons, Washington, D. C.
Davison Paxon, Atlanta, Georgia
Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
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Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Missouri
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, New York
Saks-34th Street, New York City, New York
John Shillito, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
Rike Kumler, Dayton, Ohio
Froug Company, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Jean's, Providence, Rhode Island
Levy Brothers, Houston, Texas
Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City, Utah
Thalheimer's, Richmond, Virginia
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington
Gimbel Brothers, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Jumper Dress #4

Sage Allen, Hartford, Connecticut
Mantell & Martin, Stamford, Connecticut
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun, Portland, Maine
William G. Brown, Gloucester, Massachusetts
J. W. Milliken, Traverse City, Michigan
Harry Zisk, Hackensack, New Jersey
L. Bamberger, Newark, New Jersey
Meyer Brothers, Paterson, New Jersey
Frederick Loeser & Company, Brooklyn, New York
Coeland's, Rochester, New York
Mantell & Martin, White Plains, New York
Ideal Dry Goods, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
E. L. Erlanger, Canton, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Seiderbach's, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Gladding's, Providence, Rhode Island
Robert's, Houston, Texas
Joske Brothers Company, San Antonio, Texas
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington
Dills Brothers & Company, Parkersburg, West Va.

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It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.



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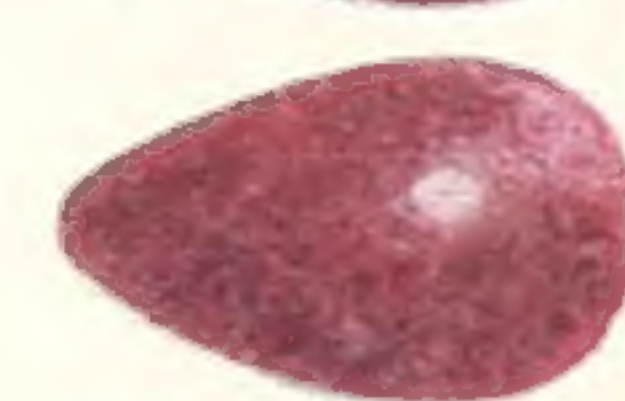
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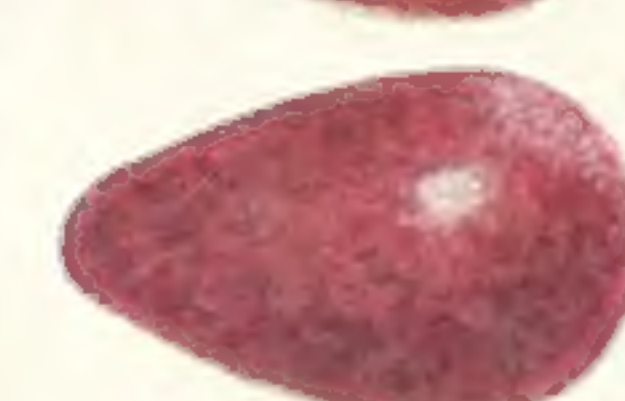
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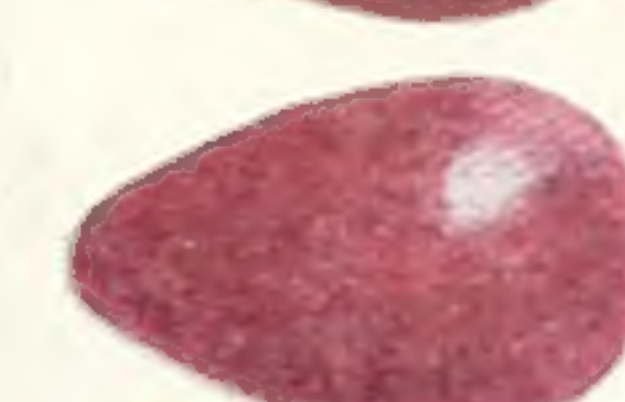
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